This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 07576999 6

NCW
Porter

THE

RECLUSE OF NORWAY.

BY

MISS ANNA MARIA PORTER.

"Not his, the fortitude that mocks at pains,
But that which feels them most, and most sustains."

Montgomery.

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.

WASHINGTON:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY DUFF GREEN.
1834.

PROPERTY OF THE NEW-YORK SOCIETY LIBRARY.

GD

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
129310B
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R 1941 L

PREFACE.

The following work has been written exactly five years since the composition of "Don Sebastian:" I fear the experience of those years has visibly left its print upon the sentiments and the story.

In my former productions I was justly accused, by a public critic, of making my "characters too good, and my events too happy." Perhaps in the "Recluse of Norway" I may have fallen into an opposite extreme; and the reader may conclude that the illusions of early life have given place to too gloomy a perception of painful realities. I have to intreat, therefore, that whoever reads my work will rather compare it with the world in which he lives, than with that of which he dreams; and under that point of view, I may hope that he will discover something to interest, and perhaps to instruct, in the personages I describe. Wherever public characters are introduced or political events alluded to, I have been faithful to the generally-received authorities: for it is, and has always been my principle, never to violate historical truth.

Perhaps the reader may think I have departed from this principle by the introduction of a secret correspondence between an ideal personage, Count Lauvenheilm, and one who really existed, the administrator of Holstein. But if he will have the goodness to go back to the history of Europe, he will find that in the year 1713, when the castle of Toningen surrendered to the Danes, papers were discovered there which placed the political bad faith of Holstein, and its intrigues with Sweden, beyond a doubt.

I trust he will not accuse me of apostatizing from my zealous attachment to the Reformed religion, by the necessity I was under of making my hero of the Romish church: the nature of my story will show why I was obliged to do so. And though in my "Don Sebastian" I avowed my belief in the excellence of the Protestant religion, and displayed the mischief which Popish doctrines, acting on bigoted characters, must inevitably produce, I was then, as now, ready to declare that I believe there are many members of the Romish church, now existing, whose Christian conduct would honor any creed.

I cannot conclude this short preface without utterly disclaiming every idea of alluding to the politics of the day, in any part of the following romance. I began to write it early in the March of the present year, and pitched upon Norway as the principal scene of its action, merely because it was ground untrodden by other novel writers. If I recollect right, the dispute between Norway and Sweden was not then agitated; therefore, by ascertaining the date of my production, I place my sincerity beyond a doubt.

LONG-DITTON, *September* 3, 1814.

THE PROPERTY OF THE NEW-YORK SOCIETY LIBRARY

THE RECLUSE OF NORWAY.

CHAPTER I.

THE long line of coast which forms one boundary to the kingdom of Norway, is broken into shapes of picturesque wildness. In some parts, its black and perpendicular rocks present a gigantic wall that has defied the storms of ages; while in others, the ocean, penetrating far inland, forms interior seas, amongst forests tenanted by wild beasts only, and mountains whose heads are covered with eternal snows.

In the Government of Drontheim, the Fiords (for so these gulfs are called by the natives) frequently [redacted] character of romantic beauty. They flow rapidly [redacted], through wooded steeps and fruitful vallies; they [redacted] clear surface the images of rural objects, and of [redacted] they give food and occupation to an industrious [redacted]nd, except when agitated by tempests, suggest to the [redacted]n only ideas of fertility and peace.

Not so, in the savage district of Bergen: there, rushing impetuously through rocks as steep and unscaleable as those of the outward coast, the fiords carry with them the terrible magnificence of a main ocean. As the mountains advance or recede, as their precipices increase or diminish, each fiord displays more or less of the sublime. Sometimes their stormy waters thunder through a huge ravine, where crags are heaped upon crags, and perpetual night blackens the fathomless abyss; then suddenly widening their bed, they foam round a vast amphitheatre of rocks and mountains, mingling their roar with the noise of waterfalls, the scream of eagles, and the crash of breaking cliffs.

Here and there along the shore, the traveller may behold solitary habitations built on ledges of rock, roofed with the bark of trees, and accessible only by means of long ladders, which iron bolts fasten to the solid ground. Such habitations are the abode of fishermen, and persons appointed for the expedition of the post. On the mountains, in little huts covered with moss, and surrounded by sheep, goats, and kine, dwell the herdsmen. But the hamlets of the wealthier husbandmen are embosomed in long sheltered

vallies, which form openings around the fiords, and running far inward, are lost at last in nameless solitudes.

Each hamlet has its little church; and a single pastor, charged with the spiritual instruction of several parishes, journeys to them alternately. Crossing tempestuous floods, and trackless mountains; risking his life daily; exposed to cold and to hunger, to storms and to beasts of prey;—he does all this, like an apostle of old, for the love of God, and the salvation of his flock. Should the wind blow suddenly through one of the mountain vallies, woe to his lonely bark as it toils across the fiord. Whirling on the convulsed water, the pious man may look in vain for some spot of earth on which he can hope to escape from utter wreck; a fathomless gulf is below, a colossal rampart above; the awful hand of nature herself seems to repulse him from her. Who shall say in what region virtue and happiness delight to dwell? for it is here, amidst sterility and storms, enterprize and peril, that their sacred footsteps are to be traced.

The Norwegians who inhabit the shores of these inland seas, and who are in consequence remote from the corrupting influence of the outward coast, are an amiable and active people. They live in the exercise of every benevolent duty; they cultivate every spot of ground that is capable of culture; and they value each possession in proportion to the toil and danger it has cost them.

Thus, where nature would have frowned, man's industry wins her into smiles; and perhaps there is something peculiarly delightfull to the human heart, in this contrast of rugged scenery with benevolent manners.

About the year 1690, at the extremity of one of the vallies bordering a remote branch of the Sogne-fiord, stood a low, stone cottage. It was distant from any habitation except a saw-mill, which, placed on the steep and wooded bank of a romantic little stream further down the valley, had long formed a picturesque and cheerful object. From the ivied windows of the stone cottage, the eye passed over a pretty garden to this saw-mill, with its hanging trees, and dashing water; thence ascending towards the source of the river, traced its progress from solitudes, where Alps rose on Alps, and closed the scene. But alas! even these simple attractions were no more to interest the accidental traveller! The saw-mill ceased to be worked, the garden became overgrown with weeds and the dwelling stood empty. The last owner had died, leaving, the cottage, the mill, and the ground on which they stood, to a distant relation.

Nothing had been heard of this person for many years; but, after diligent search, he was at length discovered living in extreme

penury in one of the French West India islands. Having served as mate on board a Danish trading vessel that occasionally touched there, he had formed an attachment with a French girl, married her, gradually changed his religion for her's, and finally quitted his perilous profession. Engaged in a land-trade of which he knew nothing, even industry and honesty failed of success. His wife brought him a numerous, sickly offspring, (of whom none but the youngest ever reached maturity,) and died herself of a decline, after having passed fifteen years with him in humble, but the truest nuptial peace. Having lost the object whose affection had bound him to her birth-place, Dofrestom was beginning to yearn for his native land, when the unexpected legacy of his cousin removed him at once from poverty and exile, to home and comfort. No ships being ready to sail from a northern port, he took his passage in a vessel bound for Bayonne; certain that from most parts of the French or Spanish coasts he must be sure of a passage to Norway.

In the list of passengers were a noble Spaniard, his wife, and their little son. The Spaniard was a young man of a dignified and interesting appearance; his wife, graceful and gracious. Though their air and conduct bespoke them to be of high rank, they had few attendants, and they exacted no particular respect from their fellow-passengers.

The ship thus freighted, was wrecked in the bay of Biscay, and amongst the few persons saved, were Dofrestom, his son, and the little Spaniard.

Through the roar of the storm, Dofrestom had heard the cry of the frantic mother, calling on her husband to release her from his arms, as he was trying to lower her into the boat—calling on him to save their Theodore. "He is safe; he is with me!" cried Dofrestom; and as he spoke, he held up the trembling boy from the boat, into which he had leaped with him and his own son. A prayer and a blessing were the last words he heard the unhappy lady utter; for the next moment she was washed out of her husband's arms. Perhaps, in the wild hope of saving her, the distracted husband plunged into the sea; but it was only to perish; the same wave engulphed them both.

The boat, though crowded with people, weathered the storm, and reached the French shore. Shortly afterwards, procuring a passage in another ship bound for Bergen, Dofrestom set sail again, and having gained the well-known port, proceeded, without loss of time, to his new dwelling.

No sooner was he in possession of the Stone Cottage, than every object around it assumed an air of comfort. The garden

was cleared from weeds; the juniper-trees that fenced it were repaired; a cow and some sheep were seen grazing in the pastures, and the saw-mill again resounded with the voice of cheerful labor. The only near relation whom Dofrestom found living, was a maiden sister;—she became the mistress of his little household.

By her hands the oaken tables and ebony benches, in his parlour, were kept as bright as glass; pots of flowers were placed in every window; and the best chamber was hung round with warm garments of her own spinning. After sunset, the supper she prepared of okerbergs and cream, or of trout brought from an adjacent lake, was always served on linen whiter than snow, and seasoned by her alacrity and good humour.

Dofrestom's hospitality threw into distinction for the hospitality, neatness, and cheerfulness that were to be found there. The nearest hamlet was three miles off; but whenever one of its simple inhabitants proposed a holiday for themselves, a treat to the strangers whom business or curiosity brought to Aardal, they never failed directing their steps to the Stone Cottage.

A smiling welcome, wholesome fare, with many a wondrous tale of foreign lands, were all that Dofrestom had to give, but he gave them freely. His excellent heart had preserved much of its early simplicity, and at the sports of the children, or the pointless jokes of his neighbors, he could still laugh as merrily as themselves.

To this amiable companionableness he added much plain sense and sympathy. The first exalted him into the arbiter of his neighbors' disputes; and the latter made him alike the comforter of their sorrows, and the heightener of their joys. In short, Dofrestom and his sister Catherine were universally beloved and respected. Completely settled, and satisfied with the future prospect of his own son, he began to turn his thoughts toward the hapless orphan whom Providence had committed to his care. Gentle, timid, and tender, the sweet child had already twined himself round the heart of the worthy Dofrestom. For a long time little Theodore remembered his father and his mother distinctly; and in the midst of endearing prattle, as he hung upon the neck of Catherine, would ask where they were, and when he might go to them.

Although he spoke often of their shipwreck, and that with strong emotions, he had no clear idea of their fate; and Catherine reluctantly undertook the task of gradually impressing him with the conviction that they were no more, and that he must consider herself and Dofrestom in the light of parents. It was too probable

indeed, that the poor child would never know any warmer friends; for too little was known of his father's condition, to warrant the hope of discovering his relations.

Dofrestom recollected, that when the ship he sailed in for Bayonne took up Don Balthazar and his wife at Maderia, they were just landed on that island from a vessel bound to Spain, but which from stress of weather, was obliged to stay there, and refit. No one knew, therefore, nor enquired, whence they came, nor to what province of Spain they were going.

Dofrestom had observed them frequently in serious conversation as he passed on deck, and from the tears in the eyes of the lady, and the sadness in those of her husband, he surmised that they were not in happy circumstances.

One chance alone remained of discovering the family of Theodore; it was by the contents of a small ivory box, which had been washed on shore after the wreck, and brought to Dofrestom. The name of Donna Aurelia Guevara carved in the ivory, distinguished it as her property; and Dofrestom, accepting it for her orphan, opened it in presence of the sailor who picked it up, and of two or three other persons.

The contents were found to be several packets of letters, evidently written by the same hand, (they were all in Spanish, but the signature of Balthazar Geuevara sufficiently proved them to be from the husband of Donna Aurelia;) some trinkets of more beauty than value; and a lock of very soft brown hair, like the hair of a child.

Having ascertained that there was no sort of coin in the box, Dofrestom closed it again, and put his seal on the fastening. He now thought of this box, and justly concluded, that if ever any light were to be thrown upon the birth of little Theodore, it must proceed from those letters and trinkets. At any rate there was time enough to ponder on what he should do, for many years must pass ere the child himself would be of an age to share in the solicitude of his protector.

The pastor of the neighboring villages, to whom he imparted these circumstances, deemed any attempt at finding out the boy's relations in so distant a country as Spain a chimerical scheme; he therefore recommended Dofrestom to lower the child's ideas of his past situation, and never to represent his parents but as ordinary persons. By such means, Theodore would grow up contented and industrious; and instead of wasting life in the pursuit of a rank, to which after all he might not be found to have any claim, he would employ his youth in building up a respectable character, and an honest competence.

This advice was too rational to be disregarded by him who asked it; Dofrestom made it the rule of his conduct.

Meanwhile, the unconscious orphan gradually lost the distinctness of his first impressions; he forgot his parents, and recovering from the pensiveness into which a change of habits had thrown him, grew animated and delightful. Nothing could be more graceful than his little figure, nothing brighter than his intelligent countenance; but the gaiety of that countenance vanished the instant he feared to transgress a rule or a wish of his protector; and his extreme sensibility to kindness, made no other spring than kindness necessary, for the regulation of his conduct.

As he advanced in years, he became so sensible to this peculiar feature of his own character, that he learned to watch it with a jealous eye, lest at any time it should degenerate into weakness; his notions of right and wrong were so clearly defined, that even in childhood he was more afraid of his own censure than of another's wrath; and nobly disdainful of ridicule, when his associates pressed him into a transgression, he would say, "No;—I should be so sorry afterwards;"—a simple phrase, but it was the watch-word of infant virtue; and the same heart repeated it in manhood, when the stronger temptations of the world solicited him to wider indulgence.

Nothing dazzling, nothing of what is called uncommon quickness of capacity, distinguished him from other boys; but determined application, and close attention to whatever his mind was applied to, made the result continually in his favor.

Desirous of knowledge, but not impetuous in its pursuit, he did not rush towards many objects at once; attacking and conquering the sciences one by one, he concluded by making himself master of them all.

For the instruction of his earliest years he was indebted to the care of the pastor of Aardal; and as he grew older, fortune threw in his way an abler teacher, under whom he acquired all that afterwards distinguished him in the province of mind.

Very different was his friend Heinreich Dofrestom: though his senior by two years, this boy, never gained the least dependance upon himself; he was to be teazed or laughed out of every proper resolution. Whenever he acted from himself, it was by impulse, not principle; and though uncommonly good natured and social, an observer might have remarked that the fear of punishment, or hope of reward, had far greater weight with him than his own approbation, or that of the person he professed to love. An immoderate thirst for pleasure, and a habit of thoughtlessness, were his leading faults; but they were so brilliantly concealed by

remarkable personal advantages, entertaining spirits, ceaseless good humour, and general talents, that even the sensible Dofrestom considered them as the natural blemishes of lively youth; and Catherine hailed them as the prognostics of future greatness.

Heinreich was twelve, and Theodore ten, when an event, trifling in appearance, gave their separate destinies that bias from which they never afterwards swerved.

A brother of the pastor came to live in the valley of Aardal. He was a man of gigantic attainments: the literature of all ages, and of every country, was familiar to him; he had explored the sciences with the accuracy of one who seeks to detect errors as well as to find truths; and his laborious researches into the origin of nations, and of languages, had already rendered his name celebrated throughout Europe. But the victim of a distempered suspicion of his fellow-creatures, and outraged by the preference of a rival to the academical honors of Copenhagen, he had taken the resolution of retiring from the world, and burying himself, with his books, his ill temper, and his learning, amongst his native mountains.

Without any tenderness, Professor Sergendal had great warmth of heart: he had employed zeal, and money, and pains to serve both his friends and his acquaintance; but in spite of these claims on forbearance, his outrageous and suspicious temper always ended by driving them from him; and what he had banished by insult, he accused of ingratitude.

A cottage, of still better appearance than Dofrestom's, was soon erected for this philosopher, in the same valley; and, accompanied by a favorite servant only, he took possession of it in sullen dignity.

It was many weeks before he condescended to take any personal notice of Defrestom's neighbourly kindness, or of Catherine's presents of knitted hose, bloberg jam, and cream-cheese. But at length a slight circumstance allured him to the cottage. He was taking his regular walk towards the fiord, when he perceived a boy climbing hastily one of the most frightful of the granite rocks that overhang its stormy water. He was too near-sighted to discover whether the lad was in search of birds eggs, or sea plants; but he stopped to watch his hazardous exploit, and to rebuke him for it, when he should come down.

After experiencing some uneasy sensations for the fate of the little adventurer, he had the satisfaction to see him alight, with no other hurt than what was given his hands by the sharp points he had clung to.

"What have you been about you young dog?" asked the professor.

Theodore (for it was he) answered gently, "Only putting up a little alk that had fallen from the nest."

"And what put it into your head to do so, child?"

"The poor little thing would have died if I had not; it dropped upon yon cluster of wild spinach, and that was worse than if it had gone at once into the sea."

"Go! you are a foolish boy to balance your life with that of a bird;—but here is a rix-dollar for you."

Theodore put it by, with a smile; "I don't want it;"—then suddenly recollecting himself, he added, "yes,—I forgot—I do want it. I'll take it home, Sir, if you'll have the goodness to give it me."

"And what will you do with it?"

"Buy a book."

The sparkling joy that brightened his eyes as he spoke, astonished the professor. "A book, child! did I hear you right? Where are books to be bought here?"

"O not here, but at Lavanger fair they are; and we generally have neighbors go there every winter; one of them would buy it for me."

"And pray, my pretty boy, what book would you like?"

"Any Latin one," was the answer.

This unexpected reply drew forth a multitude of questions from the professor, who was not long of discovering, that in this child of obscurity, he had found a mine of intellectual enjoyment for himself.

From that period he went often to see Dofrestom; and gratified by the profound respect with which he was received in his little circle, frequently launched out into learned disquisition, and profound analysis, of which not one of his auditors but the little orphan comprehended a single sentence.

More and more pleased with the increasing attention of Theodore to any subject he discussed, he one day proposed giving him lessons in the mathematics: the proposal was joyfully accepted.

From that period the professor took him regularly under his tuition, and during the space of nine years laboured to transplant his own knowledge into the mind of his pupil.

Heinreich, meanwhile, had a different master, and widely different pursuits.

Naturally ingenious, he was one of those persons of whom it is said, they can do whatever they like: he would have excelled

in all the imitative arts, had he chosen to study their principles; but, except for music, he would not give himself a moment's trouble.

To this enchanting accomplishment nature indeed had directed his choice by the gift of a melodious voice, and a delicate ear. His own ingenuity taught him to construct musical instruments of reeds and shells. The flute he formed with a cane, produced under his breath sounds that well might be mistaken by less ignorant ears than those of the surrounding peasantry, for the voices of their fabled wood spirits.

The professor loved harmony; and whenever a fit of peculiar gloom or ill-humour attacked him, he sought a remedy in the violin of his servant Christian. It was natural for Christian to like admiration as well as his master; and when the professor and Theodore were studying above, he and young Heinreich were practising, and mutually praising each other below.

At these times Christian would launch out into an enumeration of all who had made fortunes, and risen to celebrity by the possession of such a talent and person as Heinreich's; then he described the theatre of Copenhagen, and the gay life that was led there; and, in short, ended by kindling an ardent desire for public admiration in the light mind of his auditor.

Pleased with the development of his son's fine voice, and his proficiency on the violin, Dofrestom would have thought himself a harsh parent had he refused him permission to learn the elements of music from Christian. He therefore suffered him to pass that time in this seducing study, which the higher pitched mind of Theodore devoted to nobler purposes.

Each boy had his allotted portion of labour in the garden, the field, and the mill: they worked with Dofrestom, and when their task was over, the remaining hours were at their own disposal, for pleasure or improvement.

As Heinreich was already sufficiently instructed for his probable lot in life, his father ceased now to excite in him any emulation to rival his younger companion. But aware that Theodore's true station was not one of obscurity, he encouraged him to enrich his soul with all the treasures of his teacher's.

Theodore, indeed, did not learn from the professor Sergendal what belonged to intellect only: he was warned by his example to shudder at the tyranny of an uncontrolled temper, and to lament that the best qualities of the heart may be obscured or perverted by one fatal propensity.

Without slavishness of spirit, he became anxious to charm away those fits of mixed violence and sullenness, to which the unhap-

py man had given way during a life of sixty years; and thus studying to lead another, Theodore learned to command himself.

Gratitude and compassion kept pace with each other's growth in his heart; and though tears would sometimes start into his youthful eyes, when unjustly menaced or struck by his preceptor, no bitter word escaped his lips.

Studious and gentle, still Theodore had the gaiety of his age; he enjoyed the rural games and exercises of his young companions, and he enjoyed them with a fulness of spirits, that seemed for the time to transform him into a different creature. He loved also, the elegant arts, and he longed to practise them; but feeling that his other employments did not allow him time for excellence in any of them, and having too fine a taste to be contented with mere attempts, he relinquished the graces of music solely to Heinreich.

Three years of alternate application and relaxation had flown away since the residence of the professor at Aardal, when business carried Dofrestom to Lavanger. As it was the season of the fair, he took his two boys with him.

The boys were amused with a week's residence in that busy port. They were walking on the quay the evening before their return home, when a sailor met, and accosted Dofrestom. It was the man who had picked up the casket of Donna Aurelia: he was still a seaman, and just going another voyage.

In their short dialogue, Theodore's memory was awakened from its long trance; for they spoke of his parents, and they mutually remarked his resemblance to Don Balthazar. In the midst of this discourse the sailor was summoned away by the voice of one of his comrades, and Dofrestom returned to his lodgings.

Theodore did not suffer him to proceed in silence: he entreated him to relate every particular of his parents, and of the wreck; and displayed the most painful anxiety to learn if there were any trace left of the family to which he belonged.

"And if you could discover your relations, would you leave me in my old age, my son?" asked Dofrestom.

Theodore paused a moment; then turning his moistened eyes towards the good man, steadily answered, "Never, while you wished for, or needed me; but surely it is natural to desire to belong really to somebody: and if my relations were rich and great, then I should be able to shew how much I love you and aunt Catherine and Heinreich."

"Your father did not appear rich, my dear boy," replied Dofrestom, "and therefore not not likely to have been great: so you had better forget that you were not born in Norway."

"Well, if they are poor then," returned Theodore, "still they are my relations, and I might some day have the power of assisting them, I wonder if I have any brothers or sisters." He sighed as he spoke: and Dofrestom was going to answer, when a lively exclaimation of Heinreich about some passing objects, afforded him an excuse for changing the conversation.

During their journey home, Dofrestom and Theodore were silent upon this subject, though it was equally the occupation of their thoughts. Theodore was too delicate to urge any thing, however interesting to his own feelings, when he saw it was repugnant to the person he discoursed with; and Dofrestom feared, by continued discussion, to awaken wishes that he had not the means of gratifying, and hopes which had no prospect of accomplishment. Theodore's lips were silent, but his mind was discoursing with the past and the future. He strained his memory to recall events long since forgotten: events which childhood could never register, because to childhood they would be uninteresting: yet he fancied that he could recollect many such.

For once he mistook imagination for memory, and gave to her specious images the confidence he should have yielded to truth alone. Ideal personages, upon whom his heart bestowed the endearing titles of father and mother, seemed to rise before him, and to reproach him for having lived thus long without lamenting them.

Again he witnessed their melancholy fate,—again the cry of his mother rung on his ear: he thought over the dismal scene, till, forgetting the presence of Dofrestom and Heinreich, his full heart was on the point of breaking out into words, to the mournful shades of his parents.

No sooner did Dofrestom find leisure after his return home, than he hastened to beg a private interview with the oracle of the valley, Professor Sergendal. He went, provided with the ivory box.

The professor was already acquainted with the history of the orphan; and being familiar with the Spanish language, easily collected from the letters all that was important to know.

They proved Don Balthazar to be of high rank, as he frequently spoke of his father by the title of the Conde Roncezvalles; but they decidedly showed that Donna Aurelia was not acknowledged by her husband's family. Several unsuccessful attempts of the writer were detailed, for procuring some diplomatic situation at a foreign court; and it appeared as if he had made those attempts solely to remove his wife and an infant daughter from the persecution of his relations. It was evident, therefore, that little could

be expected for the grandchild, from a man who seemed so unrelenting to his son; the professor consequently added his opinion to that of his brother, recommending the entire suppression of this casket, and advising Dofrestom to treat any aspirations of the young Guevara after Spain, as an affront to himself.

To pass such a sentence upon the hopes and ambition of a spirit which sought power, for the gratification of the noblest desires, only, cost little to the professor; he was soured to all of his species who either acted or wished to act their part in public civilized life; absorbed in scientific researches, the pursuits of associated men appeared in his eyes idle and worthless. But Dofrestom's heart rebelled against his reason, as he yielded to the force of the professor's arguments, for he knew the delights of benevolence by experience; and he felt that a wider sphere for its exercise, is nobly worth the struggle. He returned home, serious and troubled.

CHAPTER II.

MEANWHILE, Theodore was revolving all that had passed between his adopted father and the sailor; visions of future fortune certainly floated through his fancy, but the tender idea of having some brother or sister that was hereafter to constitute the joy of his life, and to share his heart with Heinrich, predominated over every other.

For several days his thoughts refused to take a different direction; and as an apology for slowness of comprehension one morning while studying Greek with the professor, he ventured to express the emotion that agitated him.

The stern displeasure with which this first confidence of his youthful heart was received, made an indelible impression upon Theodore. Instead of gently and reasonably discussing the matter, the professor thundered forth an invective against his childishness; accused him of estimating the paltry baubles of wealth and pleasure beyond the manly distinction of subdued passions and cultivated faculties; and roughly pointed out the obstacles his peculiar situation opposed to any plan he might form of visiting Spain.

He spoke of it as of a career more preposterous than that of Don Quixotte, for it would be undertaken in search of relations who perhaps existed only in his own imagination. After much argument, and more violence, he concluded with this hard but prudent maxim; "Go, go, child; dismiss these absurd chime-

ras ; and remember while you live, always to consider improbabilities as impossibilities." Theodore bowed in token of obedience; his heart was too full for speech. He stood a few moments to conquer himself, before he ventured to resume the reading their dialouge had interrupted. For the first time in his life, he felt a glow of resentment against the valuable instructor to whom he owed so much. He knew that resentment was just, for the professor had treated an amiable feeling as a crime ; and Theodore would not, therefore, debase himself by striving to banish the expression of that feeling from his face.

However, the sudden and continued paleness of his cheek, and the cold seriousness of his air, attracted no further attention ; the professor had given vent to his ill humour, and was now absorbed in contemplation of the divine Socrates. From this period, the character of Theodore visibly changed ; he became silent and thoughtful, even in society of his own age ; he ceased to take delight in sports or exercises, preferring a solitary ramble amongst the most retired places, to the cheerful clamor of rural games.

That glow of inward happiness, which generally brightens every youthful face, gradually faded from his, and a pale, pensive expression succeeded. Without losing his health,he lost his spirits, and unable to recover from the shock he had sustained by the professor's harsh return to his confidence, he grew reserved even to Heinreich.

Yet to Heinreich he was ardently attached ; for indeed, Heinreich had the power of attaching every body. He was so glowingly handsome, so unceasingly amusing and good tempered, that no one ever thought how incompatible such constant gaiety was with much sympathy.

He had a felicitous talent for mimickry ; and was accustomed not only to represent the looks and manners of every person he saw, but the peculiarities of household animals, and the phenomena of nature.

No one could refuse being entertained by him, for nothing of satire entered into his imitations ; and generally, after he had gone the round of every animate and inanimate object before him, he would end by identifying his own peculiarities and absurdities.

Frequently charmed out of melancholy thoughts by this talent of his companion, Theodore imputed the effect to a higher cause, and gave Heinreich credit for the kindest motives, when in reality, he was only indulging his own laughter-loving inclinations.

For many months Theodore was unable to shake off the dejection into which the renewal of his childish impressions had plunged him. But it was not the character of such a mind as his

to indulge for ever in speculation; he pondered on all that was possible to be done in his case, till he at length concluded that it was practicable to find out the sailor again, to enquire what he remembered of Don Balthazar; to go into Spain, and by application to any person bearing the name of Guevara, endeavor to discover some of his father's family.

Satisfied of its practicability, Theodore determined to pursue that method; the resolution incited him to fresh diligence in the pursuit of knowledge. Greater acquirements would either serve to grace a nobler state, or to elevate him from an humble one; they might also furnish him with the means of honorable support, while travelling through the country he meant to search. Fixing the period for this purpose at the termination of boyhood, he made up his mind to the delay; and recovering his former animation, without any of its gaiety, he returned with double vigor to his old habits.

The resolution formed, and the plan digested he communicated it to his friend Heinreich; concluding his confidence by observing, that as Dofrestom always intended his son to share his own easy station of an independent cultivator of their own land, Theodore would undertake his wandering life without the self-reproach of leaving his benefactor deprived of a companion and assistant.

What was his surprise to hear Heinreich abruptly declare, that nothing should induce him to bury himself all his days in such a nook as Aardal; that he had long determined to quit it, and meant to ask his father's leave to do so; that he was sure his voice and his proficiency in music would make his fortune at last; and that he was only waiting for the annual arrival of a young companion from Christiana, who knew all about those matters, before he mentioned the scheme to his father.

"And what is your scheme, my dear Heinreich?"

"O! to get in some capacity or other to Copenhagen; sing and play to some great musician, and then study under him till I am perfect; after that, the road is all upon velvet. Christiana has told me a hundred stories of persons with a voice and a genius like mine, who have ruled every court they went to; and as I am not ill-looking into the bargain, I don't think it is very out of the way to suppose I may marry well. At any rate, what's the use of singing like a choir of angels to such an audience as trees and stones? Any growling fellow can do more work in the saw-mill or the field than I can; so my father will be no loser by my absence, and will gain at last the honor of being father to the greatest musician in Europe."

"Then I must stay with him." Theodore spoke with an unsteady voice, for his heart shrunk from the inconsideration of Heinreich. A joyous burst of laughter accompanied his companion's reply.

"You stay with him! What! by way of enlivening him and aunt Catherine! You are incomparable, we know, at that work! Nay, don't look twenty times more like a cogitating raven than ever, my dear Theo: you know I love you, in spite of your clouds and rain, so you may let me jest about them. But what need you stay? Can't we both start at once, and see who wins at last? My father has plenty of work, and of neighbors to entertain him? and if he had not, has he not had his day of seeing the world, and should not we have ours?"

Theodore gently, but firmly, checked his levity upon so sacred a subject as the comfort of a parent. Heinreich then confessed that it would be very hard if both boys were to desert Dofrestom at the same time; yet still he persisted in his determination of quitting the valley.

Theodore, chilled and disappointed, though trying to pacify his heart with various partial excuses for Heinreich's selfishness, said no more, and betook himself to a portion of his daily work in the garden. There, as he dug up the earth round the roots of Catherine's favourite shrubs, some scalding tears mingled with the mould. It was the first time he had thought Heinreich unkind; for what was the indulgence of vanity, compared with his desire for honest independence, and natural yearning after kindred? In Heinreich's place, he would have sacrificed such a paltry ambition to far less than the future destiny of a brother; yet Heinreich did not seem to dream that such a sacrifice could be expected.

Poor Theodore! again faded all thy bright visions of endearing connexions and benevolent exertions; and with them went for a while thy delight and security in the affection of Heinreich.

But the next day his mental sunshine returned; Heinreich was in more than his usual spirits, and talked of what he would do next year in the valley; what he would construct; what he would see flourishing in a twelvemonth; what in twice that time; in short, he was so fertile in distant plans, and each plan was so sure to have home for its scene of action, that Theodore concluded he had either not meant what he said in their conversation the day before, or that better thoughts had conquered the selfish impulse.

Had he once more spoken seriously on the subject, he would have found that all this system of pastoral life was the mere sport of momentary fancy, uttered without the least intention of realizing it; and that Heinreich was as selfish and determined as ever.

But with a little cowardice of the heart (the fault of affectionate characters,) Theodore avoided the possibility of being wounded again by a hand so dear; he was silent, therefore, and he was deceived.

In consequence of this delusion, he proceeded in the plan he had formerly laid down, and by the increased steadiness of his application, and stricter exercise of patience, under the varieties of his preceptor's humor, he acquired whatever he sought.

Of the principal dead languages he was already master; but Spanish was now the object of his wishes, and unwilling to draw forth angry observations from the professor, by particularly declaring his inclination towards it, he expressed a general desire to learn any modern language with which his master was acquainted.

To instruct him was at once the amusement and the pride of Sergendal; for he secretly cherished a hope, that at a future day this unwearied scholar would make a distinguished figure in the annals of literature; and that, taught to estimate the tutor's moral and intellectual value by that of the mind he had formed, the world would mourn in sackloth and ashes over its folly and ingratitude to him.

Many hours of the bright Norwegian nights were thus employed by the professor, in this additional branch of instruction.

Though England was not then, as now, the citadel of the world, the foundations of her glory were already laid, and Theodore thirsted for the literature of a nation at once so brave and so sage.

He began therefore, with the English language; and it was only at distant intervals that he successively mastered the French, Italian, Spanish, and German. Amused by the sprightly talent of the French, delighted with the brilliant imagination of the Italians, he read their productions without longing to emulate them; but the philosophers and poets of Britain realized all his ideas of human excellence.

Bacon and Shakespeare, those mighty masters of the heart and the understanding, became his constant study; the powers of his understanding were unfolded by the one; the affections of his heart developed by the other. Shakespeare made him enamoured of virtue, taught him to scrutinize himself, and shewed him, ere he entered the world, all its delights and all its dangers.

It was thus that a youth, brought up in retirement, learned to dread even his best propensities, and to strip the idols of mankind (ambition and glory) of the brilliant covering with which they dazzle the multitude.

Gratefully anxious to repay the trouble of instructing him, Theodore transcribed the same MSS. again and again for his

master; bore with his wrath for a single word omitted or mistaken; and finally crowned all, by never leaving the pillow of Sergendal during an infectious fever, which frightened away every other attendant.

When the professor recovered, and was made sensible of Theodore's courageous affection, he confessed that at last he had found gratitude, and solemnly announced to his neighbours, that he meant to bequeath all he might die possessed of to the youth whose care had preserved his life.

The worthy pastor having fallen a victim to the disorder that spared his brother, Sergendal was left without any natural heirs; Dofrestom made no attempt, therefore, to alter his generous intentions.

The first day of his professor being out after his illness was the birth-day of Heinreich; and the happy father begged to celebrate both these agreeable events together.

It was the meridian of a northern summer, and Heinreich was just eighteen.

After a supper supplied by the dairy and the garden, at which the cheerful Catherine and her hand-maid waited according to the Norwegian custom, Dofrestom and she, with the professor and the rest of their neighbors, sat down in a stone-porch fronting the setting sun.

On a grassy mound, gay with clusters of those beautiful pinks peculiar to alpine scenery, stood a sun-dial: the shadow pointed to the hour of four. Not far distant, under the shade of a large box tree, leaned Christian, with his violin; and grouped together, ready for the singular yet pleasing dance of their country, stood Heinreich and his friends.

At the first sound of the instrument, Heinreich led off the dance with a grace and a gaiety which heightened the brilliancy of his shewy person: his bright blue eyes, flashing through clusters of amber hair, animated wherever they turned; health and conscious superiority out-glowed upon his cheek the sunny apples that were ripening above his head; he moved with the elasticity of vigour, and the elegance of ease; admiration, both from old and young, followed his steps.

A warmer, yet less clamorous sentiment was given to Theodore. His gently animated air had the charm of natural grace; and the sweet smile of his eyes, as well as of his lips, touched the hearts of the lookers on, more than the sparkling glances of Heinreich.

Theodore seemed to dance to please others more than himself; and without being able to annalyse the impression they received, the honest peasants felt its full force.

Beauty! genius! fascination! what is your power when compared with that of goodness? We struggle against you all, but we yield, without resistance, to the charm of an amiable heart!

After the dance, various little games, songs, stories, succeeded. Heinreich exhibited his whole stock of talent; and never had he been so agreeable. It is true he did this for the delight of being admired; but he never suffered himself to find that out; and no one else, except the professor, made the discovery for him.

Among the happiest efforts of Heinreich's mimickry was the fair of Lavanger. He contrived to represent the various sights, uproar, bustle, and business of that crowded place so exactly, by his gestures and his voice, that for the time he transported his audience into the very scene. He now commenced this entertaining exhibition with more than usual spirit; and concluded it by imitating a chorus of Norwegian fisherman, singing the national air "For Narget's,' &c. At that darling sound, even the professor started up, and joined the now-universal song. Dofrestom's honest heart glowed with patriotic and paternal joy.—He could not refrain from grasping Heinreich in his arms, and exclaiming by way of apology, as he released him, "I am proud of my boy!"

Heinreich felt this the proper mode for him to beg a boon.—Kissing the silvering head of his father, he whispered, "I have something to beg of you by and by; I am sure you won't refuse me what I ask."

Dofrestom smiled encouragingly; and repeating, "Well, by and by, my child," dismissed Heinreich to join his companions.

Theodore enjoyed his friend's triumph, with a delight that sparkled in his eyes without being uttered by his tongue; and having no idea of rivalry, he employed himself in attending to the minor gratifications of the company.

For the aged, he placed seats where the sun or the wind might not incommode them. His penetration discovered which partner was most pleasing to the young women, and he managed to marshal them accordingly. He shaded the blunders of the awkward, dissipated the fears of the bashful, and saw that no one looked round in vain for Catherine's delicious whey or cheerful possets. In short, his benevolent spirit was every where, in the shape of innumerable attentions, that fell noiseless, but not fruitless on the hearts to which they were addressed.

Meanwhile the pleasure of obliging, and of sympathising with his companions, repaid him amply in personal enjoyment. He was even gayer than Heinreich; for, all given to mirth, he felt not his anxiety to be admired: the richer quality of his mind

made it more fruitful in witty allusions and amusing anecdotes; and though most of his auditors were too ignorant to follow the sports of such a fancy through all its agreeable absurdities, yet they understood enough to laugh quite as much as he either wished or expected.

At a late hour this rural gala ended, and the dwellers at the cottage were left to themselves. Catherine retired immediately to bed; but, anxious to seize the favorable moment, Heinreich detained his father, making a sign for Theodore not to leave them

He began his petition by a very eloquent eulogium upon his father's indulgent affection, upon the happiness he was certain it would bestow on such a tender parent to know his only son happy, and in the road to preferment. He then detailed the pleasures and honors that he was told always followed the successful pursuit of the fine arts; and wound up his oration by taking it for granted, that from all these considerations his father's consent was a matter of course.

Thunderstruck with this unexpected demand, Dofrestom was speechless, while his son continued rapidly to describe his views, his plans, his hopes, his advisers. Christian had warned him to secrecy in his case; he therefore only mentioned Ulric Eisenbach, his friend from Christiana.

This young man had brought the intelligence of the first composer in the world's being then at Copenhagen: his account of this prodigy had determined Heinreich to set off immediately for Denmark; where he meant to hear the melodious wonder, and become his pupil.

To have listened to Heinreich, any one from another planet must have supposed that a fine voice was another word for omnipotence in this: he never admitted the possibility of disappointment. As surprised as Dofrestom, Theodore stood silent; Dofrestom at length spoke.

Every thing that a rational, a virtuous, and a fond father might be supposed to say, was advanced by him to soften and explain his refusal. He had been an adventurer himself,—in a humbler way, it is true,—but he had felt enough in his own person, and seen enough in those of others, not to be certain that a life of adventure is at best but a life of lottery; and that the surprising chance of its greatest prize is, after all, not to be put in competition with the peaceful, respectable life of independent security.

He dwelt much and seriously upon the moral dangers to which the professors of so bewitching an art as music are peculiarly exposed; dangers which must increase when a handsome person, and social temper, were added to the scale.

He concluded with lamenting that he must be deprived of the domestic sunshine he had looked forward to, as the brightener of old age; and that, agitated by continual anxiety for a son so dear, he would lose not only the cheerfulness, but the peace he had hitherto enjoyed.

Heinreich combatted these arguments as well as he could, and what he wanted in force he made up in obstinacy. Each party appealed to Theodore.

Loving both, grieved for both, Theodore endeavoured to stifle his own disappointment, while he gently decided against Heinreich.

Too good-humoured to utter his suspicion that the young censor's opinion was influenced by selfish considerations, Heinreich heard him patiently, then burst forth into a repetition of his former arguments, and with more than his former vehemence.

He talked of Theodore's assistance and company, as excellent substitutes for his; never once appearing to think, that one so formed to shine in society could be otherwise than happy in obscurity.

Theodore's heart was wounded by this thoughtlessness; yet he kept repeating to himself "It is nothing but thoughtlessness, he does not mean to hurt me," till he persuaded himself that his own fastidious sensibility was alone to blame.

The discussion at last terminated in a debate; for Dofrestom when chafed could be roused. The son was obstinate; the father angry; and the gentleness of Theodore in vain tried to appease the storm. At length Dofrestom ended the conference, by commanding his son to give up all thoughts of any other situation than the one he should bequeath to him.

Heinreich was awed by the severe frown and stern voice of his father: he paused a few moments; then clearing away the clouds from his own brow, said, "Well, father, if it must be so it must; and I suppose I shall be chief singing angel in Heaven for my obedience."

With the lively confidence of one who is sure of making his peace whenever he choses, he now kissed his father's cheek, over which a tender tear was stealing, held out his hand to Theodore, who squeezed it with affectionate pleasure; and harmony thus restored, they parted for the night.

Heinreich had submitted in appearance, but not in fact. He was still resolute to follow his own inclinations; and having all his life accustomed himself to do whatever they prompted, he retained no clear notion of moral obligations. He thought only of doing what he meant to do in the quietest manner possible; and

for this purpose suddenly affected obedience, considering the artifice laudable that was to prevent useless contention.

His brain was heated with the ideas of future fame and fortune, suggested by Christian; and we must do him the justice to say, that from the many *chateaux d'Espagne* erected by his extravagant expectations, he never once excluded his orphan friend.

Like all who defer giving proofs of their affection till a period of abundant fortune, Heinreich lived to find that hour never arrive. Few things are to be done for the good of others but at the expense of some convenience, gratification, or wish of our own; and he that with limited means, seeks not to evince his attachment to friends and family by every little sacrifice in his power, will always find the largest means too small for the purpose.

Heinreich spent a sleepless night in forming and discarding various schemes for getting to Copenhagen; and at length having hit upon one of easy execution, he tossed up his pillow at day-break, and went to sleep.

A few days after this, he requested permission to go down the Sogne-fiord, and pass a week at the farm of Eisenbach's father, near Lerdalseer. He had been invited by his friend Ulric, and as he was shortly to return to his business at Christiana, a refusal would appear unkind.

Suspecting no covert intention, Dofrestom gave the leave he asked.

Heinreich went. The week passed; frosty weather succeeded to tranquil and cloudless days; another week drew to a close, and no tidings arrived. Catharine began to feel the length of the evenings; Dofrestom at first was displeased, and at length uneasy.

Theodore shared his apprehension, for he knew the rash humor of his friend, and dreaded that, in performance of a gay wager, he had ascended to some eagle's nest, among dangerous rocks, and fallen a victim to his temerity. Early one morning he proposed going himself to the farm of Eisenbach. Dofrestom looked at the threatening sky, and hesitated. The valley leading to the abode of Ulric's father, lay on the shore of another arm of the fiord, and was many miles off, the way was perilous and wearisome, yet he pined to hear of his son, and he had not courage to refuse the offer of Theodore.

Reading his mind in his troubled looks, and touched by a heavy sigh from the worthy Catherine, Theodore took down his boat-cloak, and wrapping himself in it, bade them good bye. "We shall be with you by to-morrow night, I hope," said he;

"at any rate, fear nothing for us, You know, dear father, I am a careful rower, and not a bad pilot."

"I know you are the best boy in the world," said Dofrestom, "my poor Heinreich wants nothing but a little of your kind thoughtfulness."

With many an injunction to take care of himself, and many a benediction, he set sail, accompanied by a steady servant, and although the clouds still threatened, and the water muttered, the tide served, and no winds but what were friendly encountered his little bark.

After landing, having left his associate to take care of the boat, Theodore proceeded to the house he sought.

What to his dismay, his disappointment, his anguish, to learn that Heinreich had been gone from it above ten days; that he and Ulric were already across the Filefialle mountains in their way to Bergen, whence they were to take ship for Christiana and that whatever might be the confidence, reposed in their son, the parents of Ulric understood that Heinreich undertook the journey with the prefect approbation of his father.

After the first words, Theodore listened to their details, without knowing what he heard; his thoughts were so confused, that he seemed incapable of comprehending the art, the duplicity, the dishonour, the unfeelingness of Heinreich. The crush of his own hopes gave additional bitterness to the sighs he heaved, as he pictured the the grief of Dofrestom; and mixed with both was the pain of being forced, to think with less esteem of one he still fondly loved.

"Did he leave no message, no letter for any of us?"

Ulric's father remembered that a letter for Dofreston had been entrusted by Heinreich to a person who was going about the country with smuggled goods, and who intending to proceed to Aardel. This seasonable recollection, by convincing Theodore that Heinreich had not been quite unmindful of his father's feelings, in some degree assuaged his own affliction; and he consented to pass the night under the hospitable roof of his present host. But on farther consideration, he began to think that it was his duty to return to prepare the unhappy parent for the arrival of this painful letter. Should it be received during his absence, he dreaded the consequence; to prevent such a mischance, he resolved to hazard a nightly voyage, and, without taking an hour's rest, proceeded to his now troubled home.

With a heavy and softened heart, as he revolved the innocent days of Heinreich's boyhood, did Theodore re-embarked. A few dim stars, struggling through the thickening vapours of the night;

the water rushed with a hollow sound; and low, and unsteady blasts whistled by fits through their single sail.

"I fear we are going to have bad weather!" observed his companion, as their boat dashed into the sullen wave.

"Would you wish to go back, Eric?" asked Theodore. "Deal honestly with me, as I do by you, when I confess that I would not proceed, but for the sake of softening this sad news to my father. I am aware we shall run some risk of losing our lives, and there is not sufficient motive for you—"

"Yes, but there is," returned Eric; did not my good master pay the dues of my mother's funeral, and build my sister the cot we live in? Surely, it is as little as I can do, to risk an upset, to save him a heart-ache."

Theodore would have hesitated again, had his own advantage been the end proposed, but for his benefactor's peace, he was less scrpulous, and he was besides at that age in which we hope all things, and fear few.

He let loose the sail again, that he was preparing to furl, and stood out from shore.

The night blackened as they proceeded: the huge granite rocks, overhanging their boat, threw darker and broader shadows; winds began to howl; and the waves ruuning higher and higher, threatened to engulph their tottering vessel.

Theodore was too experienced and too collected, not to be aware of their danger, and equal to all that might be done to ward it off: he guided the helm himself, and cheered his companion. They coasted the foot of the cliffs, and doubling the cape which terminated this branch of the Sogne-fiord, entered into the main body of the fiord.

The storm continued to increase; the waters lashed themselves into fury, and ran mountains of foam, their roar reverberating from the surrounding caverns, added to the horrors of the wind. Complete darkness covered every object.

Theodore thought of his parent's watery grave, and for a moment that thought unnerved him.

"I believe we must give it up," he observed, as he heard his companion whispering a prayer. Suppose we try for the island, and stay there till day-break?

Eric joyfully assented, and with much difficulty they gained the place they sought. Their boat found a safe bay; and a comfortable koya, constructed with clay and pine branches, gave shelter to themselves.

During the wintry storms, this island was often the temporary abode of distressed voyagers, and had been so particularly the

refuge of the pastor, that Theodore one day proposed building some better shelter than the caves afforded. Heinreich and two other youths had cheerfully acceded to the proposition, and obtaining a day's holiday during the summer, they raised this charitable edifice.

Dofrestom regularly supplied it with a small store of dry wood, smoked provisions, bread and spirits, for the refreshment of such persons as might be detained there for several days; and grateful for the benevolence, no one was ever known to waste it. Enviable state of rectitude, when every man is a law to himself!

Theodore now felt, for the first time, the full value of his own humanity; and as the wind and rain beat upon the roof of the koya, and a kindling fire began to diffuse its cheering warmth through his limbs, he thought of Heinreich's alacrity in assisting to build it, and his heart melted with tenderness.

The storm abated before day-break, after which he and Eric renewed their voyage.

For some hours they had but to contend with an adverse tide, and veering winds; but towards noon the storm rose again, and the boat labored against it in vain. They had already entered their branch of the fiord, and were in sight of the valley; voices were heard, and figures were seen upon its shore. Theodore fancied that he could distinguish that of Dofrestom.

With a heart throbbing far more for that dear benefactor than for its own safety, he continued to exert all his skill and courage. The boat drew nearer; through the boisterous wind, louder and shriller voices were heard. At that moment a sudden blast came rushing from the mountains down the valley, and sweeping onward with velocity, and drove back the boat upon a jutting rock. The solitary mast fell with a horrid crash across her side, and her loosened planks were soon seen floating singly upon the water.

Theodore and Eric had thrown themselves into the fiord, and were struggling with the waves, when a stouter boat put off from shore. With his usual presence of mind, Theodore called out to Eric to hold by one of the floating timbers; by this seasonable advice, he was enabled to keep on the surface of the water, till the boat rowed up to them, and took him in. Scarcely conscious how he got there, Theodore found himself in the same boat, and held to the breast of Dofrestom.

"But Heinreich! O God, where is he?" exclaimed Dofrestom.

"Safe, dearest father, but not with us."

Dofrestom understood from this, that his truant son still lingered with Ulric Eisenbach; and anxious for Theodore's comfort

asked no other question till he beheld him warmed and refreshed by his own fire.

As Catherine was bustling to get him change of raiment, and the good Dofrestom was busying himself in the same kind office for Eric, Theodore had time to observe how favorable was the present opportunity for the tale he had to tell. The storm, by which he was spared, might have destroyed Heinreich, had he been found at Ulric's, and returned with them home; besides, to have an afflictive act of Providence, so immediately followed by a merciful one, demanded gratitude for the blessing, and resignation to the calamity.

All this poor Theodore meant to urge with tender caution; but his feelings refused to obey his judgment. Softened by a variety of thronging thoughts, he burst into tears, without speaking, when Dofrestom renewed his question about the return of Heinreich. A scene of alarm, enquiry, explanation and anguish followed, Catherine wept; and her brother prophecied the ruin of his deceitful son.

Theodore comforted the one, and soothed the other; he drew the attention of both to his own preservation, and eloquent, in goodness, suggested palliatives for Heinreich's error, and expectations from his character, which he rather wished were true, than dared believe so.

By degrees he pacified not only the anger but the grief of his auditors; and at last he beguiled them into the confession, that it was natural for such talents as Heinreich's to long for a theatre of action; and that, consequently, they ought not to judge him with severity.

Thoughtlessness was the plea he urged in his friend's behalf; and with the magic of that word, Theodore quieted the aching hearts of the father and the aunt. The time was yet to come, in which he would cease to consider that word as any other than a term for hard, unfeeling selfishness: and never, never advance it in extenuation of guilt.

The remaining hours of the day, and the greatest part of the night, were all employed in discoursing upon the same subject. Dofrestom listened to the advice of a youth of sixteen with the attention and docility he would have yielded only to the conviction of superior judgment and impartiality in one of thrice that age.

Acquiescing nearly always in what he suggested, he now and then repeated, "Well, well! you remain with me—you won't forsake me!"

In the few moments following the first utterance of this exclamation, the young Theodore made a harder conquest than ever

graced the triumphs of a Cæsar; he subdued his own paramount desire; he nearly conquered regret.

Turning his eyes toward Dofrestom's venerable face, he fixed them there, till their glowing expression melted into tears; then hiding them on the old man's trembling hand, as he pressed his lips on it, he said in a low yet firm voice, "Nothing but your command shall make me desert you."

It is not often that he who accepts a sacrifice, is worthy of it; but Dofrestom really was; for he knew not how many cherished hopes his adopted son was now relinquishing. He wept with sorrow and with joy; and calling down unnumbered blessings on the head of this more than son, retired to the solitude and reflection of his chamber.

Had Dofrestom been living in *the world*, he might have tried to hide his grief, and its cause, by "making" what that worl calls "the best of it," and passing off the rebellious act of his son as obedience to his own command; but he lived where sympathy and sincerity were yet of irrepressible growth; and secure of the one, he had no reason to stifle the over-flowings of the other.

His venerable character demanded respect, his distress solicited compassion; his neighbors came to mourn with him, and their kindness was itself consolation.

Meanwhile the long delayed letter of explanation and apology was brought by the smuggler to the Stone Cottage. It began with a complete avowal of shame and consciousness of error, which disarmed even justice; it then proceeded in so florid a description of expected honors, and predetermined good conduct, that Catherine burst out into admiration and approbation; and Dofrestom, with a sigh, reluctantly acknowledged that it might, after all, turn out for the best.

Every one that heard this long letter had a kind or an encouraging word to say to the poor, doubting father. Professor Sergendal alone, muttered Pshaw! after its most animated passages.

Dofrestom eagerly pressed him to utter an opinion; Theodore in alarm endeavored to arrest the answer, but it came, and came with the pitiless force of a surgeon who lops a limb to save a life. "My opinion, Sir, if I am to tell you fairly, is this; the young fellow that could write such a letter as that, yet act as your son has done, is one who sins wilfully, therefore unpardonably. I tell you, Sir, you must prepare yourself for his ruin; and he that palliates and persuades you otherwise, will hereafter have your despair, and perhaps your phrensy to answer for."

So awful a sentence, pronounced with ruthless solemnity, struck Dofrestom as if it had been the fiat of Fate; but recovering at

the voice of Theodore, a voice tender as that of ministering angels, he felt the tide of paternal partiality rush anew into his heart; and warmly taking up the defence of his thoughtless son, he concluded by at least convincing himself, if not his opponent, that Heinreich's trangression merited forgiveness.

Benevolently seizing this lucky turn in the feelings of Dofrestom, Theodore soon after employed it, in persuading him, that unless he determined upon peremtorily recalling Heinreich, it was most prudent in him to think of forwarding the youth's wishes; left to himself, he might enter into intimacy and engagement with some worthless person of talent, or ignorantly attach himself to one without real celebrity and influence.

In consequence of this advice, Dofrestom thought of his only acquaintance in Copenhagen, the head of a commercial house, with whom he had dealings.

The yearly profits of his saw-mill were always left in their hands at a very moderate rate of interest; he might therefore calculate upon some friendship from them. He now wrote to one of the partners, requesting him to find out his runaway, assist him discreetly with money, and see what could be done for him with safety and honor.

He implored this gentleman's kind observation of his son's associates; beseeching him to put him on his guard against any connexion that might afterwards injure his morals.

Composure, but not real peace of mind, thus restored to this excellent man, Theodore endeavored to fill the chasm which Heinreich had left. For this purpose he devoted the whole of his evenings to Catherine and her brother; in summer he walked with them, amusing both, by gathering and botanizing the countless wild-flowers that covered the mountains, and perfumed the hollows. In winter he sat while Catherine spun and Dofrestom smoked, either reading to them, by the bright light of the stars and the moon, the Norwegian Bible; or translating, as he went, interesting anecdotes from books in other languages.

The good couple did not indeed laugh so often during those evenings, as when Heinreich's comic talents were exercised for their amusement, but a more "sacred and home-felt delight" continually warmed their hearts. They saw that Theodore thought only of their happiness, while sacrificing his own pleasures; and admiration thus mingling with gratitude, made him dearer every hour.

Professor Sergendal meanwhile deepened into portentous gloom; his muttering thunder of discontent gave warning of the angry flash that was to follow, he began to repeat the words—"Un-

grateful! like all the rest of mankind!" And though repeatedly obliged to own the justice of Theodore's arguments when his reproaches called on him for defence, he never failed re-judging the cause when alone, and deciding that if either were to be sacrificed Dofrestom, and not he, should be the victim.

In reality, Theodore's principle sacrifice was himself; for, by giving up so much of his little leisure to what he deemed a duty, he abridged his time for study, and made a progress very inadequate to his wishes to every favourite pursuit.

Frequently he expressed this regret, when the professor reproached him with growing idleness, or caprice of affection; yet never did he obtain credit for the truth he uttered. Sergendal was too much in the custom of indulging himself, to believe another person capable of the heroism required for an opposite habit; and Theodore's regrets, therefore, sunk into the same oblivious contempt with his avowals of obligation. "Sweet indeed are the uses of adversity!" Theodore's early sufferings from this injustice of the Professor, led him to the discovery that justice is the corner-stone of the social edifice, he became, therefore, so scrupulously just, that nothing shocked and surprized him so much, as the want of that habit in persons dear to him. Alas! in future years, how often did he find that, of all the virtues, justice is the rarest!

CHAPTER III.

THE first joyful moment at Aardal was occasioned by a packet from Copenhagen. It was brought by a young peasant who had just finished his service in the militia, and contained letters from Heinreich and the merchant who was to be his friend.

Through the agency of the latter, Heinreich had sung and played before Signor Perregiono, the new manager of the royal concerts; that gentleman had expressed himself astonished at the wonderful voice and naturally good style of Heinreich, and proposed taking him as a pupil, provided a proper sum of money were paid down at first. The sum was great; but Heinreich wrote in raptures of the admiration his genius had excited in the court, assuring his father that he had no doubt of eventually repaying him and Dofrestom, after many a sad foreboding he replied by enclosing an order for the money.

This premium swallowed up nearly all the savings of twelve years; Dofrestom had originally intended to divide these savings

at his death, equally between the two boys; but Heinreich now required it all; and his father, in resigning it, plainly stated his determination of making up the deficiency to Theodore, by bequeathing to him the Stone Cottage, with its pasture, and a share at least in the property of the saw-mill, in case he, Dofrestom, should die before the professor.

He was too truly generous to communicate this part of his letter to Theodore, who, pleased with the pious advice and kind forgiveness it contained, wished not to see more.

Heinreich was ultimately fixed with Signor Perregiono; and Theodore, faithfully endeavoring to enliven the declining age of Professor Sergendal, as well as of Dofrestom, continued to advance in years and in moral value.

The third year after Heinreich's departure, Theodore's self-command was put to a severe proof. The professor, feeling himself decline, meditated a journey to Copenhagen for the purpose of superintending the publication of his last work.

This darling work, which was indeed a treasure of scientific knowledge, had been the labor of so large a portion of his life, that every thing else seemed dust in the balance. To bring it out with the utmost perfection of accuracy, was the grand desideratum of his journey; and as this was the very MS. that Theodore had so often transcribed from variously altered originals, his assistance in correcting the press was nearly indispensable.

Believing it impossible for such a youth to refuse the offer of visiting the capital, he one day abruptly bade him prepare for the journey.

Theodore paused—hesitated; a glow of pleasure flushed his expressive countenance, and as quickly faded. "O, what would I give to see Copenhagen?" he exclaimed; "but I fear I dare not wish it."

The professor demanded an explanation, and heard with amazement that his pupil had pledged himself to Dofrestom to remain with him whilst he lived. Sergendal's brow blackened at first, but juster feelings chased away the gloom; for now the sacrifice was too evident to be doubted; he undertook to win a willing assent from his neighbor, or no longer to urge Theodore on the tempting subject.

Sergendal now hastened to seek this eventful consent, stipulating either to return himself at the end of eight months, or to restore his young companion, under the protection of some discreet traveller.

Dofrestom had not one selfish feeling; and though he might have hesitated to part from this last prop of domestic comfort for

as many years, he tried to think the separation of eight months would be easily borne; in addition to this, he depended upon Theodore for a sincere account of Heinreich's conduct and prospects. The representations of both, which had hitherto arrived, had neither of them appeared exactly what the fond hearts in the valley would have anticipated. Mr. Thonkild complained of inattention to his occasional advice; and Heinreich's frequent petitions for money (though now receiving the profits of his own talents, hitherto shared with Signor Perregino,) alarmed, and seriously distressed his father.

Anxious to be rightly informed on these important topics, Dofrestom not only assured Theodore that he should have his free consent to this journey, but that he looked on the proposal as a special interposition of Providence in favor of his thoughtless son.

Relieved by this miraculous facility of permission, the delighted Theodore hastened to make his few preparations, and to pour out to the professor all the joy and gratitude he had before feared to give way to.

The expectation of seeing Heinreich again gladdened his heart; but his highest mental anticipation consisted in the society of a capital, which was at that time considered the seat of northern literature. In complete good-humor with every thing and every body, the professor distributed some trifling keepsakes amongst his neighbors; and assuring Dofrestom that he now charged himself with all his pupil's expenses, with some melancholy emotion took leave of the valley in which he had spent nine tranquil years. The sublime country through which they travelled, was a continued source of admiration to Theodore. Autumn, in all countries a season of remarkable beauty, is as beautiful as brief in Norway. The woods exhibit every shade of change; passing from the soft tint of the olive, through the sober brown, to the glowing orange and the bright vermillion. The dales are covered with wild-berry bushes and underwood, whose profusion of scarlet fruitage, forms at a distance rich dashes for colour in the landscape; while above these luxuriant scenes tower the mountains, whose broad summits either gleam with snow, or with the waters of lakes.

Sometimes Theodore's imagination peopled these mountains and forests with the deeds and the heroes of other days; at other times he gazed, awe-struck, on the solitary magnificence of nature, and felt his own presence amid her awful shades, an impious intrusion.

The difficulties of their route, over trackless precipices, amid thundering cataracts, fiords, lakes, and woods, were to him but so many new gratifications; while Sergendal, on the contrary, suffered peevishness to conquer his natural capacity of enjoyment, and talked of nothing but the danger and the inconvenience and the hardships that assailed him.

He was a geologist; and although he had chosen to make this journey by land, solely for the purpose of deciding an important question regarding the direction of strata in that range of mountains called the Hardanger-fialle, he was unmanly enough to complain of the trouble it cost him.

Theodore knew sufficient of geology to take much fatigue solely upon himself; and exploring the mountainous chain in every direction, many of his valuable observations afterwards graced the professor's Natural History of Norway.

Having reached Christiana, they crossed directly to Zealand, and safely anchored in the bay of Copenhagen. To a young man of nineteen, the first visit to a capital is always a memorable event. Theodore was formed to discover and to appreciate every advantage of such a residence; he brought to its society a mind already nobly cultivated, and a natural refinement of taste which awaited only for development.

But at first every thing fell short of his expectation. The public buildings wanted the magnificence his fancy was familiar with, in the descriptions of Athens and of Rome; the state-ceremonies seemed flat and diminutive; the dress and manners of the greatest personages failed in dignity and distinction. Time, however, taught him to look deeper; and reflection discovering the admirable interior of public institutions, the utility of certain modest forms, and the real greatness of political men, gave more than imagination had at first bestowed and then withdrawn.

By long retirement, and the increasing reputation of former works, Professor Sergendal brought with him to Copenhagen the attraction of novelty. Many of his former competitors were removed to other scenes; and though a few literary rivals still maintained their old warfare, a host of young students rallied round their philosophical chief, fought his battles with enthusiasm, and repeated his decisions as oracles.

At his levees, Theodore saw nearly all the scientific persons whom choice brought to Denmark. Their conversation was an eternal exercise of his noblest faculties. In the discussion of important subjects, whether moral or intellectual, he attended closely to all that was said: and, far removed from that childish, indiscriminate love of talent, which admires every thing that is

spoken because it is said well, he weighed every person's arguments, and acquired by that means the habit of strict investigation.

The forwardness of several men as young as himself, led them to hazard many crude speculations which he might have formed, but would always have had too much discretion to utter. Men of riper judgment analyzed these chimeras, proved their absurdity, or their latent mischief, and thus gave him lessons in the persons of others.

His judgment, his principles, his taste, thus forming together, he wanted only that most precious part of human knowledge, knowledge of the world; but this he could not learn in the scientific circle at his preceptor's. Amongst a set so different, that he might well mistake them for creatures of another species, Theodore received his earliest lessons in what may be called the science of life; they were the associates of Heinreich.

Immediately after reaching Copenhagen, Theodore had hastened to Mr. Thonkild's for information of his friend. Cold and formal in his address, Mr. Thonkild gave no pleasing impression of his own character, while he briefly recapitulated various follies and excesses of Heinreich's. This gentleman was evidently a man of integrity; yet there was in his discourse a repelling indifference to the moral welfare of others. After listening to an anecdote of more than usual faultiness, Theodore asked,—"And pray, Sir, had you not the goodness to see Heinreich upon this, and repeat to him the shame he is preparing for himself, the anguish for his respectable father?"

"Why, indeed, Sir," replied the mercantile statue, "I had spoken to him so often in vain, about little levities of no consequence in comparison, that I found it best to take no farther trouble." He paused; and Theodore, without answering, made the comment to himself—"Here, perhaps, was the reason of Heinreich's inattention to advice upon important subjects; Mr. Thonkild had schooled him too often in trifles." That gentleman resumed.

"Pardon me for saying, Sir, that I must be allowed to dismiss this young man from my thoughts. If I could have served our worthy correspondent, I should have been glad; but I cannot. His son is quite good-for-nothing. Excuse me further; I have persons waiting for me. I wish you good morning."

Perplexed between the hope that Mr. Thonkild's apathy might have enlarged eccentricities into crimes, and the fear that Heinreich's disposition inclined him to dissipation, Theodore pensively took the way of his lodgings.

He found his friend just preparing to join a convivial meeting at an hotel, where every gay adventurer of the city was to be met in company with a few young nobles, whom an inordinate passion for coarse pleasures brought to a temporary level with the rest.

The gloss of Heinreich's shewy person was rather tarnished by three years' residence in the capital; but an air of elegance supplied the deficiency, and the transport with which he embraced the companion of his childhood, gave more than their former lustre to his eyes.

Theodore pressed him to his full, his uncorrupted heart with a gush of tenderness: for at that moment an hitherto undetected likeness to Dofrestom appeared in the fleeting expression of his son's face. "I cannot believe you are changed!" he exclaimed; "I am sure you are still my good, my dear Heinreich?"

"Good!" repeated Heinreich, covering his confusion with a laugh; "not much of that I fear, my dear boy; saints at Aardal will turn sinners at Copenhagen, I suspect; so look to yourself, Theodore; but after all, I am as good as my neighbors; and, between ourselves, twenty times better than some precise personages who take upon them to lecture me."

Theodore did not go there to lecture; so turning the subject upon the respected friends they had left at Aardal, he sought to revive the recollection of truer hearts and more innocent pleasures, than those by which Heinreich was now surrounded.

Theodore was pleased to observe the readiness with which Heinreich relinquished the party he was going to; and, willing to see his character in the most favorable light, he would not allow his boastful conversation to awaken any suspicion that in this readiness there was more eagerness to display newly-acquired consequence, than interest in the society of his friend.

Heinreich's spirits were at the most extravagant pitch; he was already engaged as first singer at the royal concerts, and had lately received an overture from the French envoy to return in his suite to France. Lifted, for a moment, by the unsteady wave of popular admiration, to a level with peers and princes, this intoxicated young man believed that wave was never to sink. His vanity made him forget that it is only superior virtue which ennobles the low-born, either in the eyes of wisdom or of folly; that talents, without that distinction, may procure for their possessors flattery and transient luxury, but never can buy respect.

He had learned the coquetry of with-holding pleasure, that it might be more passionately solicited; but he little dreamt that while his singing, his playing, and his mimickry were won from him by the mixed prayers and praises of beauty and of rank, he was in reality the object of their contempt and the sport of their ridicule.

Their own flatteries, and his credulity, insolence, or airs of condescension, entertained them nearly as much as the talents he displayed; they considered him as an instrument for their amusement, while he believed himself an associate in their pleasures.

Theodore's unprejudiced good sense failed not to draw the right conclusion from Heinreich's inflated descriptions of his high acquaintance; still he spoke not; for this was his hour of observation; advice, to be useful, must not be given hastily.

Kindling with its own rapidity, Heinreich's vanity began with distressing Theodore, and finished by shocking him. The inconsiderate young man forgot how gradual had been the steps by which even his unfixed character had reached that point, in which the admiration of the profligate is thought as great a distinction as that of the estimable; and amongst the various conquests over female hearts which his person and voice had achieved, he dwelt with peculiar enthusiasm upon that of a fair dancer at the theatre.

The lady in question had the credit of being supported in the splendor of her establishment, by one of the two Count Gulderlieus (illegitimate sons of the late King,) and the notoriety of her passion for Heinreich Dofrestom was so likely to precipitate her from that lofty station, that he believed himself bound to decree to this worthless passion all the honors due to a virtuous sentiment.

Theodore's serious attentiveness gave way to the most animated indignation. "Profane not the name of love, Heinreich," he exclaimed, "by applying it to any feeling of such a woman; it is impossible you can look on her but as a detestable and dishonest wretch; detestable, first for selling herself; and dishonest afterwards, for giving any share of her shameful self, either her thoughts or her person, to you. I can pity, I can pardon, I can love you through every involuntary transgression, through every delusion of your fancy; but if I am to find your heart corrupted, and your very judgment the pander of your passions, I cleave to you, I love you no longer."

The unusual vehemence of Theodore, the severe expression of his countenance, awed Heinreich into a real emotion of shame. He began to explain, to apologise, to recant: he had a pathetic story to tell of Stephania's first seduction; of all she had suffered since; of the temptations Count Gulderlieu held out to her; of her yielding at last, chiefly for the sake of advancing the fortunes of her indigent family.

Theodore could not be imposed on; it was possible that the girl was good-natured, therefore wished her family comfortable; and that she preferred her own temporary gratification to future interest. While she liked Heinreich, she could heroically make

the sacrifice of Count Gulderlieu's wealth; and when tired o the former, she would as carelessly sacrifice his attachment to some other caprice.

Seriously impressed with his friend's danger, Theodore tried to regain his own self-command, before he ventured to probe the heart of Heinreich. It was not often that he was thus hurried out of himself; for in general his gentle nature had such an amiable distrust of appearances, that conviction came too gradually for indignation to follow it. But the surprize, the horror he felt at the unequivocal words of his perverted friend, did not allow him to hesitate at present.

It is true, Theodore was so little aequainted with the world, that he foresaw not all the disastrous consequences which never fail attending such disgraceful connexions; therefore he had no prudent arguments to offer; he was roused to honorable indignation by a sincere love of virtue, and by horror at the profligate want of shame, implied by Heinreich's triumph in the publicity of his rivalry with Count Gulderlieu.

The evening that had begun so cordially and so gaily, ended in gloom. Theodore urged every argument that was likely to revive the early sentiments of religion and morality in the soul of Heinreich; while Heinreich, confounded but not repentant, and less sincere than ever, affected to be so seriously moved by his friend's discourse that he sent him away conciliated and consoled.

Brief was this deceitful calm; each fresh report of Heinreich's conduct and extravagance, each interview with him, assisted in withdrawing the veil which affection had placed between its object and ruin.

Theodore saw that, trusting solely to his genius, Heinreich devoted but a very small portion of his time to the perfection of his art; that he never sung or played but in the midst of a circle, and consumed his youth, in short, in a life of idle dissipation. The idol of one company, and the buffoon of another, he mixed with various classes of worthless society; and ambitious of being received there on a footing of equality, shared in expenses for which he was obliged to humble himself to his real friends. The profits of his profession were, indeed, inadequate to such extravagance, he was therefore greatly in debt.

Theodore sometimes took advantage of Heinreich's necessities, to urge his relinquishment of a pursuit which brought so doubtful an emolument; the little he had to give was taken from the moderate allowance now given him by Professor Sergendal, and he once ventured to say, as he tendered it: "If I indulged myself in such expensive habits, my dear Heinreich, where would I find means to *enjoy this real* pleasure of obliging you?"

"And if I were not a thoughtless creature, unable to consider that sordid thing called money, where would your kindness find exercise?" This was the reply of Heinreich; its levity revolted Theodore; and had it been addressed to another, he would have remarked the ungrateful slight which it threw upon generous prudence: but he buried a sigh in a smile, and terminated the conversation.

Theodore was aware of Professor Sergendal's ruthless severity to offenders; yet fearful of trusting solely to his own judgment, he consulted him upon the measures he ought to take with respect to Heinreich.

The professor vehemently agreed with him in believing it his duty not to mask any thing, but sincerely to show Dofrestom the situation of his son. He added, "Dofrestom will do wisely to order the young fellow home, and tame his spirit by a life of hard labour."

Theodore did not assent to the whole of this opinion, though he saw the necessity of sincerity; and flattered himself that if Dofrestom could prevail on his son to revisit home, his paternal eloquence would eventually induce him to abandon, if not his musical profession, his expensive habits. He wrote, therefore, a faithful, yet indulgent, description of the ruin that threatened Heinreich: and having told his thoughtless friend that he had done so, endeavored, by a mixture of firmness and compliance, to bend him to better things.

Alas! the only proof obtained by Theodore of his ascendancy over Heinreich, was the degrading one of duplicity; the misguided young man had no longer the boldness to avow either his expenses, or his intercourse with Stephania; and the falsehoods to which he had recourse, being often discovered unexpectedly by Theodore, gave the last blow to that affectionate friend's esteem.

At the beginning of the last century posts were scarcely established throughout Norway; letters made their appearance, rather oftener than comets it is true, but vulgar calculation was as much baffled by the one as the other; consequently many destructive steps were taken by Heinreich, long ere his father's command arrived to order him home.

Meanwhile Theodore had much to suffer from the morose humour of his preceptor. Now irritated by printers, now by critics; sometimes by the neglect of one person, or the senseless homage of another, Sergendal found reasons to justify ill-temper even in the midst of gratified self-love. One leaf ruffled on his bed of roses, was at any time enough to chafe him into fury; and from being displeased with Theodore for attempting to explain and soothe, when he resolved to continue outrageous,

he grew into an envious feeling of the consideration he enjoyed amongst literary men.

The glow of triumphal satisfaction with which Sergendal had begun his residence at Copenhagen, soon changed into gloom. Theodore perpetually sacrificed the gratification of laudible curiosity to the grateful desire of pleasing his instructor; nevertheless he found, that he who gives up to a violent temper, must do it without the hope of obtaining peace: must do it solely from the Christian determination of suffering patiently.

"For what glory is it, when ye be buffetted for your faults, ye shall take it patiently? But if when you do well, and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God." These sacred words were not often upon his lips, but they were always in his heart.

His temper tried by the professor's infirmity, and his heart tortured by the worthless career of Heinreich, he began to look with eagerness towards the period destined for his return to Norway. Six weeks only had yet to pass, and he would return—return to share the sorrow, perhaps difficulties, of the venerable couple who had been to him as parents—return to fix for life in peaceful obscurity, while possibly he had relations then acting distinguished parts on the stage of public life, who would gladly own him. That thought still tugged at his heart, and made him feel how much it cost to be resigned to this decree of Providence.

He was sitting buried in a reverie on this subject in a corner of the professor's room one morning, when amongst the ebb and flow of the visiting tide that generally filled it, he saw two gentlemen belonging to the Queen's household; somebody asked what was the news in their gay world; the answer carelessly given, transfixed Theodore, "A ridiculous adventure enough!—the high admiral has lost his *chere amie* after all. Stephanie Richemar has gone off with the singer Dofrestom."

Theodore started from his seat, unconscious of the action, and some agitated words escaped his lips; but recovering presence of mind, he requested the professor's leave to absent himself for a short time, and obtaining it, he hastened to learn the truth or falsehood of this report.

On reaching Heinreich's lodgings, he received painful confirmation of the fact, from the man who served him as valet. This person made no secret of his master's departure with Stephanie: he told Theodore that they were gone to Dresden, where M'amselle Richemar had many patrons; that being wearied ou by the solicitations of her family to break off her intimacy wit a man of whom her protector was jealous, and tired of that protector *himself, she had* proposed this spirited step to her lover

and he had immediately consented. "They are now, Sir," added the careless speaker, "half way to Dresden perhaps; and I am to follow my master as soon as I have settled some little affair of my own."

"You will oblige me by leaving me alone," said Theodore, "I see pen and ink in the room and I wish to write a letter. I wish to think a few moments."

The man familiarly hummed himself out of the room, and as he closed the door, Theodore rose and locked it. Secure from the witness of any weakness he might give way to in the contemplation of the past and the present, Theodore buried his face in his hands, and resting it on the table, was soon entirely lost in a crowd of wretched thoughts. After a long and agitated reverie, his confusion of ideas gradually cleared; he began to recover from the shocking surprise into which this worthless act had thrown him, and to confess that from their earliest years, even in the bosom of goodness, Heinreich had given no promise of better things. Memory could not recall one childish sacrifice, one spontaneous act of generous feeling; naturally gay and good humoured, and the idol of the neighborhood, he could never be otherwise than amiable: nothing criminal in the valley tempted his wishes, and called on his friends to oppose them; and Theodore, by making it his principle of action always to give up his own inclination when it clashed with that of another, innocently fostered the selfishness of his play-fellow.

It is painful, it is agonizing to find the character we love, fallen from excellence to guilt; but how far beyond all the bitterness of such grief, is the discovery that what we have loved, has never deserved our affection!

The soul that was originally pure, may wash off its stains, but a nature which contained the germ of every vice, and wanted only circumstances to develop them, has no soil in which a virtue can take root.

The repeated proofs of Heinreich's dissoluteness and insensibility, which Theodore had been hourly witnessing for six months, gradually severed string after string;" and now the last cord that tied the ingrate to his friend's estimable heart, gave way, and loosed him from it for ever.

Yet closer did the affection of Theodore cleave to the venerable image of Dofrestom: and more determined than ever to devote his whole being to this deserted old man he took up a pen to write to Heinreich before he returned home.

The letter was calculated to awaken shame and repentance in a thinking mind, it was written in a strain of gentle reproof, and with the promise of obtaining his father's full pardon for the

past, whenever the offender should return to them with a sincere intention of amendment.

Having given the letter to Heinreich's servant, Theodore went back to the professor.

Fortunately it was his dinner hour, so that the crowd of visitors was gone. In extreme distress, Theodore briefly stated what had occurred adding, "I had hoped, dear Sir, to have been able to ask leave of absence from home, nay to take it, till it would suit your convenience to part with me; or, what I should have liked much better, till you could have returned with me; but I must never indulge in pleasing dreams; I have been already, perhaps, sufficiently indulged by the permission to make this delightful visit. My poor father will now require all the comfort and assistance I can bestow, so I must reluctantly request you will think of my returning next month."

Sergendal, as might be expected from his character, had a torrent of wrath and of obstacles to oppose to this request; it was impossible for him to return; that Theodore knew, and his work was not half printed, he had depended upon Theodore for drawing up a table of contents in the shape of an analysis of each chapter, and a copious index, and now all that labor must fall back upon the professor.

Theodore mildly assured him that he would immediately begin this important and agreeable task; then recapitulating what he owed to the professor's kind tuition, and all the intellectual pleasures he had enjoyed through his means at Copenhagen, he displayed so much candor and gratitude, that Sergendal was touched and became silent.

Something more than silence was necessary: Theodore was obliged to inquire whether he was to make his arrangements to return alone, or whether the professor would provide a companion for him. "You are very impatient, Sir," exclaimed Sergendal; "in spite of these florid expressions of regret and regard, I cannot help recurring to your conduct, and that, Sir, teaches me to believe that I am not the first object of your affection."

"I never sought to make you think so, dear Sir," replied Theodore; "since I have had the happiness of knowing you, I have felt an equal degree of respectful affection for yourself, and for my father Dofrestom; but I believe,"—he hesitated for a moment.—"Go on young man."—"I believe my first obligation is to him, and that when he is threatened with a dreadful calamity I am bound to sacrifice your convenience, dear Sir, with my own ardent wishes, to the chance of comforting and helping him."

"Let me hear no more of this moral arithmetic, I beg, Sir," interrupted the professor; it has a disgusting air of cant and coldness that *insults me; I like young* men to act from impulse.'

An expression in the eyes of Theodore, that recalled the conduct of Heinreich, made Sergendal add hastily,—"Good impulses, Sir, I mean; such as gratitude, affection. If you really did feel grateful and attached to me, you would not have the coolness to argue in this manner."

"My short life has been one of obligations," replied Theodore, his eyes moistened with tears; "and I have hitherto tried —conscientiously tried, to acquit myself of the vast debt towards any one that has claims on me; if my heart over-rates what I owe to him who fostered my orphan infancy, and under-rates what I owe to you who have given life and value to my nobler faculties, I pray God to set me right. At present I feel with bitterness of spirit, that because I am very grateful to another, you will not believe me otherwise than ungrateful to yourself."—He paused unable to articulate more.

The professor's heart smote him; and following the kindly impulse, he embraced his pupil. "If your society were less agreeable to me, Guevara, in short, if I looked on you as I do on other young fellows, I would not be so anxious to keep you with me. Let me tell you, it is a distinction you should be proud of, when you see how I am courted by all the rising genius of the age."

"I fear, Sir, such a circle of friends and admirers will detain you long from our valley." This observation gave a turn to the conversation, and Theodore endeavored to collect from the professor some instructions for his future mediation between Dofrestom and his son.

Several days elapsed after this, and Sergendal still avoided the subject of Theodore's conveyance back to Norway. Meanwhile Theodore toiled cheerfully over the analysis, and soon completed it. He was meditating how to re-open the dangerous topic, when a short letter from Dofrestom, containing one for his son, arrived at Copenhagen. It was a positive command for Heinreich to set out without delay for Aardal, accompanied by a petition for Theodore to be his companion.

Heinreich, indeed, was beyond the reach of that letter's authority; but Theodore, in presenting his to the professor, firmly announced his resolution of departing alone, as soon as he should hear of a vessel bound direct for Bergen or Lavanger.

Again the selfish unreasonableness of the professor burst forth, and coupling the extorted permission with a threat of punishing his ingratitude, he left poor Theodore to feel that all who seek to act right, must prepare "to take up their cross."

A marked displeasure continued to lower on the professor's brow, and to thunder in his voice for some days after this confer-

ence; at length, while seated in his literary circle one morning, he was suddenly seized with a paralytic stroke which deprived him at once of consciousness and the power of motion.

This event banished Aardal from the thoughts of Theodore; compassion and gratitude were here more imperiously called upon, than they could be there; and with the unwearied attention of genuine attachment, forgetting insult in pity, he watched and waited by the sick-bed of the professor.

As soon as returning sense made Sergendal conscious of Theodore's attendance, he showed an eagerness of love for him beyond all that he had ever testified. He followed his figure with his eyes wherever he moved; he looked at him with tears running down his cheeks, while his whole countenance betrayed strong inward emotions; in short, he seemed desirous to say something or do something that was to be serviceable to Theodore; but, motionless and speechless, he could only sigh heavily and lift his eyes to Heaven.

Theodore's tears often dropt on the deathly hand he bent his head over, as he knelt to place the pillows of his intructor; the dying man seemed fully sensible of this tenderness, and at such times made more distressing efforts to speak.

At length exhausted nature ceased to act, and on the tenth day the professor breathed his last.

Deeply affected by his loss, Theodore required the aid and advice of two or three excellent men who were in the habit of familiarly frequenting the professor's lodgings; these gentlemen sought in vain for a will; one was at last produced by a young civilian who had lately become a successful rival of Theodore with the professor, but whose presence, during his illness, appeared to cause him the utmost disgust.

The will being opened, its date proved it to have been the production of temporary anger at Theodore. It bequeathed all the professor's personals and ready money to this young man; his house at Aardal to the parish for its pastor; a small annuity to Christian; made the academy at Christiana his residuary legatees; and left Theodore the profits only of an unpublished, unfinished manuscript.

More shocked at the unfavorable effect this produced upon others, than keenly disappointed in his own person, Theodore labored to convince the friends of Professor Sergendal, that during his last illness the mistaken man showed visible regret for what he had done; it was now clear to him, and he soon made it so to them, that had the professor been capable of speech or of writing, he would have made a kinder disposition of his property. —"As it is," said Theodore, "I am disappointed a little, but not

afflicted, since I am sure the professor's heart did me justice before he died."

In quality of heir, Brandt (the civilian) took upon him to execute those sad offices, the performance of which sometimes soothes real grief; and all that was left to Theodore, was the melancholy consolation of attending his preceptor's remains to their last abode.

It is customary in Denmark to surround each grave with doleful or cheerful shrubs, at the fancy of the survivors; thus alternate thickets of roses and of cypress, of lilacs and of juniper, give the air of a garden to every church-yard.

Theodore planted a circle of hawthorns round the cold bed of the professor, and the next morning set sail in a merchant vessel for the port of Bergen.

CHAPTER IV.

Theodore's voyage was remarkably tedious, yet not dangerous; and careless about the dreariness of a solitary journey through the wild country leading to Sogne-fiord, he proceeded without delay to the valley of Aardal.

It was the end of March, a winter month in Norway, during which clear-frost and serene skies render travelling delightful.

The lakes and the rivers were as hard and as bright as crystal, the beautiful hoar-frost that sparkled from the mossy sides of the highest mountains, and hung every tree and shrub with brilliant festoons, sometimes blazed with the meridian sun, sometimes reflected the tender moonlight, or was successively illuminated and darkened by the flash and retreat of the aurora borealis.

The silence of the scene added to its magnificence; Theodore's wearied spirit found rest in this repose of nature: the thunder of falling waters, the tempestuous tossing of forests, the sound of the wind and rain, and all that awful din of elemental strife which had animated his autumnal journey, were now hushed. Winter's mighty wand had arrested the cataract in its fall, chained the river to its bed, and fixed the trees, like the white coral groves of ocean, in motionless beauty.

"Yes! this is the true home of man:" repeated Theodore to himself, as he felt the alternate glow of admiration and the tranquillity of peace succeed each other in his heart. "Pleasure may be found in the world, but happiness dwells with retirement."

If he judged wrong, let him not be condemned, he had just received in that world two severe wounds; it seemed to him that if Heinreich and the professor had not entered it, the one would

have continued blameless, and the other would not have quitted life repaying attachment with ingratitude.

As he approached Aardal, many painful apprehensions arose; he pictured the expectation and the disappointment of Dofrestom and Catherine, who were anticipating Heinreich's arrival also. That animating expectation, how it would appear in Catherine's preparations! the glowing stove, the newly burnished benches, the room decorated with glossy leaves and berries of the holly, the best linen, and some rural dainty for their late supper; all these simple circumstances rose before the imagination of Theodore. Catherine's smiling countenance, and the placid one of Dofrestom, completed the mental picture.

"How am I to tell them," he asked himself, as he entered the valley, "two such bitter disappointments? Heinreich's profligacy, the professor's unkindness!" He was now close to the cottage: the moon shone on its numerous casements, and upon the icicles that were mixed with the ivy around them. All the shrubs in the garden were bright with the frost and the moonlight; it looked the of abode peace—and he was to break that peace.

At the sound of his steps, the watch-dog sprang upon him with a loud bark, but directly soothed by his voice, followed him joyfully to the door, as he lifted the latch and entered.

Catherine was sitting alone on a low stool by the fire, and that was nearly out. On a table before her lay the well-known bible, open, and blistered with tears. She turned her head at the sound of a step, and, recognizing Theodore, uttered an hysteric scream. That cry, and the sight of her altered face, assured Theodore he had nothing to tell!

He ran forward, and stretching out his arms, received her, half senseless, within them. She sobbed; she uttered short and piercing shrieks; and though trembling as if herwhole frame were loosened by emotion, her hand grasped his with a tightness that defied the power of removal.

A sad and faultering voice was now heard to issue from the next chamber. Theodore caught these words "Catherine, is it our child? is it Theodore? Come to me, Catherine."

Theodore's failing strength returned at these doleful sounds Still clasping the speechless Catherine, he rushed into the adjoining room, and threw himself on his kness by Dofrestom's bed. The old man grasped his neck, and, bursting into tears, hung there in silence. Catherine continued to utter hysteric cries; the old man to weep; and the sad Theodore, unable to address either, raised his eyes and his heart to Heaven, where he, who comforted all, *sought his only* comforter.

By slow degrees Catherine recovered her self-possession, and Dofrestom was able to ask and to answer questions. Theodore then learnt, that a letter from Mr. Thonkild had given the particulars of Heinreich's elopement with Stephanie Richeman. That gentleman had been applied to by the creditors of Heinreich, and he wrote merely to know whether Dofrestom had the means and the inclination to satisfy their demands. "No man shall suffer by my cruel boy!" said Dofrestom, with a heavy sigh, "no man but myself. Catherine and I will deny ourselves every thing, till we have paid the last dollar: and I am sure, Theodore, you will cheerfully do the same. However, better days are in store for you; when Professor Sergendal leaves the world, you will have the power to do what I used to do, but must do no longer.

Theodore's saddened eyes turned away from those of his poor friend. Anxious to delay the stroke of another disappointment, he rose in confusion, and complaining of feeling faint from long travelling without refreshment, prayed Catherine to get him supper.

Catherine had lost none of her pleasure in serving others, though the alacrity of cheerfulness had left her. She hastened to spread the little table in the other room, with all that her cupboard afforded. It was not now as plentiful as formerly; every thing she produced bespoke neglect and severe economy. There was none but rye-cakes in the cottage, and these stale; some dried fish, and a few preserved aiurtrons, (a sort of wild plum,) was all she had to offer.

A smile of pensive acknowledgment for what she did give him, consoled her for the want of what she did not; and as she listened to his healing accents, her softening heart confessed its late ingratitude to Heaven, for thinking that all happiness had gone with Heinreich.

The truth had been so harshly told by Mr. Thonkild, that Theodore's milder communications insensibly diminished the horror of the first shock. He described the temptations of the capital; and Catherine's ignorance even magnifying their power over innocence, helped to palliate what could not be defended.

Desirous to avoid the subject more immediately connected with his own prosperity, he proposed parting for the night, in order to give them all repose after the agitation of meeting. "To-morrow we shall talk of Copenhagen and the professor, and whatever I know will interest you," he said, rising from his homely meal; "to-night we must all try to forget our cares." He then went to beg the blessing of the night from Dofrestom, and repeating to him what he had said to Catherine, retired to his apartment.

Fortunately for Theodore, Dofrestom had lived too much in *other countries, to* retain the rudest of Norwegian customs. In

his house, therefore, each person had some nook, however small, that he might call his own; some sanctuary where grief might indulge itself without witnesses, and piety utter her fervent prayer, undisturbed by the fear of intrusion.

Theodore's sleepless agitation had no observer. He rose the next morning unrefreshed, but composed; and gently opening the door of Dofrestom's room, saw, with pleasure, that he was still asleep. To defer speaking of the professor's death, he walked softly out of the house, and purposing to return by the usual breakfast hour, proceeded in the direction of the mountains, towards Aardal.

The hamlet, built on a plateau of the Sogne-fialle, was discernible at a great distance. The red tiles with which the houses were roofed, began to appear through the melting snow; but every thing was still; all its peaceful inhabitants were buried in sleep. The spire of the little church, glittering on the bright blue sky, recalled the idea of the worthy pastor from whose lessons he and Heinreich had first received the seeds of knowledge. He sighed over the memory of this excellent man, but still more over that of his misguided friend. Wherever he turned, objects presented themselves that, recalling many a toil or sport of their childhood, made his heart bleed with remembrance. His walk did not animate his spirits, though it afforded him an opportunity of fortifying himself against the impression of these local remembrances; and, for the sake of Heinreich's father and aunt, he believed himself called upon to subdue even the appearance of poignant regret.

Without pursuing the path to the hamlet, he turned back, and went down the valley, towards the house of the professor. To his saddened imagination it wore an air of frightful desolateness. All the windows were closed, and he saw no other living thing than a solitary elk, seeking for moss and berries, under the snow of the outward court.

This poor animal had been a favorite with the professor; and Theodore recalled the many injunctions he had given his housekeeper on their departure, to let him find his pet sleek and plump when he should return. The creature came to him when he called her; and as she licked his hand, he felt a tear start into his eye, "Poor Lilla!"—he repeated, "poor Lilla!—You have lost a kind master, but I will take care of you."

Having stood a while leaning over the gate, and revolving many past scenes, he patted Lilla again, and turned away.

When he returned home, he found that Dofrestom had made an effort and quitted his bed, an effort to which a wounded spirit rather than an enfeebled body had hitherto made him inca-

pable. The dejection of his venerable face gave way to transient brightness when Theodore entered. He shook back his thick grey locks, and held out his arms to him. Theodore kissed his brow. Catherine was busy turning some wheaten bread upon an iron plate above the fire; and she took care to tell her dear Theodore, that although she had for some time only allowed common flad-brod to be used, she was now making a little exception in favor of his return.

Their breakfast was less plentiful, and much coarser than usual; but it was served on spotless linen with its customary neatness; the furniture of the room was as shining as ever: and the floor as carefully strewed with the young sprouts of the fir and juniper.

As Theodore looked round the apartment, and felt the substantials of comfort, in warmth, neatness, and affection: hurried into momentary enthusiasm, he stretched out a hand to each of his dear companions, exclaiming, "Well! we have still enough for content."

"Yes, if I thought Heinreich would ever return to us, and forget all that the cruel world has taught him to love so much." Dofrestom paused after saying this; then endeavoring to look cheerful, asked after the health and the return of the professor. Theodore's countenance seldom required assistance from speech, its altered expression disclosed the truth. Dofrestom put pown his untasted breakfast: "Surely, my son,—the professor is—Good God! can it be that he is dead." Theodore bowed his head in token of assent.

Catherine uttered an exclamation of surprise and concern; and Dofrestom remained a few moments in silent awe. At length he spoke. "He is gone then, I trust, to find a happier world than the one we are left in!—blessed must have been his last hour, for you most likely were with him; and he must have died happy, thinking he could leave you a proof of his affection, and a testimony of your own deserts. *My* old age—*my* death bed—*my* son, on the contrary——"

Theodore hastened to interrupt the melancholy anticipation, by presaging better feelings in Heinreich, and happier days for them all.

"Well, well!" replied Dofrestom, "time can only show who judges right; for *I* hope nothing now. Let us go back to the other subject. How long has the professor been dead? Who is left to settle his affairs?"

"Two very worthy men are his executors, and—" Theodore hesitated; "I fear you will be disappointed on my account, dear father, for I am sorry to add, for all our sakes now, that except a *very trifling bequest* indeed, I am not considered in the will."

"But you are. I have a copy of the professor's will witnessed by myself: he wrote and read it to me, and gave it me the day he left his room after his illness." Dofrestom started from his chair, to go in search of this important document. Theodore gently retained him. A short dialogue explained the whole matter, convincing Dofrestom and his sister that their beloved orphan was a victim either to counsellors Brandt, or to the morbid humour of the professor.

"So," cried Catherine, "after doing nothing all his life but call other people ungrateful, the professor dies, proving himself the most ungrateful man that ever lived."

Theodore mildly interrupted her: he said all that was possible to be said in extenuation of the professor's conduct, adding, that perhaps in their intercourse he had not been sufficiently tolerant to his failings, or attentive to his peculiarities, therefore might have given him reason to suspect the sincerity of his attachment.

Catherine shook her head. "Well, well!" said Dofrestom, "it is not our province to judge one another; after all, it is the will of Providence. I see we are all to suffer for Heinreich's fault and you, my precious Theodore, that was born perhaps—but that is of no consequence—you must work for your bread, and deny yourself every thing, as I shall do."

It was this last image that made his pecuniary disappointment painfully bitter to Theodore. Had the professor left his property to him, he could have paid Heinreich's debts, restored the dear old couple their power of being hospitable, and still preserved enough to smooth their latter days. But it was as Dofrestom simply said, *the will of Providence.* None but such as have suffered often and deeply, can guess the power of words so commonly used, and so little regarded, in the depths of affliction; the agitated heart repeats them to itself, and finds calmness, if not sunshine, succeed to the mental tempest.

In discussing the details of the professor's conduct and property, in a variety of opinions upon his motives, and the degree of indulgence or censure they merited, Dofrestom was insensibly led from the contemplation of his son's situation; and Theodore contriving to blend with those details many curious descriptions, of persons and manners in Denmark, managed to fix the attention, and by that means beguile the grief of Catherine.

The news of his arrival being spread round the neighborhood every one hastened to welcome him back; and no one came empty-handed; each generous Norwegian had some little present to offer. It is true their offerings were mostly provisions or articles of clothing manufactured by the givers; but Theodore,

aware they were meant to furnish the table of Dofrestom with those comforts his new system of frugality prevented him from allowing himself, received the rustic gifts with gracious thankfulness.

No one mentioned Heinreich, for no one wished to show his own compassion at the expense of the poor father's feelings; but every body burst forth in displeasure at the will of Professor Sergen lal.

Theodore had to go over the old ground again of explanation and apology, and at his representation of the professor's unavailing distress during his short illness, not only Catherine but the other women shed tears.

Theodore had not yet learned all that was to afflict him. After he became settled at home, he beheld the rigorous parsimony that prevailed there with surprise; it seemed to him that Heinreich's debts might be gradually liquidated by setting aside the profits of the saw mill, and such articles as were sold off the farm, without taking from the aged couple their usual comforts. They had long been accustomed to the luxury of coffee, the medicine of wine, and to various other foreign commodities, annually sent them from Bergen; why should they not only resign the use of these things, but deny themselves the very products of their own garden and fields? Why were the corn and cattle of one, and the fruit of the other, carried to distant places for sale?

When these questions were asked, Dofrestom confessed to Theodore, that during his absence he had been obliged to mortgage his mill to Mr. Thonkild, as part of payment for the sums advanced on his credit to Heinreich; that to pay off his mortgage and gradually satisfy the creditors of his son, he must indeed live the life of a miser.

The magnitude of Heinreich's fault was now shown by its consequences; Theodore shuddered when he beheld them.

Anxious to lend his assistance to relieve the bundens of his benefactor, he soon renewed his habits of laborious industry. If he sometimes thought with regret of the professor's library which had always been more precious in his eyes than mines of wealth, he checked that regret by considering that if it had been his its volumes would too often have won him from monotonous employment. Now, his only seducers were an English Shakspeare, and a few other books, given him in the early stage of their acquaintance by the professor.

The cheerfulness with which he laid aside those studious habits which Dofrestom knew were so dear to him, and the tenderness with which he endeavored to procure for the old man a

more generous diet than that he now allowed himself, animated Dofrestom to struggle against his own depression.

Theodore's humane disposition had made him hitherto averse to the pursuits of fishing and shooting, as amusements; but now affecting to grow fond of them, he frequently walked many miles to a lake, for the sake of bringing home trout for Dofrestom's supper, or gave up his only leisure hour to ranging about with his gun, in search of wild ducks or white partridges.

He was grieved to see the domestic privations to which Heinreich's extravagance condemned these excellent people; yet still more did he grieve for the effect it had upon their hospitality. Dofrestom's house no longer contended with that of the pastor, for the pleasure of lodging and nourishing the wayfaring stranger; it was no longer the resort of mirthful neighbors partaking freely of good cheer, and returning loaded with rural niceties for their children. Those neighbors still came, it is true, but they contrived not to make their visits at the hour of meals; and Theodore therefore never saw Dofrestom's bright look of welcome, and Catherine's hospitable bustle, which so often used to delight his heart.

But was this dreary life never to end? Did no cheering object terminate the dark perspective? Yes; Theodore looked with reasonable expectation to the small legacy of the professor.

Before he left Copenhagen, Mr. Coperstad, one of the executors, had testified such disinterested anxiety for his future welfare, that he had surmounted his natural aversion to hasty confidence, and frankly stated his situation. Mr. Coperstad entered warmly into the subject, and suggested offering the unfinished manuscript of the professor to the university at Copenhagen; even the imperfect work of a distinguished philosopher must possess intrinsic merit; and when the writer was no more, that circumstance bestowed on it another sort of value. He concluded, therefore, by inserting the probability of their purchasing the MSS. and he offered his services for the negotiation.

Theodore had thankfully accepted the offer; but afraid of disappointment, would not mention the business at the cottage.

Aware that Dofrestom would reduce himself to beggary, rather than leave Heinreich's debts unpaid, he had desired Mr. Coperstad (in the event of the university purchasing the fragment) to learn from Thonkild the amount of the debts, and to discharge them as far as possible.

He particularly prayed Mr. Coperstad not to give the slightest intimation of his employer, but simply to say it was a person who wished to *free the father* from the consequences of his son's *indiscretion.*

No sooner was Theodore made acquainted with the embarrassment of Dofrestom's affairs, than he wrote to Mr. Coperstad, requesting him to apply the money to the purpose of freeing his benefactor from the mortgage, and completely clearing him from any claims of Mr. Thonkild.

But some months must elapse before his hopes or fears could be ended, the distance was so great and the posts so uncertain: yet he kept his anxiety to his own breast, and pursued the incessant toil of husbandry and the mill, with an assiduity which gave frequent intervals of rest to the altered Dofrestom.

Catherine's simpler mind was not long of recovering its aptitude to cheerfulness; but Dofrestom, in spite of every exertion to the contrary, seemed incapable of becoming what he had been. If he seated himself for an interval of rest, he would instantly sink into such a profound thought, that it required an absolute challenge for his attention, to recall him from it. When roused, he would try to smile; but that wretched smile ill-disguised the pain it was meant to hide.

In truth Dofrestom was eternally revolving the situation of Theodore; though answerable solely to his own upright conscience for the performance of those mental promises he had made the orphan, he felt them no less binding than if openly avowed, and reproached himself daily, for having pledged part of the property he intended to divide between Heinreich and him.

Yet for all this there was no other remedy than trusting that Providence would prolong his life till frugality and industry had paid off the mortgage and Heinreich's debts; afte rwhich he solemnly vowed never to advance a single ducat for his son, unless he returned home penitent and reformed.

The short summer and autumn of northern climes passed, and brought no other intelligence than what was transmitted from persons in Copenhagen, who had accidentally heard from travellers, that Heinreich and Stephanie were engaged at the opera at Dresden.

Was it hardness of heart, or was it shame that kept Heinreich silent? Theodore wished it might be the latter, and Dofrestom fondly hoped it was, when a letter from Mr. Thonkild, brought by the same post, was opened and read.

It was to tell Dofrestom, that a stranger had a short time before waited upon the merchant, looked at his account of the debt and mortgage, and had that morning finally discharged the full demand. Mr. Thonkild, therefore unable to discover for whom he acted, now enclosed a legal acquittal of obligation, and hoped for the continuance of Mr. Dofrestom's correspondence.

It had been concerted between Theodore and Mr. Coperstad, that he should act in the manner described, and refrain from writing till some time afterwards. He was sensible how keen a pang must pierce Dofrestom, if he knew that the distresses brought on him by a son, were relieved by the sacrifice of all that an adopted child possessed; he therefore left the pleasing suspicion to fix where it might.

Happily for his secret, Dofrestom's ready heart overflowed with the idea of Heinreich. He recollected having hinted in one of his last letters to the thoughtless young man, that having exhausted not only the savings of his life, but his credit with Mr. Thonkild, to supply his profusion, his next ruinous step must be to mortgage his little property.

This threat, he imagined, had given Heinreich an alarm, and had most likely induced him to forget the claims of his own creditors, to save the honor of a father.

Probably, his success had been great in Germany; at any rate, the sacrifice of so large a sum of money argued a happy change in his expenses.

Such a tide of present joy and future hope gushed upon Dofrestom and Catherine at this conjecture, that Theodore's passionate love of truth scarcely knew how to regret the deception. He left them in their error; and the grateful happiness he enjoyed from what was real in the affair, diffused such a glow over his person and his manner, that no one perceived he spoke less of Heinreich's noble *amende* than they did.

What a day of jubilee at Aardal was that which spread this agreeable news! Every artless inhabitant imbibed the opinion of Dofrestom. Heinreich's heinous transgressions were nearly lost in returning affection; and the precious hope that his complete reformation was not far distant, made the Stone Cottage once more the seat of cheerful hospitality.

Theodore's was the only silent joy, but it was the most fervent; he knew himself the source of all this sunshine; and he regained much of that personal liberty which it had lately been his duty to relinquish.

The business of the farm and mill was again performed by servants, while just enough occupation remained for himself and Dofrestom as served for wholesome exercise and employment.

The next tardy post that reached Aardal brought a letter from Mr. Coperstad. As it was written like a scholar, in Latin, Theodore, in translating it for the amusement of Dofrestom, easily managed to omit that single sentence in which the MSS. was mentioned.

It simply informed Theodore that the university had purchased the fragment: and the profit amounting to Mr. Thonkild's claims within so trifling a sum as to be hardly worth naming, he had taken the liberty of friendship, and completed it from his own purse.

Theodore little guessed how much this obliging friend had really added; indeed he was so grateful for the trifle he supposed it to be, that it was well he did not suspect its real extent.

In addition to interesting information upon other subjects, the letter contained some account of the professor's heir. That young man had succeeded in completing the publication of the Natural History, and was now reaping a golden harvest by its rapid diffusion. He had disposed of the library to a foreign minister; and was, in short, growing rich on the spoils of Theodore.

But Theodore cared little for wealth, except when the distress he could not relieve pressed upon his sight. Grateful for the blessing Professor Sergendal's small legacy had enabled him to bestow upon his early benefactor, he learnt to estimate his obligation by the benefits it conferred.

Christmas, that season of gladness and benevolence in Norway was now hailed with more than usual joy by Dofrestom and Catherine. They had secretly looked forward to many bitter moments, when their hearts would prompt to give, and justice must withdraw their hands.

Not content with displaying hospitality in all its forms to their own species, the amiable Norwegians consider it a duty to dispense provisions and grant rest in more liberal proportions than usual to their beasts. The very birds are invited to the general banquet: a sheaf of corn is suspended on high before the door of every house; and he that would betray the confidence of birds thus allured, by shooting or alarming them, would be punished with the abhorrence of his associates.

Simple, yet sublime traits of character! What honor! what kindness! Let the Christian go there, to embrace his true brethren.

As Theodore sat in the midst of this guileless circle, touched with their primitive simplicity, and respecting their integrity, he chid himself for still nourishing the sleepless wish that some unforseen event might transplant him to another scene.

His intellectual soul pined for nobler aliment; and his heart sighed for some kindred heart, whose equality of years, acquirements, and sensibilities might "resolve into one" with his. In friendship he had been deceived; of love, he had read much, *thought much*; but he had never felt even a transient emotion *that he could mistake for* this master passion.

The fair-haired girls of Aardal excited in his breast only such a sort of kindness as we feel for children; he liked to contribute to their amusements, and to see them happy; but their conversation had no charms for him, whose imagination loved to haunt the fairy walks of Shakspeare; when alternately he listened to the mirthful innocence of Miranda, the etherial softness of Imogen, the sparkling wit of Beatrice, or the moving tenderness of Viola.

The earliest sentiment he felt for any woman other than aunt Catherine, was for Magdalen, the daughter of a herdsman, whose residence was somewhere in the mountains. This amiable young creature had been fondly attached to Heinreich and, delighted by his evident pleasure in her attachment, had believed it reciprocal. Heinreich meanwhile meant only to display the triumph of being loved by the pretiest damsel in the place; and when he eloped from Aardal, left her without explanation.

She had waited and drooped in silence, still expecting some assurance of his constancy, which never came. When Theodore was on the point of going to the residence of her faithless swain, she entrusted him with her secret, intreating him to discover whether Heinreich had ever been sincere.

Theodore executed the hopeless commission. The answer may be imagined; Heinreich treated the affair as a jest. Directly after their interview, Theodore wrote explicitly on the subject, informing Magdalen that her admirer had never believed her more in earnest than himself, and that he felt therefore quite at liberty to form another attachment.

Magdalen had a strong sense of right; this information, by convincing her the object was not worth regretting, suddenly restored her to health and activity. She considered Heinreich's conduct with honest indignation; and yielding to the solicitations of a more faithful though humbler lover, married him a few days before the news of Heinreich's last profligate act had reached the valley.

Eric, the man she married, was one of Dofrestom's ablest assistants; his good conduct, and Magdalen's cheerful manners ensured them particular notice at the cottage; and Magdalen was always so ready to leave the occuptions of her own little hut to assist Catherine in her household affairs that at length her society became an absolute want of the good woman.

Theodore respected the dignity of her feeling heart, and he was not only pleased to see her allied with an honest man, but gratified by finding that in her company both Dofrestom and his sister would have an equivalent for his. She was endowed with a rich fancy, and alternately amused her associates with whimsical images, or well-told stories.

Her secret, Theodore kept as faithfully as she did herself, and he received his reward in her speaking attentions.

With this agreeable addition to their domestic parties; one winter and then another passed smoothly away. Magdalen had a child; and the visits of this little creature soon became a new source of pleasure to the worthy old couple.

Theodore's natural pensiveness, meanwhile, was taking a deeper shade. As he grew into manhood his aspiration after another country became less conquerable. Norway had been his nurse, his affectionate nurse; but Spain was his real parent. While absent from the land of his fathers, it seemed as if he wasted life, in waiting to begin to live. Neither the original structure of his mind, nor the treasures with which study had adorned it, appeared destined for so narrow a space as the hamlet of Aardal. The unextinguishable nature of his desire seemed at times the voice of prophecy; still, as Heaven and religion failed to silence its suggestions, he sunk into the fond belief of being destined to fix at last in the country of his ancestors.

CHAPTER V.

In the spring of the second year after the professor's death, a rare occurrence attracted the notice of Aardal; it was the appearance of a commodious carriage on the opposite bank of the little river.

Though not very common even at Copenhagen in those days, a close carriage was no novelty to Theodore; but the rest of the inhabitants followed its progress with all the eagerness of wonder and curiosity.

The vehicle stopped below the hamlet, and two gentlemen got out. After crossing the stream, they proceeded down the valley, loitering to examine the different objects it contained. The garden of Dofrestom particularly engaged their attention. Theodore's greatest amusement had been to decorate it with such flowers and shrubs as were not to be found growing wild among the mountains. He had brought many beautiful plants from Denmark, which, transplanted to this bleak climate, must have perished, but for the utmost skill and care in their culture. These were now blowing in full beauty.

Their brilliant colors and delicious perfume attracted the travellers; they approached the low fence, audibly admiring what they saw. Amongst the neighboring thickets, innumerable thrushes, (the nightingales of Norway) were warbling their sweetest notes; the travellers paused to hear their song, and to breathe the fragrance of the garden. "Ah, ha! Who can this pretty

bijou belong to?" asked the younger gentleman; "I should think he must have brought all this taste from another country."

Dofrestom at that moment presented himself; lifting his red bonnet, he bowed respectfully, praying the travellers to walk into his garden. They accepted the invitation. His opening roses and carnations were not spared by the bountiful hand of Dofrestom; and having led the gentlemen the circuit of his little pleasure-ground he invited them into the house, to partake of his humble dinner.

Catherine had by this time put on her gala attire, and was curtesying at the door of their parlor. The strangers looked in, and beheld so excellent a repast, spred with such neatness, that they ceased to hesitate.

Their meal was lengthened by a variety of questions about the condition and habits of the neighboring peasantry, and a few inquiries into the situation of their host.

Dofrestom answered simply and briefly; Catherine now and then added a word, which was always intended to excite curiosity about Theodore. "Whose talent had contrived so many useful yet pretty trifles for the embellishment of their cottage?" "Theodore."—"Who kept the garden in such excellent order?" Theodore."—And who is Theodore?" asked the youngest stranger. "An orphan, Sir, that my brother brought from beyond sea, and has kept ever since. The best and kindest youth—but I am sure you will like to see him." Without waiting for reply, Catherine went out to despatch Eric to the mountain on which Theodore was overlooking the cattle and their herdsman.

When Catherine re-entered she found the travellers conversing about the pastor who had succeeded Sergendal's brother, and who now resided in the professor's house. As it had been their intention to pass the night under his roof, they were sorry to learn that he had gone that morning to administer the sacrament to a dying man, many miles across the fiord, and might be detained there for a week to come.

The youngest traveller did not allow Dofrestom time to make an offer of supplying the pastor's place, but prefacing his speech with a careless laugh, expressed his intention of passing the night where he was.

"Meanwhile, we will go and see all that is worth seeing; and if your good lad comes in soon," (turning to Catherine,) "he shall be our Cicerone."

The *good lad* as he had just been called, at that moment presented himself. His olive complexion, heightened by hospitable taste, looked like the glow of sunset, reflected from autumnal woods. *His simply-picturesque* dress consisted entirely of Nor-

wegian plaid; and a little cap of the same stuff mixed its bright purples and greens with the shining black of his hair. Theodore now lifted his cap, and stood respectfully holding it above his head.

While the youngest stranger began to heap question upon question, the elder was contemplating the young rustic.

Instead of the massy limbs and white skin of northern climates, he saw before him the noble contours of Greece, joined to the complexion and the elegant proportions of Spain. The fine black eyes of Theodore were modestly cast down.

"And this is a herdsman, a husbandman, a Norwegian peasant!" his observer said inwardly. "After all, there *is* something commanding in beauty."

But the person who made this remark, was feeling, though unconsciously, the force of that intellectual beauty which informed the person and manner of Theodore, and without which even those perfect forms would have remained a powerless mass.

"Attend these gentlemen, my son," said Dofrestom; "they wish to see all the curiosities round."

Theodore bowed, and prepared to conduct the strangers. He proceeded by their side up the valley, silently observing them and replying to their questions. Whatever was note-worthy he called their attention to, with a modest plainness that left them very far from imagining his mind more admirable than his figure. He spoke no more than was necessary; and as he led them through the natural wonders and beauties of Aardal, they concluded that he was going the usual round of such Cicerones, no-leading them to curiosities and points of view which had been first called into notice by himself.

Theodore had seen enough of society at Copenhagen not to be certain that one at least of his companions was of high rank; it was the younger one.

This gentleman talked incessantly, and rather foolishly; yet his fellow-traveller, though evidently twice his age, attended to him with profound respect. This, then, was one of fortune's strange masquerades, where he who should have sustained the part of an emperor, is obliged to play that of a page.

The elder stranger was, perhaps, some years beyond forty. His figure was noble, his air elegant to a degree of exquisite refinement rarely seen in northern courts. Amenity of temper, and some passion, so ably contended against by the will, that its very nature could not be guessed at, strove for the mastery of expression, in a countenance where every thing else was smooth and courteous.

Theodore would have determined that this countenance rather *indicated an* elegant mind than a strong one, had not a flash of

powerful disdain once or twice shot from his eyes, at some silly remark from his companion. Theodore's look could have reflected the disdain, but he had, the enviable art of keeping silence even with his eyes; and when those eloquent eyes were silent, how impossible was it to penetrate his thoughts.

He conducted the travellers to the wildest range of the mountains, for the purpose of showing them a cavern of singular extent. The mountain peaks were still capped with snow. While the sides of some were richly clothed with birch and pine wood, and others gaily hung with wild fruit and flower-blossoms, one towering above all the rest, was clothed entirely with moss.

In autumn, the various-colored tints of this mountain gave it the appearance of a gigantic mass of bronze; but now its velvet surface was bright, refreshing, universal green. A single spring of water, gliding from its summit, passed like the silver track of fairy feet over the beautiful verdure.

The gentlemen paused to admire; "What an infinite variety in such a minute production as moss!" observed the elder; "I have already taken up ten different sorts."

"Ah! that is the *lichen rangiferinus*," said the younger gentleman; "but I have forgot my botany sadly. I wonder if this is the *lichen Islandicus!*"

"I believe it——" Theodore checked himself and turned away. He was going to say he believed it was *lichen vulpinus;* but, shrinking from an ostentation of knowledge; which must excite surprise when possessed by a peasant, he watched his own expressions with more care than before.

The gentlemen had seen and wondered at the cavern, and were returning home, when the youngest, abruptly changing his bad Danish into French, bade his companion look for his carriage and people, and tell them where to bring his accommodations for the night.

The person addressed, was beginning to reply to "Son Altesse," when Theodore, retreating a few steps, said hastily, "I beg your pardon for interrupting you, Sir, but I ought perhaps to tell you, that I understand French."

Both gentlemen were silent, from different emotions; the younger from mere surprise, and the elder from respect for the integrity and delicacy which had prompted this confession. "This does you great honor, young man," he observed; then turning to his companion, added in German, "I doubt whether Louis le Grand himself could parallel the real politeness of this young peasant."

A deeper suffusion on the face of Theodore made the speaker half inclined to *suspect the truth*, that this young peasant knew

German as well as French; but that was a preposterous fancy he thought; and remembering that Dofrestom had said he brought him from one of the French West India islands, he concluded the mystery solved, and proceeded to attend the wishes of his fellow-traveller.

Theodore accompanied the young stranger back to the cottage. As they walked together, he had occasion to remark that there is a constitutional laugh, as well as a constitutional cough, for his companion never began or ended a sentence without laughing. At the sight of the professor's tame elk running to meet Theodore, and performing some amusing tricks with the docility of a dog, he laughed heartily, and that was natural; but he laughed louder when he was told she had been taught them by a friend now dead. When they reached the cottage, they found that Magdalen and Catherine had already dressed up two rooms for their guests' reception at night. Theodore was to sleep at the mill, and Catherine had secured a lodging for herself at the pastor's house.

The Baron (so the young traveller announced himself) had a childish passion for motion; and having reconnoitered the whole inside of the house, was not satisfied till he had made the tour of all its out-houses. In the act of exploring a loft in a barn, he fell through a broken ladder and sprained his ancle.

By the time his friend and servants returned, he was stretched out on a mattrass in the parlour, under Catherine's best quilt of hare skins, whiter than snow. She was assiduously applying fomentation of warm oak-bark to his leg; while the young baron, though in extreme pain, was amusing himself with counting the number of colors in her holiday attire.

Dismay was pictured on the face of Usthamar (for by that name his companion now called him); his expresson of anxiety was so repeated, and his fear of the accident proving worse than it seemed, was so visible in his manner, that Theodore set off in search of a person tolerably skilled in surgery, who made a constant tour round their neighborhood, and who was probably at as village seven miles off.

The offer was gratefully accepted; horses, and one of their attendants were immediately offered by the travellers, but the road lay so entirely amongst the steepest parts of the mountains, that Theodore assuring them he could walk and leap it in half the time alone, cheerfully hastened on his errand.

Some civil things about his alacrity and obligingness were said by Usthamar; but the good-natured Baron seemed to take every attention to his accommodation as a matter of course. In less than three hours the acute pain of the Baron's ancle abated suf-

ficiently for him to become desirous of supper. The provision contained in his own carriage soon furnished a splendid repast of costly dainties and French wines; and having made his host and hostess partake it, with many a laugh and glance exchanged with Usthamar as they did so, he begged somebody would amuse him with one of those marvellous stories about krakens and mermaids for which that country is so famous.

Magdalen's talent in the art of narrating was too celebrated for Catherine to contest it, she therefore resigned the honor of entertaining their guest; and some very strange tales of Nissen and Dragedokher (the good and bad genii of Norway,) of mountain and sea spirits, of ghosts and of water wonders, filled up the hours till bed-time.

The Baron began to listen with his usual sensible note of admiration, but, catching the superstitious mania of his company, he soon grew serious and attentive, only breaking upon the *grisly* story with an expression of, "Well, now,—that is singular,—one would almost believe,"—&c.

At length he became sleepy, and declaring himself quite comfortable where he was, sent for one of his servants to sit by him, and gave the rest of the party their congée.

Usthamar, as Dofrestom conducted him to his chamber, feeling uneasy at the indifference with which his companion made himself comfortable, without attending to the inconvenience it might be to his host, said courteously, "I am sorry, good father, for the trouble this unlucky accident may cause you; you must perceive that the Baron is of greater quality than he choses to declare, and you may be sure, therefore, of a noble reward."

A momentary color flushed the old man's cheek, as he replied, 'Sir, I do as I would be done by; I want no reward. I and mine would have served one of the gentleman's servants as willingly as we do himself."

Usthamar smiled, and recollected that he was not in Denmark with a peasant bound to the soil, but was under the roof a free Norwegian. "Liberty ennobles the soul as much as beauty does the body;" was his internal observation. "You tell me," he added, "that it is likely your son may not find this surgeon, but may have to go further, so that they may not be back till the middle of the night, or till morning. I wish to be up when they arrive, and will therefore request you to send my servant with my writing-box, I suppose you have not a book of any sort to amuse me?"

"A few, Sir, of Theodore's you will find in that closet." Dofrestom unlocked a sort of painted buffet, and stood with the [illegible] while *the stranger* examined the volumes. Sully's Me-

moirs was the first that he opened; the next was Shakspeare; then a work on experimental philosophy, by a German; a volume of Cervantes, and one of Guicciardini's history, with the Edda, and some of the professor's works, completed the collection.

Usthamar examined them in silence: retaining the memoirs, he turned with a smile to Dofrestom. "How came the young man by these books? Of course he cannot read many of them."

"He could read a hundred times as many!" exclaimed Dofrestom, glowing with honest pride.

"Yes, but not in so many different languages? Here is French, Italian, German, Spanish, Danish, English, and the ancient Scandinavian!"

When Dofrestom assured that besides these, the young peasant knew the Greek and Latin, was skilled in Natural philosophy, and more or less acquainted with all the sciences, the book dropt from the stranger's hand. Interested and astonished, he continued to inquire and to listen, till Dofrestom had no more to tell him on the subject of Theodore.

Usthamar remained for many minutes lost in thought. "This youth is a wonder! or rather, it is wonderful to find such a person in these solitudes. Under such tuition as Professor Sergendal's, and with eight month's residence at Copenhagen, it is no surprising to find a mind naturally eager for improvement, so highly cultivated. The most striking circumstance to me is the simplicity of his manner, and the care he has taken to keep his superiority concealed from us. During his walk with us yesterday, so skilled as you say he is in Natural History, he must have practised great self-denial, or great politeness, not to make us ashamed of our ridiculous conjectures. Is this modesty, my good father, or is it pride?"

"I should think, Sir," replied Dofrestom, "that a sight of my boy would have convinced you it could not be pride. He conceals his learning out of good nature and modesty; he hates to make a show of himself; and he is always afraid that when the young folks about are brought to consider how much wiser he is than they are, they will not like him so well, and he has such a kind good heart, that I am sure he thinks nothing comparable to true affection."

"I believe he is right," observed the Dane, with a long drawn sigh; "yet the ambitious soul pants after ——." He recollected himself, and the sudden expansion of blazing expression on his countenance was instantly withdrawn, and its usual persuasiveness, substituted. "And is this youth content to bury such acquirements in a corner like is ths?"

Dofrestom's voice faltered as he replied—"I have often thought it a pity that it should be so, good Sir, and my heart would smite me if I kept him purely to please myself and Catherine; but I fancy it is better for him to live worthily here even, though his great knowledge is buried, than to live viciously where it would be displayed?"

"And why should you think he would live viciously in the capital?"

"Alas! Sir, I had a son as good as Theodore till he was eighteen, and then he went to Copenhagen:—he fell into bad company, and they were his ruin."

The tears were beginning to gush from the old man's eyes, and unwilling to let a stranger see his grief, he hastily said "Good night," and retired.

Theodore returned after sunrise with the itinerant surgeon, who quickly prescribed for the injured leg, positively assuring the Baron that he must not attempt to walk for at least a fortnight.

"A fortnight!" he exclaimed, laughing; "how you look, Usthamar!—Well, we must stay here then, for there's no starting again till I can scramble about rocks, and over those cursed break-neck bridges of old trees. Don't I bear the thing well? This will be one of our prime adventures to tell?"

The person he addressed knew better than any body, that even a sprained ancle was indeed an event in the domestic history of such illustrious personages as his companion; and he smiled at his childishness and good humor.

But how was this grown baby to be amused? Cards were unknown at Aardel; a musical instrument had never been heard to sound in the valley, since the epocha of Heinreich's elopement, the Baron was no reader; and even Magdalen's talent for narration had its bounds; her exchequer of marvelous stories could not be expected to last for fourteen days, if the Baron should continue to draw on it as extravagantly as he had done the night before.

But Dofrestom had a chess-board, and Eric was particularly distinguished for the ingenious talent of his countrymen, and could carve all sorts of pretty toys out of wood and fruit-stones.

The Baron was enchanted with his performance upon a cherry-stone, and for the first time in his life sat still half an hour, endeavoring to imitate it. At first his ambition soared high enough to make him attempt every thing Eric executed; but finding his genius of a feebler pinion than his master's, he bounded his flight to this single point, and finished by reaching it.

Perhaps it is mischievous to add (particularly as this difficult work was intended for his bride elect) that Eric's penknife gave the miniature basket its last touches, and that even the unskilful eyes of Catherine could detect these strokes of the master on the bungling performance.

The Baron began his confinement to the mattrass with the fear of a famine of amusement; and when released from it, confessed that he had never had so abundant a supply.

Ghost-stories, chess, lessons on the cherry-stone, and the arrangement of mosses, fossil, and shells, (which he employed all the children round to gather, and Theodore to select,) made the day appear short. The moment he was led into the secret of Theodore's extensive information, he seized him to ask an explanation of every thing that started into his thoughts; and although his small mind was scarcely able to contain one complete set of ideas at once, he was never content unless he could lay an embargo upon the whole house, and have them in waiting, with their different talents around his resting place.

Dofrestom's natural hospitality made him happy to yield his time to a lively young man, who bore so vexatious an accident with such ceaseless good humor; Catherine liked him for his sympathy with her superstition, and judicious criticisms upon her cookery; and Theodore, though fully sensible that all this good-humored tyranny was tyranny still, was amused by so curious a specimen of human character.

Usthamar alone was seriously annoyed, though he cautiously masked his disgust under scrupulous attentions. He longed to be released from the tedious duty of attending upon a person, to whom the laws of society obliged him to pay scrupulous respect.

The ficticious Baron was in short no less a personage than the Hereditary Prince of———, who had come to Copenhagen in search of a wife. Political reasons had induced that court to accept his proposals for the King's sister; and good sense had suggested, that if they wished the union to take place, they must leave the Princess as little opportunity as possible of conversing with her intended consort.

Happily, the young prince was born with a propensity, if not a capacity, for discovering perpetual motion; he had never in his life staid so long in one place as he did now perforce at Aardal; it was his passion to go every where, see every thing, and ask every body questions. To while away his time between his proposal for the princess Sophia, and the celebration of their nuptials, it was proposed to him to travel through Norway. *Having determined* to do so, his next occupation was to choose a

companion; and his choice fell upon the most distinguished person at the court of Frederic the Fourth.

The Count of Lauvenheilm and Usthamar was not only of the noblest Danish family, but in some degree connected with the royal house. He had married an illegitimate daughter of the late King, by the beautiful Countess Samsee; and after her death, had formed a second marriage, with one of the illustrious family of Tremouille in France.

Having acted as ambassador successively at the courts of England and of France, he was now returned to his own country, anxiously waiting for an accession of honor from his sovereign. At that juncture, the Hereditary Prince of —— selected him for the companion of his tour, and Count Lauvenheilm knew the duty of courts too well not to obey the summons.

Of Lauvenheilm it might be said, as was said by Tacitus of Brutidius,—"Adorned with liberal accomplishments, and formed for great things, he was sure of reaching the first honors of the state, had he been willing to walk in the paths of virtue."

Nature had, indeed, endowed him splendidly, temper, judgement, talent, magnificence of spirit, liberality of opinion, eloquence, and that nameless quality which gives to every other the power of inspiring enthusiasm. She gave him also admiration of excellence in others: but she added one gift, which forever made such excellence unattainable by himself.

This gift was ambition—ambition of such a towering wing, that it would continue to soar in the midst of lightnings and thunder. His eye, once fixed upon the dazzling point he determined to reach, was never to be withdrawn: he gazed on the bright object of desire, till honor, gratitude, loyalty, nay even humanity, was blinded with the blaze.

Fatal, fatal passion! but for this, Count Lauvenheilm had been the noblest and the best of human beings.

The most rational yet affectionate father, the warmest friend, the most indulgent master, the sincerest patron; could the title of most faithful subject have been added, Count Lauvenheilm, would have been perfect.

To the higher endowments of great political and historical knowledge, he added the lighter graces of society. Scarcely three-and-twenty when he lost his first Countess, who died in child-birth, he travelled into France, not to dissipate his grief, for his had been a match of ambition, but merely to appear as if he grieved; and after a two years' residence there, he married again.

At the court of Louis Quartorze (then in its meridian) Count Lauvenheilm's *naturally graceful* character was perfected in every *accomplishment.* At the hotels de Rambouillet, d'Albret, &c. he

breathed such an atmosphere of taste and wit, that the complexion of his mind ever afterwards retained the brilliant colors it then assumed.

L'esprit des Mortemars, that subtle essence, which it was boasted could only be found in the family from which it took its name, was at least happily rivalled by the fine, impalpable graces of Lauvenheilm's conversation. He had the rare art of ennobling trifles, and of giving to important subjects that airiness, without which they could have found no place in the gay circles of Paris.

Habit and inclination attached him strongly to the court where the graces threw their seducing veil of ambition, licentiousness, and slavery; persuading the young mind of Count Lauvenheilm that the first was glory, the second love, and the last loyalty. He left it with regret, for the correcter, but less charming court of his own sovereign, Christian the Fifth.

After an absence of twelve years, he returned to Paris in quality of ambassador. Paris was the same, but he was altered. He saw things as they really were, and maturer judgment enabled him to "sift the bran from the wheat," in the actions of mankind.

His second residence extended to the long term of eight years, for although he did not reside half that time in a political character, (Denmark having become a subsidiary ally to England,) Count Lauvenheilm obtained permission to remain as a private individual.

His second Countess was slowly declining; and, aware that she must die, wished to breath her last sigh on the bosom of her parents. She struggled against her complaint for two years, and at length sunk into the grave.

The prosecution of a complicated lawsuit, occasioned by her death detained the Count above two years longer; he had announced his intention of staying till its conclusion, but in the most interesting stage of the affair, he suddenly requested leave to return home.

Rumor attributed this step to anxiety for the reputation of his eldest daughter, whose beauty had captivated a married prince of the blood. Private opinion gave it another cause; asserting that Count Lauvenheilm aimed at the honor of a neighboring prince for his son-in-law.

Each of these statements was right; and Count Lauvenheilm was actuated by them both.

The French prince's attentions were beginning to awaken the scandal of that profligate, though refined court, and the German prince had professed himself so enamoured of a picture of the *young beauty, that* he had it copied, and wore it about his person *Count Lauvenheilm had* no doubt that, were the fair original seen, *her triumph* would be secure.

Though he certainly returned with this hope in his heart, he was obliged to act cautiously; for the prince in question was the secular Bishop of Lubec, uncle to the young Duke of Holstein, governing during his minority; attached, by consanguinity, to Denmark, but by policy, to the rival court of Sweden.

Another reason strongly prompted to discretion; it was the fear of alarming Denmark, and forfeiting an honor to which he looked with passionate eagerness—the vice-royalty of Norway.

One of his first wife's brothers, the eldest Count Gulderlieu, then held that high post: it was a station for which he was either unfitted by nature or by indolence, and he had frequently talked of resigning it. To this golden moment Lauvenheilm now looked; the viceroy of a free and dauntless race, whose country was already a vast citadel! Ambition dreamt, for an instant, of bright improbabilities, but for once Lauvenheilm had the virtue to banish its seducing images.

In this mood, he began his tour over the country so interesting to him. The plan of travelling incognito was adapted to his views. He wished first to observe the character, customs, and principles of the people; and then at a future day, assisted by this previous information of their wants and their wishes, acquire that popularity which was hereafter to be the engine of good or evil.

By his second title of Usthamar, he was so little known, that Prince ———'s whim of calling him so, did not put his incognito in danger; and acquiescing to proceed without a suite, they had already gone from Christiana to Drontheim by the course of the Gloimme and the valley of Guldbrandal, and were returning by a less frequented way among the fiords, when the sprained ancle arrested their course.

At first, Count Lauvenheilm looked with horror at a fortnight's residence in so secluded a place with such a companion as the Prince; but the society of Theodore embellished it with so many novel delights, and the opportunity it afforded of closely studying the Norwegian character was so ample, that he ceased to regret an accident attended with such agreeable circumstances.

Fortunately for Theodore, both himself and the Count played too well at chess for their illustrious opponent, who preferred, therefore, an antagonist like Dofrestom, that was always beaten. This, and the art of carving with a penknife, occasionally granted them a release from attendance; and when other business did not call away Theodore, the Count perpetually chose him for the partner of his ramble, or the guide of his short voyages down the Sogne-fiord.

Completely captivated by the graces of his noble companion, Theodore now looked to these moments for the highest gratification. The most exquisite mind, alternately diffusing itself over subjects of taste, science, morals, and manners, with the expansion of strength, yet still preserving its elegant persuasiveness, was something quite new to Theodore: he had been accustomed to the strong, unadorned, gigantic understanding of his preceptor; his mind's eye was used to a sort of sterile greatness in him; but this lovely verdure of grace, and imagination, and kindness, embellishing even the boldest characters of discourse, was what he had never even fancied.

Count Lauvenheilm began by captivating his taste; he finished by attaching his heart. How could such a heart as Theodore's fail to attach itself, almost with passion, to a man thus gifted by nature, and evidently elevated by fortune to a height he scarcely dared guess at, yet who courted his regard with a mixture of dignity and gentleness, that seemed to say, "I long for your friendship, and I know myself worthy of it."

Disparity of age and rank, by doubling his gratitude served but to increase his enthusiasm; and as the day drew near their guests' departure, he felt that when Count Lauvenheilm should depart, it would seem as if he had been gazing through the gates of Heaven, now closed on him for ever.

The Count meanwhile meditated something very different from a separation; the partiality he had imbibed for Theodore was not less sincere, though much less glowing, than what he had himself inspired. For the first time in his life, he believed that, he saw an undisguised heart; and that, without owing any thing to his accidents of rank or fortune, he had attached that heart to his fate with rivets of steel.

Satiated with the level surface of artificial life, he contemplated with pleasure, the natural beauties of simplicity and truth. There was something picturesque in Theodore's errors with regard to many of the customs and opinions of elevated society; his expectations were founded upon immutable principles, therefore just and excellent in themselves, but in how few instances could Count Lauvenheilm say they would be answered by what he would see in courts.

A peculiar propriety of mind, and that taste which springs from delicacy of feeling, assured Lauvenheilm that his protegee would never confuse him by any *gaucheries*, but he saw that this child of solitude and reflection would much earlier learn the manners than the morals of busy life; and consequently, he prepared himself *for some* astonishment in his company, at the romantic refinement *of the young* man's notions.

It was Count Lauvenheilm's intentions to offer him the post of his confidential secretary. As it had formed part of the Count's views to make a name of himself throughout Europe, he had cultivated the suffrages of men of letters with as much assiduity as those of ministers and princes. To diffuse his reputation through every country, he corresponded with all its distinguished characters, whether political or literary; and it was not seldom that he felt the weariso:neness of the tax thus paid for celebrity. A secretary qualified to relieve him from this burthen would be an absolute treasure, and where could he find a person so qualified as Theodore?

His extensive knowledge of languages would exactly fit him for such a situation, while his taste and manners would make him delightful as a domestic companion, and his integrity would render him a secure inmate.

Agreeably to the plan thus determined on, the Count opened his intentions to Dofrestom.

He expiated upon the talents and qualities of the orphan, and the injustice of confining such a mind to the drudgery of merely mechanical labor. "Did the young man only use such talents, however astonishing, as are given to amuse mankind, I would not urge his departure from you; but his are talents for utility, and believe me, good father, Providence never bestows such qualities with the intention that they should remain unemployed."

Dofrestom's aching heart, aching with the remembrance of Heinreich, for the first time felt the difference between what is brilliant and what is solid, he sighed heavily, without speaking.

Count Lauvenheilm continued to explain the situation and emolument he meant to offer Theodore, and to enumerate the advantages likely to result from such circumstances. "Surely, my good father," he added, "in the very accident that has brought hither and detained here, a person capable of thus honorably establishing your favorite, you must perceive the hand of Providence! In your case, I should consider these things as an audible declaration of the heavenly will, and should obey it as such."

The Count paused, and observed by the workings of Dofrestom's countenance, that he had now touched the right string. "Interest," he thought, "is nothing to a people that have no fastidious wants; titled society is nothing to men who think no man superior to a free peasant; but the fear of being wanting in a duty, is the only lover to move souls conscientiously religious."

Again he addressed Dofrestom; "I respect you for your anxiety about the morals of your Theodore, but I trust you will cease to feel any, when you shall know who now makes himself responsible for *their preservation*.—Count Lauvenheilm, and *Usthamar.*"

Dofrestom bent his head to the brother-in-law of their viceroy.

"Your name, Sir, is pledge enough I consent: but it is a hard tug at this old heart. Such a youth! the cheerer, the comforter the blessing of my house! yet for that very reason I ought to let him go; it is now our time to do something for him, and instead of grieving, I hope Catherine and I shall bless God for sending him such a friend. Well, I pray that I may live to see Theodore a great man, and a good man still!"

Count Lauvenheilm graciously shook the old man's hand; requesting him to learn whether it would be agreeable to Theodore, he went to attend upon his illustrious companion.

He found him busily employed, and violently amused; he was taking his last lesson in the art of making Gulbrandal wafers, a species of cake, in which Catherine particularly excelled.

Amongst the objects of the Prince's ambition, the mystery of cookery held a high rank; and having an admirable opportunity of observing all the culinary operations of the cottage, as he lay on his mattrass by the stove, he bid fair to rival his own cooks, when he should return to——.

The distance between the rank of a baron and a prince seemed so immeasurable to his eyes that in laying aside the one character for the other, he forgot that there was any dignity in the lesser; in the humbleness of his assumed station, he enjoyed a complete oblivion of every thing princely, except only that most inveterate of spoiled children's habits, the habit of consulting nobody's pleasure or feelings but their own.

Count Lauvenheilm scarcely knew how to conceal his disdain at the employment of his fellow traveller. Was his own ambition criminal, if such were the beings that sat on thrones, and wielded the destinies of mankind? Lauvenheilm chose to forget that at that very period, the principal thrones of Europe were filled by sovereigns whose names will shine for ever in the page of history.

In England the brilliant reign of Anne had succeeded to the glorious revolution under William of Nassau; in France Louis XIV; in Sweden, Charles XII; and in Russia, Peter the Great; displayed all those qualities which command both admiration and respect.

Lauvenheilm would not see, that with so many obstacles to the knowledge of others and themselves, which their unenviable elevation creates, princes are miracles when great and good; and worthy of pity, not deserving of contempt, when they are less estimable than their subjects.

Meanwhile, Dofrestom went in search of Theodore, who was *gone to the mill* to take an account of some timber then on the *point of being floated* down the river.

He found him closely attending to the business, though with a countenance that seemed to say, "I wish I might take time to be sad." The next day was that fixed for the travellers' departure, and Theodore was to lose the most amiable of companions, probably for ever.

Dofrestom waited till the numbering and registering of the planks was finished, then leading him into an empty wood-loft, imparted the proposal of Count Lauvenheilm.

Theodore did not once interrupt him during his long speech; he sat with his eyes fixed on the ground, and so still, that Dofrestom might have thought the subject did not interest him, had it not been for the sudden coldness of the hand that rested in his, and the raised color of his cheek. Internal war spoke in this contrast of ice and fire.

He was silent long after Dofrestom ceased to speak. The old man kindly urged him to reply, and to reply sincerely. "Well then," he said, raising his eyes full of his agitated soul, "I *will* be sincere: I have always had a strong desire to make my way in life by some other path than the present; and I hope it is not arrogant in me to say, that I feel Heaven has given me capacities for doing more service to others, and earning more satisfaction for myself, than I can obtain here. That feeling would make me think it wrong to remain thus comparatively idle, were it not that your happiness, nay, your will only, sanctifies every thing. If you *wish* me to accept the Count's offer I will do it gladly; but if you *consent* only, I never can be justified to Heaven and my own heart.

"I wish—indeed I wish it," exclaimed Dofrestom, grasping his hand still tighter, and looking at him with a mixture of pleasure and grief. "I have thought so often lately about the professor's selfishness, that I begin to fear I have been selfish too; so now, unless I accepted this noble offer for your advantage, I should never die in peace. God knows, my chief reason, since poor Heinreich's ill-conduct has been the fear that the same bad hands might seize upon you; but I was a fool to think so! After eight months' absence, you came back from Copenhagen better than before. And besides, at two-and-twenty, you may guide yourself: he, poor boy, was but a boy. And then, at such, a house as Count Lauvenheilm's, you will see nothing that is not instructive. Yes, yes, you *must* go."

"O my dear father!" exclaimed Theodore, in great emotion, "you must decide for me; I feel no longer master of my judgment. Count Lauvenheilm has charmed my affection so much, that I dare not believe myself right in yielding to your wishes and yet, *much as he has* charmed me, what is that hasty enthu

siasm to the steady, long-fixed affection I feel for you and aunt Catherine!"

"Dear boy! kind boy!" repeated the old man, "I am sure it is so; but we are not fit associates for such an instructed mind as yours. The Count is like yourself, sensible and well-informed; it is natural you should like his conversation at least better than others; but for the real, substantial part of affection, I am sure we have it still, and always shall have it"

Theodore's full heart spoke in the eager kiss he gave the withered hand that held his; but his lips were silent. Dofrestom resumed:

"You will, perhaps, be able to hear something certain of Heinreich. O! blessed would be the hour of your departure, if it were to be the means of restoring my poor prodigal! I would kill the fatted calf; I would make the voice of rejoicing be heard through my house, and you my son, would rejoice with me, nor repine, like the brother in Scripture."

This pleasing image fortified the resolution of Dofrestom; and he began to enumerate the many soothers and enliveners he would have left, even after the loss of what was dearest. Their excellent neighbors, his affectionate sister, the attentive Eric, the animating Magdalen, and above all, their pretty prattling child. In addition to these, unbroken health must be numbered, spirits that only flagged at times, and relief from debt.

"What then have I to complain of?" he asked; "I shall continue to enjoy all these good things, while I know you are happy, and acquiring both honor and profit. Well, I am determined to look dull no more; so do you, my boy, smile again."

Theodore did smile, though pensively; for, now the arrangement was made, his heart sickened at the thought of leaving the dear old couple to none but servants and acquaintances: yet they wished it themselves; and Providence did indeed appear to will his entrance upon a busier scene.

One doubt harrassed Theodore: was he, or was he not to tell Count Lauvenheilm, that his adopted father was the parent of that Dofrestom who had carried off Stephanie Richemar?

The Count, of course, stood in the same relation to the high admiral as to the viceroy of Norway! Perhaps the knowledge of Theodore's connexion with a young man whose last act at Copenhagen had been an insult to his brother-in-law, might alter Count Lauvenheilm's inclination in his favor.

Yet how to apologise for such a transgression! Heinreich was but the thief who steals from another what that other has stolen from some one else: in short, such a woman as Stephanie was *common property*, to which no one could say he had a right. *Theodore justly* concluded that it was best to conclude the family

of the high admiral would be as ashamed to hear of the transaction as was that of Dofrestom, and that silence was, consequently the most delicate and prudent conduct he could adopt. Never having told the unnecessary part of Heinreich's fault, his rivalry with Count Gulderlieu, it was needless to caution Dofrestom on the subject. These reflections were the result of his walk from the mill to the cottage. His new patron stood on the threshold. He extended his hand with a gracious smile, "Peace or war, my young friend; mine, or not mine?"

Theodore answered by kissing that extended hand—in times of great emotion he rarely trusted himself to speak; and this was one of the most agitating moments of his life.

Count Lauvenheilm required only a glance of Theodore's expressive eyes, to see the extent of the influence he had gained. Delicately careful of that modesty of soul, which sought to hide even its fairest feelings, he now directed his attention to Dofrestom, by renewing his thanks for the sacrifice of his adopted son's society.

"Do you still purpose setting off to-morrow, Sir, asked Theodore. "My companion has willed it so, replied the Count, "and you guess that I have no voice in the matter, I would, otherwise, offer to remain as much longer as might suit you."

"O no! the sooner the better," cried Dofrestom; "we must have no time for repentance on either side; for I can tell you my lord, that, after all, I believe our Theodore will be as sorry to part from us, when the parting comes, as we shall be to lose him. No, no time for taking my mind again."

The Count perfectly agreed with him; and indeed it had been that consideration which had made him defer the offer so long.

"If you think it likely you shall repent, dearest father," cried Theodore, "for Heaven's sake let me stay. I scarcely know what I wish. Either way, I have so much to resign, and so much to be grateful for."

The Count stood at the entrance of the parlor, and looked at both as if waiting for their decision. Dofrestom understood his looks. "He goes with you, my lord; it is for my advantage as well as his, and I shall be more reconciled to the thing the longer I think of it. So now Theodore go to your room and make your preparations."

His preparations were soon made. The apparel he had worn at Copenhagen, (which would have appeared ridiculous at Aardal,) and a favorite book or two, were all his travelling equipage. His short packing over, he would not allow himself time to ruminate on the only disagreeable part of the prospect, absence from his venerable friends, but rejoin them in their sitting room.

The nominal baron had just heard the rrangement was settled, and was obliging enough to say several complimentary things on the occasion. He then proceeded to ask a hundred questions about the road they were to return by, and the places they were to see, and the accommodation they might expect; to all which Theodore gave a patient hearing, and suitable answers.

All this time poor Catherine was seriously and sadly spreading the table, for the last dinner her illustrious guests were to partake at the cottage. Theodore was going, and the whole business had been arranged so suddenly, and so entirely without her knowledge, that she saw it was needless to make any opposition to the plan.

How continually, in retirement and in the world, is the lesson of submission forced upon woman? To suffer, and to be silent under suffering, seems the great command she has to obey: while man is allowed to wrestle with calamity, and to conquer or die in the struggle.

Theodore marked the big tears that stood ready to fall in the eyes of this respectable foster-mother. His heart melted at the sight; and when she left the room, for some household purpose, he followed her out into the kitchen, gently pronouncing her name.

She turned at his voice, and throwing herself upon his neck, sobbed aloud. He suffered her grief to vent itself, while he soothingly repeated every argument calculated to reconcile her to the privation of his society, joined to expressions of gratitude for her fervent concern.

"Oh child," she cried, "I never thought that I was to part with you too. It was hard enough to lose Heinreich; but you, that I love now twenty times more than ever I loved him; yes, if you don't come to good, I shall never outlive it."

Theodore gently adverted to the whole conduct of his past life, and added some enthusiastic words about Count Lauvenheilm's high character.

"Ah! God send he may prove what he seems, and do all he promises! But I have never thought much of these hasty great likings, and fine promises, ever since the Professor's will. These gentlemen only like you because you are clever, and any whim or offence may do a mischief to such love as that. Love's good for nothing, and wont stand the push of a pin, without it grows out of knowing a person's good qualities."

Homely as Catherine's language was, there was much truth in her sentiments; and Theodore not only felt so at the moment she spoke, but in after years he recalled this conversation, and sighed over the prophetic spirit it breathed.

Happily for both, the noise of a fish-kettle boiling fiercely, reminded Catherine of dinner. "Well, child, I must not stand crying here, but go about my duty." She went as she spoke to catch off the hissing kettle, and Theodore returned slowly to the parlor.

Never meal was got through so dismally under the roof of Dofrestom as this dinner. Even the Baron's constitutional laugh failed to animate it. Count Lauvenheilm respected the feelings of its artless inhabitants too much to seek any other diversion for them than what was afforded by details of past events connected with their darling's infancy.

The nominal Baron yawned repeatedly, till Magdalen came in to tell him a story, and the chess-board was placed between him and Dofrestom.

The travellers were to set off at an early hour the next day. Their carriage was on the other side of the little river; and as their servants had already taken their various portmanteaus to it, they had nothing further to do but convey themselves in a boat over the stream.

Dofrestom and Catherine had no witnesses to their parting with Theodore; and respect for his future patron fortunately obliged them to lay their feelings under salutary restraint, so that their adieus were less prolonged than Count Lauvenheilm apprehended.

It was a sad and an awful moment for all! Neither Dofrestom nor his sister might live to see their darling again; and if they did, would he be the same humble, kind, and amiable Theodore he was now? Theodore on his part, thought chiefly of the void he would leave in their domestic comfort; he brooded over no fears for himself, or doubts of his patron; he regreted only the great distance that would separate him from these more than parents. But the hope of eventually benefiting them, by honorably obtaining the means of clearing Heinreich's debts, added to that of reaching Heinreich himself through some sure channel, and perhaps bringing him back to his duty, overcame the bitterness of other thoughts.

Tears, blessings, and embraces were repeated, and renewed afresh, till Dofrestom forcibly unlocked Catherine's hands, as they were clasped round Theodore's neck, and bade him leave them. Theodore uttered a hasty "God bless you!" and drawing his hat over his eyes, hastened to join his fellow-travellers, who were already gone towards the carriage.

At the turning of the valley he looked back, gazed on the dear cottage, and bidding it a long, long farewell, hurried from the scene.

CHAPTER VI.

The road taken by the travellers was the same that Theodore had pursued accompanied by the Professor; he was consequently familiar with its natural curiosities. His knowledge of minerals, plants, and astronomy, served to amuse the Baron, (as he still called himself,) while the observations suggested by his taste and sensibility, interested the Count.

They performed their journey to Christiana without any accident; which with a carriage, and in Norway, was little short of a miracle. The Baron secretly attributed this good fortune to his precaution of regularly sticking a knife in the ground, at every fresh stage; a superstitious rite which he had learned, amongst various other valuable pieces of information, at Aardal.

In consequence of the disputes between the court of Sweden and that of Denmark, travellers could not proceed to Copenhagen by the way of Helsingborg; the Baron and his party were therefore obliged to go from Christiana in an armed vessel. They landed at Elsineur without having encountered any molestation from the enemy; and a few hours afterwards brought them to the capital.

At Copenhagen they separated. The hereditary prince, (for he was no longer a base beef-eater,) now resumed his dignity; and escorted by a troop of royal guards, repaired to his magnificent abode at one of the country palaces. Count Lauvenheilm proceeded to his own villa, a few miles from the city, where he had the mortification to find servants only; his daughters being at Fredericsberg with the court.

Theodore entered his future home with some curiosity to see and more desire to know the family of his protector. During their journey, the Count had occasionally conversed freely upon hat subject; and the testimony of the Prince confirmed the truth of what he said.

Indeed, on one point some other testimony than his own was necessary: it was the beauty of his eldest daughter.

From his description of that beauty, and its astonishing effects, Theodore might have imagined himself transported into that fabulous court, where the Persian princess Rezia turned the whole population mad with admiration of her charms.

The Count spoke of both his children with great fondness, (for he had a daughter three years younger by his second wife,) but it was evident that either the merit or graces of the fair wonder, *gave her the first* place in his heart.

Beautiful as the dream of imagination, was indeed Countess Anastasia; in addition to which, a fortune quite as dazzling as her person, heightened the flames it raised.

It had been the will of Christian V. to give the offspring of his lovely mistress every honor except legitimacy; her two sons filled the highest posts under the crown: and her daughter had been given in marriage to the most illustrious man of the court. Lauvenheilm received with her a splendid dowry, which was legally settled upon their children. Anastasia, the only fruit of this marriage, was therefore its sole heiress.

Already at the age of one-and-twenty, she had refused half the nobility of France and Denmark. During her father's embassy at the court of the first, she had been followed with an enthusiasm, and worshipped with an idolatry, that was very likely to make her imagin herself too costly a gem to be appropriated by any individual. Be that as it may, she was now in Denmark, the star and goddess of the people; still walking over the prostrate necks of lovers; still free, while to adore her seemed the court religion, and he that fell short of such adoration was treated as a heretic.

Count Lauvenheilm having despatched a courier to Fredericsberg, to inform his daughters of his return, proceeded to settle the future accommodations of Theodore. An agreeable suite of appartments was assigned to him, with permission to alter their arrangement at his pleasure, and to consider them as entirely at his own command as if they formed a detached residence.

The count had already explained the nature of the services he should require from him; and having done so, without laying down the law of settled times and duties, he left their performance solely at the discretion of him who was to execute them. A noble library and museum were open to him at all seasons; and when not engaged with them, the Count intimated his wish that he should take his place in the family circle whatever were the rank or the number of his visitors.

This munificence of patronage might be called paying before hand; but Count Lauvenheilm read the character of his young secretary, and knew that the more confidence was placed in him, the nobler would be his harvest of gratitude and service.

Theodore was highly pleased with his new residence. The villa stood in the centre of a park, on a beautiful slope, commanding fine views of the Sound. On one side the steep and rocky coast of Sweden, and on the other the woody undulations of Zealand, presented the charms of contrast. Every thing within the house spoke the rank, the wealth, and the splendid taste of its possessor. Books and musical instruments were seen in every apartment. Theodore turned away from the latter *with a shuddering sensation.* "Oh! shall I ever hear music

again with pleasure?" Heinreich was in his thoughts; and the charming voice and hand, that were again to unlock his sensibility to that sweetest art, was yet unheard.

Upon the return of his messenger, Count Lauvenheilm read the note he brought, and gave it to his companion. "It is from my youngest daughter," he said. Theodore read as follows:

"We are all impatience to embrace you, my dearest father, but cannot return home; the Princess has a sort of masque going forward, which is to be performed on Tuesday, and we have parts in it. You will guess how unwillingly your foolish Ellesif has obeyed the royal command. Come to us, dear Sir, and pray take us away as soon as ever you can."

"You see Guevara," said the Count, "that I must immediately make you one of my family, by treating you without any ceremony. I cannot do otherwise than go to Fredericsberg to-morrow, to pay my duty to the Queen, and embrace my children; but I will return as soon as possible. Meanwhile receive who you will; remember this suite of apartments are your own house, and there are servants ready to obey all your orders."

Theodore thanked him. "I have very few acquaintance," he replied, "and they are all literary men. With some of these I should wish to renew my former intimacy. There is one to whom I am greatly obliged; if you are absent to-morrow, my lord, I will employ the morning in visiting him."

Count Lauvenheilm gave him carte blanche for the day; and having partaken of some refreshment, they separated for the night.

Early the next morning the Count mounted his horse, and set off for the summer residence of the court. Theodore, fond of walking, and desirous of enjoying the enchanting land and sea views around, proceeded on foot to Copenhagen.

Of course his object was to visit Mr. Coperstad, who had lately obtained a place under government of great trust, though of little rank. Familiar with the town, Theodore soon discovered the office of his friend; and scarcely having time for mutual salutations, hastened to express his gratitude for the services that gentleman had rendered him.

Mr. Coperstad's surprise could only be equalled by his pleasure at the sight of Theodore; he was rejoiced to see him so well, and to hear he was so fortunate. "Count Lauvenheilm's protection," he said, "is indeed a distinction: and as all eyes are now turned upon him to fill one of the first situations in the ministry, I make no doubt but you will rise to wealth and honor, through his means."

This remark, instead of obtaining an answer from Theodore, threw him into a reverie. He was roused from it by a second observation of Mr. Coperstad's: but in that short time, how

many ideas had passed through his mind! Mr. Coperstad imagined his present situation formed the boundary of Theodore's views; Theodore on the contrary, considered every event of his life, and this also, but as a mean of reaching another point.

Fortune and honor were incomplete without a country and kindred: he had brooded over that wish, till fancy had adorned it with so many charms, that nothing but the experience of the reality could satisfy or undeceive him. Turning to Mr. Coperstad he, hesitatingly, stated what thoughts absorbed him.

Mr. Coperstad was his senior by fourteen years; time and experience had soberized his feelings, without deadening them. He considered the subject for a while, then assured Theodore, that he believed his present situation very friendly to the prosecution of an inquiry about his family.

"Doubtless you know," he added, "that the person who now almost governs the court of Madrid is a French-woman. Count Lauvenheilm's last wife was French,—of what family I know not, but noble, of course;—when you have lived long enough with the Count to be secure of your ground, it will be well for you to enter upon the subject some day with him; and if he or his wife's family have any correspondence with Madame Ursini, or with the other French persons at the Spanish court, through their means some inquiries might be made."

Theodore admitted the probability of this. "If my father's family were noble," he said, "of course that would be the direct method; if they are not, it will be of no use. Perhaps it is foolish in me to suppose my parents were persons beyond the common rank of life. The uncertainty of what I am is the reason of this folly: when we are left to imagine ourselves any thing, I suppose it is natural to imagine ourselves the best thing we can."

"I would advise you not to be hasty, however," observed Mr. Coperstad: "wait till matters are more settled in Spain. The question draws to a close between Charles and Philip, and then will be your time to speak of your situation to Count Lauvenheilm: at the present juncture it would be unwise in you, and perhaps unsafe for him, to interfere. We, in common with the Maritime Powers, are hostile to the Bourbon cause in Spain; and unless Philip were formally acknowledged by Denmark and her allies, I fear a man of Count Lauvenheilm's political importance could not, with propriety, enter into any communication with the French residents at Madrid."

Theodore again subscribed to the justice of his friend's remarks. "Much as he might be inclined to serve you," resumed the latter, "I do not think Count Lauvenheilm could promote in *any way a correspondence* with Spain at this moment. It is well

known that, without holding any great ostensible situation, the Count enjoys the full confidence of His Majesty: you know, of course, that the King is now in Berlin. We are told he is gone to stand godfather for the Prince Royal's child, but we are apt to fancy that there are more weighty inducements for his journey: be that as it may, your patron cannot act with too much circumspection during the King's absence. Therefore you must not tempt him to take any steps that might cause him to be suspected of an inclination towards France."

Again Theodore thanked his friend for his advice, and changing the subject, spoke of Heinrech.

Mr. Coperstad's pursuits were of a nature to carry him into very different society from that in which the history of theatres excited a lively interest, but he promised to make it his business to learn whether Heinreich were yet at Dresden, and if he were, to find out some person going thither who would undertake the delivery of a letter from Theodore.

Nothing could make Theodore forget that this misguided young man was the chief object of future hope and fear to Dofrestom; and that he himself had accepted the situation offered by Count Lauvenheilm, principally with the view of being enabled by it, to assist not only the father but the son.

After discussing these most interesting topics, the friends conversed upon general subjects; and many a former day of intellectual enjoyment, passed together in the circle at the professor's, was renewed by discourse. Some hours were thus spent, after which Theodore took leave of Mr. Coperstad, and returned home.

He seated himself in the library, with intention to read, but having taken his place near a low glass door fronting the sea, his attention was insensibly called off, by the gliding sails, and the beautiful shores of the Sound.

The villas of the nobility profusely scattered along its rising ground, added magnificence to the charms of nature. The scenery of groves and hills so different from that of Norway, recalled it by that very contrast. From contemplating present images, his mind gradually flowed back to what were passed, the reverse of his situation now, with what it had been so lately, forcible struck him; not with the wonder and tumultuous joy of rusticity; it seemed to him as if he were restored to his original state, rather than entered upon a new one.

The ease and elegance by which he was surrounded, the feeling of honorable exertion, of considration, of intimate fellowship with a character like Count Lauvnheilm's, all this appeared to him his natural atmosphere. Yet not the less fondly did he look back to that happy valley where he had first learned to think *and to feel; with* what respect and love did he dwell on the re-

collection of Dofrestom and of Catherine! He almost chid himself for finding any equivalent for their tried affection, in the partiality and society of a new protector.

As his eyes carelessly wandered over the rich decorations of the room he sat in, he exclaimed aloud, "Yes, dear and respectable friends, it is not for such poor inducements as these that I leave your humble cottage! it is to be something; to do something in life?—it is in the chimerical hope (perhaps) of one day reaching the home of my poor ship-wrecked parents, of finding there some near relative, some portion of themselves."

Theodore's mental address was interrupted by the appearance of a carriage advancing rapidly; it drew up to the front entrance and Count Lauvenheilm alighted from it. Immediately after setting him down, the carriage drove away.

Through a side window, Theodore had seen only a hand and arm of exquisite beauty held out to the Count; and heard a voice of thrilling sweetness. Such a voice! Surely it must belong to a soul as finely attuned! He had not recovered from the pleasing emotion it caused, when the Count entered,

"You are at home, Guevara, and I did not know it! I wanted to let you see my daughter. She and Ellesif brought me from Fredericsberg, and have this moment driven from the door."

Theodore's answer was a bow and a smile. "You smile," observed the Count, "I suppose at my fatherly folly, as you think it; but when you see Anastasia, I believe you will confess that it is a privilege to belong to her; indeed both my girls are charming; Ellesif would be the beauty of any family except mine. But what did you smile at?"

"At your Lordship's habit of calling Countess Anastasia your daughter, and speaking of Countess Ellesif only by name, as if she too were not your daughter."

"Did I do so? Am I in the habit of doing so?" asked the Count, with an amiable glow of contrition; "I thank you for the remark, Guevara—you shall see that I will profit by it, Ellesif is as dear to me as my life, for I loved her mother tenderly; but Anastasia gratifies my pride, and we are such wretched creatures, Guevara, that our very affections are heightened or depressed by the opinion of others."

"Nay, Sir!" exclaimed Theodore, with incredulous astonishment.

"I perceive that weakness is yet unknown to you," replied the Count, "but when you have lived some time in what is called the world, you will learn the influence of society; like all other influences, it is sometimes useful, sometimes otherwise, and pernicious certainly in the case I have stated."

"I cannot understand such influences," said Theodore; "it seems to me that our regard for persons must be as independent of other men's notions, as our principles of conduct are."

"I fear not," returned the Count; "intercourse with the world gradually mixes alloy with our purest gold. You will admit that we love individuals in proportion to the number of pleasurable emotions we derive from them; well, then, if our habits have taught us to find pleasure in gratified vanity, we must surely love that wife or daughter most whose charms attract to us the greatest notice. I confess this is a weakness, and I do not defend, I simply explain it."

"I remember that, during our journey, your Lordship told me I had many strange notions to unlearn; I presume this is one of them," said Theodore; "but indeed I must change my nature ere I can imagine the possibility of loving any one a whit less because another person does so."

"Well, Guevara, when you have seen my daughter—there you smile again!—well then, my eldest daughter, when you have seen her followed by the gaze and murmured admiration of multitudes, I am sure you will comprehend something of a father's exultation. You have almost piqued me," he added, playfully, "into the silliness of showing her off; so if you dare commit yourself to me on Tuesday evening, I will make interest to get you admited to this masque at Fredericsberg, then you will see her in all the splendor of dress and animation."

Theodore expressed his thanks and his eagerness to take advantage of the offered kindness, but inquired how it was to take effect from the circumstances of his situation; Count Lauvenheilm explained. Part of the grand hall at Fredericsberg was fitted up for a theatre, and the other part left for the reception of the court; but a gallery at one end was set apart for a few of those young persons who had not yet been presented; and amongst them, the Count knew he could place his protege.

"You will see your old acquaintance the hereditary prince," observed he, "but not amongst the performers of course. It is a pity he staid so long in Norway, otherwise, I think the management of the little drama,"—he was about to add, "would have exactly matched his capacity," when he broke off abruptly. Theodore would not show him, even by a smile, that he had guessed the conclusion; he was in the midst of some other remark, when the arrival of company terminated their conversation.

A succession of visitors to welcome Count Lauvenheilm home, and to ask the particulars of his tour, crowded the remaining hours of the day. Theodore saw a noble mob of stars, and or-

ders, and military decorations; and stood silently speculating on the different modifications of human character, in different classes of society.

All these men held situations of high dignity or difficulty; they were of course men of superior endowments: but how different were they from the eccentric, forcible, personages he used to see at the professor's. Here, every person seemed only desirous of resembling others; and what they said of original and profound, was said either so carelessly or so smoothly, that it might easily pass unobserved; there, each individual sought to start from the canvass in colors peculiar to himself; and conscious that all his value consisted in his mind, labored to develope the strength or graces of that, without intermission.

Theodore was interested in this observation of character, and sensibly gratified by the generous care of his patron to bring him into notice. Indeed the more he saw of Count Lauvenheilm, the more it increased his enthusiasm. If that charming character had caught the contagion of artificial life, it rendered him more interesting; for how candidly did he avow error, and how amiably did he seek to correct himself.

Theodore recalled with peculiar pleasure that glow of self-accusation and shame with which the Count had replied to his remark about his favorite daughter! "Surely," he thought, as the professor rose to recollection, "such a heart as the Counts will never fail me!"

From this day, till the gay Tuesday, Count Lauvenheilm occasionally employed his young secretary, or took him about to the most note-worthy places in Copenhagen and its environs. He gave a dinner, and was generously careful to convince his company, that he considered his young protege with as much respect as regard.

Happily for the Count's liberal wishes, there was in the manners and look of Theodore a modest dignity which repressed insolence, while it invited kindness; never forgeting his own relative situation, he did not oblige others to remember it for him; but respecting himself while he steadily attended to every usage instituted to evince respect to others, he avoided the appearance of servile attention to any.

His natural seriousness and gentleness, kept him from those inequalities of manner which are the great evil of vivacity. That agreeable quality can rarely be indulged in the presence of a superior; and when we see it strongly checked, we fancy the person who thus checks it is under humiliating restraint.

Theodore never reminded his friends, by any change of manner, that he was inferior to the nobler parts of their society; be-

ing familiar with few, he was peculiarly awed by none. It was only in the bosom of real friendship that he unlocked his heart and his mind, that he threw open the very gates of his soul, and poured forth its treasures with prodigal liberality.

This character was admirably adapted to his present situation; and Count Lauvenheilm well knew how to place its noblest parts in the strongest light; its deficiencies in the shade.

At length the expected Tuesday arrived. The Count conveyed his secretary to Fredericsberg; and having secured him a place amongst some of his own acquaintance, left him to join the more splendid party in the saloon below.

Theodore could not fail to admire the taste and magnificence of the apartment; he was pleased with the agreeable *coup d'œil* formed by the spectators, the rows of ladies gaily attired, and blooming with real or artificial beauty, resembled a parterre of flowers; a whimsical fancy might, not unaptly, have compared the gentlemen to hovering butterflies.

Some seats distinguished from the rest, were left for the royal party; in a few minutes they entered. The party consisted of the Queen and the Princess, with the King's brothers, and the hereditary Prince of——

As the last illustrious personage, in the paraphernalia of gala attire, was handing his bride elect to her chair, so different a picture instantaneously arose before Theodore, that with difficulty he refrained from laughter. His Highness, taking a lesson in cooking, crossed his imagination, making the present pomp appear mockery, and his real station that in which Theodore had first become familiar with him.

How powerful are first impressions! and how dangerous it is for the man, whom fortune has placed on the highest pinnacle of elevated society, ever to descend from it!

After some music, so finely performed that Theodore nearly forgot to hate it, the green and gold curtain was drawn aside, and a scene of enchantment disclosed.

All that art could invent and splendor supply, to represent the interior of a magic palace, were here collected and arranged. The tissues of India, the paintings of Italy, the statues of Greece, crowded the stage. Under a canopy, and upon a couch strewed with precious stones, lay a sleeping figure, covered with a transparent veil. At the sound of a flute, breathed by some unseen performer, the lady started half up, and threw aside her veil. At one glance Theodore knew her to be the Countess Anastasia.

"Can any thing earthly be so beautiful?" was his audible acclamation. Fortunately his low accents were lost in the general *tumult of admiration*. Coloring with shame, he looked again

at the bright wonder. What exquisite beauty? The forms of those miracles of art, by which she was surrounded, were rivalled by the perfection of hers; and the brightness of the gems that sparkled on her robes were obliterated by the more brilliant colors of her complexion. Her eyes!—how could his bear their abundant light? She lifted one polished arm to throw back her veil. Theodore thought he knew that snowy arm again; but as her performance was limited to action, she did not speak, and his ear vainly thirsted for that thrilling voice which had charmed him at the door of the villa.

A slighted genius, by whose spells she was supposed to be bound, now appeared, and a scence of animated intreaty and repulse succeeded. The beautiful Anastasia moved with the dignity, but not the arrogance of a conscious beauty; every movement displayed some new charms:—if she smiled, that smile discovered teeth glittering from whiteness, and dimples vanishing like fairy visions; if she frowned, the action only directed attention to the exquisite arch of her penciled eye-brows. Whatever she did, was graceful, because every line of her person was beauty.

Theodore sat in motionless and speechless admiration. It was a goddess—a creature of poetic fancy—a celestial being, that he saw,—it was a something to stand and gaze at for life! No longer did he wonder at the enthusiasm of her father, though he felt no present sympathy with the multitude of her lovers.

"Yet if her soul be like her body! if it be half as perfect!—and that voice too." Theodore's eye, at that moment, caught a glance from the eye of Count Lauvenheilm below; the expression that followed on the face of each, proved that the one had watched, and the other acknowledged his admiration.

Meanwhile, the little ballet proceeded. The fable was ingeniously imagined, and charmingly developed by a mixture of dialogue, song, dance, and action. Lost in wonder at the figure of Anastasia, Theodore understood nothing of the piece; his eye followed her with admiring attention, through every action, till she retired suddenly, and a new scene commenced.

A region of grove and glade was represented, animated by a crowd of pastoral figures, adorned with flowers and ribands. Theodore's heart sprang to the scene; his first pleasures, his first affections, were associated with rural objects, and the matchless Anastasia, with her pomp of gold, gems, and beauty, was for the instant forgotten.

As he bent forward to look at the charming landscape, the pastoral group divided, and a young shepherdess appeared, bashfully advancing alone. Her Arcadian beauty had been left to itself; a crook twisted with flowers, and a garland of pinks mixed

with her soft black hair, were her only ornaments. A skirt and boddice of spotless lawn, "laced from the full bosom to the slender waist," showed the fine undulation of a figure where youth's loveliest forms yet wore their first roundness. She raised her starry eyes and timidly directing them round, a glow of confusion heightened their beauty, by deepening the celestial red of her cheeks and lips. She essayed to speak, but the sounds died ere half formed; the vain attempt only called forth a deeper blush.

Something more than beauty now moved the whole soul of Theodore. That blush, those lovely downcast eyes, and that youthful shape, raised an emotion, which the plenitude and splendor of Anastasia's charms had failed to excite. He hung upon the faltering steps of the bashful shepherdess, with an interest that he had never felt before. As soft and lovely as the flowers she wore, who could this fair creature be!

She spoke, and with a thrill of joy, Theodore discovered her to be the youngest daughter of Count Lauvenheilm. That voice was the voice he had attributed to her peerless sister.

The delight with which he now contemplated her, was quickly changed into pain; for as she proceeded in her speech, her memory lost itself in increasing confusion; blushes succeeded to blushes; and her heart throbbed visibly through her slight boddice. Hesitating, faltering, trembling, she looked towards her father, with an air of distress, then suddenly stopping, and averting her face, burst into tears.

The whole audience rose from their seats at this painful sight. Count Lauvenheilm, uttering a hasty word to the Queen, as if begging permission to go to his daughter, jumped upon the stage, and throwing one arm round Ellesif, carried her away.

A mixed murmur of censure and of pity followed their departure; some minutes elapsed, during which the ballet was suspended; but on Count Lauvenheilm's return to the company, with an apology for his daughter's timidity, and a petition for leave to resign her post, the Queen graciously granted the request; and some other lady taking the character, the piece proceeded.

Again Countess Anastasia appeared, and again Theodore acknowledged that "never mortal mixture of earth's mould" was so divinely perfect. But his thoughts no longer followed his eyes; they were with the modest weeping Ellesif, and as he looked towards Count Lauvenheilm, he could perceive, by the seriousness of his aspect, that his thoughts also were with her.

When the curtain dropt, and the departure of the royal party released the Count, he hastened to meet Theodore. "I am so *distressed* for my poor foolish Ellesif," he said; "she will remember *this uncomfortable* incident long after every body else has for-

gotten it. I must stay and support her through the supper, so you will have the goodness to return without me. I believe I shall be able to bring my daughters back; I commission you, therefore, to tell the servants so, that they may have their rooms ready." Without staying for a reply, the Count beckoned an attendant to call his carriage for Theodore, then hastened to join the court.

Theodore's solitary drive seemed accomplished in a moment; so agreeable had been his reveries, that he was unconscious of the time they occupied. Yet, what did these reveries consist of? Little more than a repetition of the scenes he had just witnessed, and attempts to recollect all that Count Lauvenheilm had formerly spoken of his daughters.

A vague pleasure, a sensation that he neither analysed nor accounted for, was diffused through the whole of his ideas and feelings; he got out of the carriage, still entranced in the recent past, and had already gone half way towards his own chamber, before he recollected to repeat Count Lauvenheilm's order.

After giving the servants their instructions, he retired to bed, where never before had dreams so sweet visited his sleeping soul.

At breakfast, Theodore saw no one but the Count and a French marquise, who resided in the house as a sort of chaperone for the young ladies. He was told that both the Countesses were too much fatigued with the exhibition of the preceding night, to rise so early; and so much was he amused by the indefatigable chat of Madame Sauveur, and so interested by the discourse of his patron, that he scarcely regretted the absence of the fair sisters.

Count Lauvenheilm talked over the entertainment of the night before with his usual play of wit; but when he spoke of his daughter's unluckly desertion of memory, his gaiety left him, and he lamented the accident with a seriousness that surprized Theodore.

What could be so natural, he said, as this perturbation and confusion; nay, what could be so amiably becoming as the timidity it proved? What then was there to regret beyond the pain it had caused herself?

"The ridicule it will excite," observed the Count, "that is one of the world's weapons, whose existence of course you know, but of the power of which I conclude you are ignorant."

"I can assure your lordship," replied Theodore, "it would never do more than entertain me, if unfairly levelled at myself; but if levelled at Countess Ellesif,—at a daughter of yours, my lord, I fear it would provoke me."

"That heart of yours is full of sound philosophy," observed the Count; "I wish to God you may be able to preserve it, when you have lived as long in the world as I have done. So you par-

don me for talking so much of Anastasia! Pray how did you feel when you first saw her?"

"I can scarcely describe what I felt," replied Theodore; "it was something like my emotion the first time I saw the sun rise at sea—astonishment, rapture, almost awe."

Count Lauvenheilm laughed. "Vastly well described after all, Guevara; and what did you think of Ellesif? she is handsome also!"

"She seems very amiable."

"Why that hesitation?" asked the Count, sportively, "and you lay such a stress upon *very amiable*, that I fear you see no beauty in her. Perhaps, I think her prettier than she is, because she resembles her mother. However, she is, as you say, very amiable."

The Count rose as he spoke, and requesting Theodore to permit him to go with him to his apartments, they left the room together. "Now we speak of business," said he, as they entered Theodore's little study. Giving him a parcel of letters, he proceeded to explain the matter, and the style of the various answers they required. Many of their subjects were solely matters of general interest; but a few were of a more private nature, and some were from persons in the suite of the King at Berlin. One letter the Count took from the bundle, saying, he must answer that himself; it was from the King. His Majesty had distinguished him by the command of sending information of all that passed at court; and Count Lauvenheilm was so perfect in the agreeable art of embellishing trifles, and softening faults, that Frederic could not have made a happier choice.

State business required the Count's attendance at the council. Theodore evidently saw that much serious matter occupied his mind. "I am now going to town," said the Count, "you will not see me again till dinner, and if I am detained beyond that hour, I must get Madame Sauveur to present you to my daughters. By the way, I have never asked you if you are out of money. You will find a thousand wants here, that you had not in Norway; therefore, pray let me anticipate our arrangement for the year."

He put a purse into Theodore's hand as he spoke, and was gliding away, when the tremor of the hand that detained his, and the amiable confusion of Theodore's looks, stayed his departure.

"Why that painful glow, my dear Guevara?" he asked. "I hope you have too much regard for me, to consider this in any other way than you would if it were done by the good old man at Aardal."

There are some fortunate persons so formed to inspire love, that the very friendships they excite, partakes of that rapturous sentiment; Count Lauvenheilm was thus happily endowed. At the expresion of "My dear Guevara," now used by him for the first time, Theodore's agitated looks showed that his impulse was to throw himself at the Count's feet; but ever in the habit of silencing the expression of his sensibility, he checked himself and faultered out a few words of thanks and reluctance.

"If you knew the comfort you are to me," said the Count, "the assistance that I foresee I shall derive from your admirable talents and industry, you would find the obligation is all on my side. Surely, you like me well enough to let me do all I can to prove this!"

"Oh, my Lord," replied Theodore, "could you see my heart, you would in your turn leave me the delight of paying you voluntary service. What would be my joy if I might devote myself to you, with the consciousness of doing it freely?"

"And do you not do it freely, my dear Guevara?" asked the Count with redoubled kindness; "I know you do. Come, come, this fastidious delicacy must be got rid of. Social life is a chain of obligations; we are all obliged one way or another:—I to my king, that I may serve you;—you to me, that you may serve somebody else."

"Indeed, you are right my, Lord," answered Theodore; (and respect only kept him from using the epithet the Count had applied to him.) "I should be tempted still to struggle against your goodness, were it not for another's sake."

"That other is not some pretty girl at Aardal, I hope," said the Count, rather gaily.

This was one of those rare moments in which the fulness of Theodore's heart burst its flood-gates; he could not resist the opportunity of avowing his connexion with Heinreich Dofrestom; and he did so, without mentioning the High Admiral.

Count Lauvenheilm listened to the hurried detail, with the calm attention of one who knows himself in possession of the means to relieve the distress he listens to. Theodore left every thing untold that could confer honor upon himself; but the Count had penetration to discover that something of that sort was left untold. He was touched by the conduct of Theodore; it was evident the young man had staid in obscurity while he believed it the surest way of aiding Dofrestom in his attempt to discharge the debts of his prodigal; and had left it when a quicker path to the same end was opened before him.

"Now we understand each other completely," said the Count, "*let us come to an amicable* compromise. I will let you have

your way, if you will let me have mine; this party-wall of salary and service shall be thrown down; but upon these conditions I take upon me to cancel this unfortunate young man's debts—not a word of opposition—and you shall never hear another sentence from me on the subject of income. The people who serve me with those fifty thousand trifles one wants every day for covering, convenience, &c. shall have my orders to receive yours; and all that you will then be forced to do with that horrible *monster Money*, will be to keep the purse I have just given you for accidental expenses. Now from this moment the subject is ended between us."

"O, my Lord!" exclaimed Theodore, "how am I to repress the gratitude, affection, enthusiasm, which ——respect feebly opposes the expression of so many feelings."

"Affection includes every thing that I want, Guevara," said the Count. "You must have the goodness to give me a memorandum of the young man's creditors, and to-morrow you may write and tell his father they are all silenced."

"You were born to be a sovereign, my Lord," exclaimed Theodore. A look of transport lightened from the face of the Count; Theodore had touched the master-spring of his soul. "Be those words prophetic!" he almost replied; but, abruptly checking himself, he squeezed his protegé's hand with a force that surprised while it flattered him.

Lauvenheilm recovered from his strong emotion with a winning smile. "You forget," he said, "that I am only paying my own debts and those of the prince, for two weeks of lavish hospitality and unwearied attention. Although that good man at Aardal refused accepting any equivalent when we left him, I came away determined to find out some mode of obliging him in return."

The Count had not, however, quitted Aardal without liberally rewarding the small household of Dofrestom; and the Prince, at his suggestion, had left in his apartment a small purse of gold ducats, addressed to Catherine.

Theodore was already provided with the list of Heinreich's creditors; Dofrestom's pains had much diminished the magnitude of their claims; and though the sum total was really great, to a man of Count Lauvenheilm's fortune it seemed a trifle. Having obtained the list, he bade Theodore farewell for the morning. Neither of them had once mentioned the Admiral or Stephanie; by the improper person with whom Heinreich had eloped, the Count understood who was meant; and he clearly saw, *by Theodore's fluctuating* color while he spoke of that person, *that he knew the* worthless protector had been his brother-in-law.

Theodore was no sooner left alone, than he hastened to communicate to his beloved friends at Aardal, not only the particulars of his present residence, but the details of this interesting morning; adding to such joyful communication the assurance that he would write the same to Heinreich, and make it his business to get the letter conveyed by some one that would deliver it himself.

"Perhaps (he thought) were poor Heinreich conscious that no claims exist against him, he might return. Surely it is impossible for him to continue long attached to so depraved a woman; the recollection of his dear old father must pierce him with remorse."

Having relieved his heart of its delightful weight of gratitude, by eloquently dwelling on the character of him who had thus loaded it with benefits, he turned, full of that sweet serenity which belongs to true happiness, to the execution, of his task for the day.

CHAPTER VII.

Theodore now felt the full advantage of former application. Having studied every language he had learned with critical accuracy, and perpetually exercised himself in writing as well as reading them, he was enabled to answer the letters of Englishmen, Germans, and Italians with the elegance of a native.

Where the subjects were purely intellectual, his pen flowed with the clearness and originality of his own ideas; and where they were mixed with other topics, the instructions of Count Lauvenheilm guided him on the novel track.

He foresaw that, in the exercise of this duty, and the privilege of sharing in the communications of such varied and distinguished correspondents, he should rapidly acquire that knowledge of other countries and characters which he knew to be so necessary for the accomplishment of his mind.

Having finished his gentle task, and left the packet of answers for the approbation or disapproval of the Count, he went to breathe the refreshing sea breeze in the open air, and afterwards returned to lose himself in the eloquence of Cicero.

He was sitting in the library absorbed by his book, when Countess Anastasia *entered. She* retreated a few steps at sight of a *stranger; then gracefully* recovering herself, bowed courteously

and proceeded to take the book she sought. Without speaking, and again bending her fair head, she left the apartment.

Theodore remained standing by the seat he had risen from on her entrance in a trance of admiration; he had thought her beautiful the night before; to-day she was something beyond what that term can express. Whether it were the clearer light of day making her charms more visible, or the simpler taste of her dress, or the benignant expression of her countenance, he knew not, but certainly she appeared more charming in his eyes than when he first saw her.

So bright a vision put sober study to flight; he closed his book, and again imagination roved over the scenes of the preceding evening.

The dinner hour arrived, and Count Lauvenheilm did not return. A servant came to inform Theodore that Madam Sauveur expected him in the drawing-room.

Polished female society was something quite new to him; he had lived chiefly amongst literary men during his first visit to Copenhagen, and from their parties women were generally excluded. At Aardal he saw only the daughters of herdsmen and fishers, and he was now going into the presence of the most accomplished women in Denmark.

A slight agitation, a sort of fear lest he sould display any gross ignorance of the forms of elegant life, for the first time quickened the motion of his blood. He was relieved by finding Madame Sauveur alone; her voluble good spirits set him directly at ease, and by the time his disturbed countenance had resumed its usual gentle seriousness, the sisters alternately entered.

Without considering the absurdity of the expectation, he expected to see Ellesif appear such as he had last beheld her, in the midst of agitation and tears; what was his surprise to behold her advance with the gaiety and the step of a nymph, her face all smiles, and her eyes all sunshine!

For the first few minutes he was disappointed, and thought she pleased him less than the night before: but the playful expressions of her face had so much variety and beauty, and so poetical an imagination was shown in the sportiveness of her conversation, that he was insensibly won to think her liveliness as delightful as her timidity had been touching.

The fair Anastasia preserved the character he had mentally assigned to her; a calm unvaried union of dignity and suavity. She spoke well, but her discourse was neither embellished by wit nor imagination; there was nothing in it to find fault with: no*thing to admire*. Ere the evening closed, Theodore began to *wonder how* the world had been so mistaken as to imagine Anas-

tasia more charming than her sister. More beautiful she certainly was, but not so lovely.

In one feature he thought the pre-eminence of Ellesif indisputable—the eyes. In this however he was mistaken; in shape and brightness each were equally admirable, but sensibility added intellectual charms to those of Ellesif. Though her hair was black, her eyes were blue (not the light azure of sunny day, but the deep blue of starry night); and the shade of their long lashes, without diminishing that expression of sweetness and candor peculiar to the light eye, frequently gave to them the force and splendor of black.

Her complexion had the transparency of water lilies, and if the color on her cheek were rather delicate than brilliant, whenever she moved, spoke, or even thought with strong emotion it heightened to the liveliest carnation.

The rest of her features were not so critically beautiful as her sister's, but they were in harmony with the youthful character of her countenance; and it was impossible to see her figure without being immediately interested by its singular air of timidity and animation.

To her father's grace and softness, Ellesif added a glow of character and a sincerity that just touched the verge of imprudence, yet both these qualities were less visible in her appearance than in her conduct. Her manner was timid when her countenance was most animated; that enthusiasm of feeling, which usually renders others bolder, made her more apprehensive. When she spoke of what deeply interested or strongly moved her, though her cheeks and eyes kindled as she spoke, her breath shortened, and her voice fluttered.

This contradiction of manner and look was the consequence of being early initiated in the world of fashion. She quickly saw the ridicule which that world attaches to every thing that passes its appointed boundaries; and she was conscious of such excessive sensibility and openness in her own character, that she lived in the constant fear of exposing herself to the ridicule she dreaded. Often conscious that her feelings were visible to every surrounding observer, when prudence or delicacy would have wished them concealed, she endeavoured, with bitter mortification, to repress their expression entirely. Often would she resolve never again to betray them; but at the next strong throb of admiration, contempt, gratitude, or resentment, ere she recollected her resolution, she perceived that it could no longer be useful, her heart having already spoken through her eyes or her cheek.

It was this mixture of timidity and ardor that first excited the attention, *and finally fixed the* thoughts of Theodore.

After dinner when party returned to the drawing-room each person established herself at different employments, with an ease evidently the growth of France, and at that time unknown to the slower inhabitants of the North. Anastasia, saying she took for granted Senor Guevara liked music, seated herself at her harpsichord; Ellesif began a drawing, and Madame Sauveur, after unsuccessfully asking Theodore to play with her at a variety of games, or to tell her fortune, took up the cards, and, talking all the time without receiving or caring for reply, amused herself with the solitary game of Patience.

At first Theodore felt a degree of restraint and embarrassment he was the only unemployed person, and, from the novelty of his situation, was perhaps the very one to whom some occupation was necessary. Anastasia's brilliant performance, he concluded, imposed silence; the sounds were discordant to his ear, as they recalled Heinreich; and he sought, therefore, to fly from the pain they caused, by zealously attending to the mystery of Madame Sauveur's game.

After looking over her attentively for some time, it remained as much a mystery as ever; and resigning himself to the melancholy reflections caused by the continuance of Anastasia's concerto, he stood leaning against a pillar, with his eyes fixed on her figure, though unconscious that it was before him.

Ellesif, who till now had believed him amused with Madame Sauveur's amusement, looked once or twice at him, with a newly awakened feeling of interest. His large dark eyes, till then as full of sweetness as of thought, were directed with so sad an expression towards Anastasia, that she distinctly perceived that expression proceeded from some source unconnected with her. The nobleness of his figure had pleased her on their first introduction, but he had spoken so little during dinner, that she could only guess at his mind. His present air of deep dejection awakened pity, and with pity, kindness.

"Are you fond of music, Senor Guevara?" she said. At the delightful sound of her voice, Theodore started round with a graceful glow of surprise. "No," he said hastily; then recollecting himself, added. "I mean I am neither a performer nor a judge of it."

"You draw then?" was the second remark. For the first time in his life he felt reluctant to own that he knew nothing of drawing either: "but I am a sincere admirer of that charming art," he added. "Come then," said Ellesif, "and have the goodness to prove you are indulgent to those who attempt it, by assisting me. Do you think you can cut these crayons for me?" *Theodore gladly* accepted the office. Ellesif went on with her

drawing after a few criticisms, while he pursued the task she had given him. Another silence ensued. "Here, then," thought Theodore, "am I placed in a situation where, for one half of each day, I shall be nothing! My only link of union with society is conversation, and how small a part can that occupy. I have none of these lighter and more portable accomplishments that form so agreeable a variety in domestic circles. Yet, as it is not my fault that I have them not, I am at least spared the pain of self-reproof."

"Our occupations must appear very frivolous to you," said Ellesif, in a low tone; my father has told me how much better you employ your time; so pray do not think that we never occupy ourselves with nobler things."

"You are very good," answered Theodore, "thus to depreciate what is charming, for the sake of reconciling me to my own deficiences."

Ellesif blushed and bowed, she rose from her seat, and taking a long morocco-case from another table, opened it upon that where she had been drawing. "As you like pictures, probably you will be interested by this collection of very scarce medals: they are heads of eminent persons."

Theodore was struck by the delicate observation of his irksome feelings which this act indicated. Ellesif thus glided from her solitary employment into one that would associate him with her; he no longer felt an isolated, useless being; and by degrees his countenance and his conversation became as animated, though not as sportive, as hers.

"I hope you have found something to amuse Senor Guevara with, besides my noisy lesson," asked Anastasia, turning her radiant face towards them. "I see Madame la Marquise has comfortably tucked herself up for the evening;" and in truth the weary Frenchwoman had laid aside her cards, and rolled herself in her shawl at full length upon one of the sofas.

"Indeed Madame la Marquise is not asleep," said she, looking up; "I am only resting myself; I saw nobody was inclined to talk. I walked twice round the globe this morning while you ladies were in bed, so I may be tired."

"Is not this something like the first bar of that pretty symphony they played last night before your scene?" asked Anastasia, striking a few beautiful chords.

"O! for heaven's sake," interrupted Ellesif, "dearest Anastasia, do not recall that hateful business. I shall never think of it without shame, mortification ——"

Theodore's speaking eyes just then raised to her's, redoubled her confusion. "*Surely*, Senor Guevara, ——" she hesitated

"I really fear, by your looks, that you know what I mean. Ah! I see you were present."

Theodore could not deny that he had been there. Ellesif closed the case of medals, and, completely subdued by the recollection of her supposed childishness, became again the bashful, agitated creature that had at first interested him.

Theodore would have argued her, and Madame Sauveur scolded her out of such excessive sensibility to a trifle; but ever in the habit of magnifying her own faults, the phantoms of Ellesif's imagination would yield no obedience to the reason of another.

Anastasia was brought from her instrument by the distressed tones of her sister. She appeared sincerely sorry for Ellesif's distress, but agreed with Theodore in pronouncing it extravagant and causeless. "Had it happened to me, my dear Ellesif," she said, "I should have cared for it just as little as if I had played wrong at cards; and who would weep about that? You must know, Senor Guevara, that this foolish sister of mine is all made up of nerves, and that it is her body's fault when she is as silly as you see her just now."

As Anastasia laid her beautiful hand on the throbbing neck of Ellesif, with the good-humored expression of "Be still, silly heart!" Theodore thought the kind smile which accompanied the action was worth all her beauty.

"Well! I believe I should not have been so distressed had it happened any where else," said Ellesif, "but before all the court; before Baron Vesteros too! for I know he was there: but pray let us say no more about it. Senor Guevara, can you play chess?"

How rejoiced was Theodore that he could answer that emphatic *can* in the affirmative! The chess-board was displayed, and they set down to it. Anastasia proceeded in the embroidery of a scarf, and Madame Sauveur, finding her second resurrection as fruitless as her first, again rolled herself in her shawl, and tried to sleep.

During the course of their games, Ellesif recovered some vivacity; but Theodore became more thoughtful. When she thought he was deeply considering a move, he was in truth pondering upon the folly of judging characters by a single trait. He had imagined, from the circumstances of the preceding night, that Ellesif had an excessive sensibility to general opinion; and that timidity formed as striking a peculiarity of her mind as of her person. What she had just said to her sister suggested other ideas.

This Baron Vesteros was perhaps the only person present *whose* opinion was of any consequence to her: most likely she

was to marry him. Yet, if so, the mention of him before a stranger had something in it so revolting to his pre-conceived notion of her delicacy, that his manner visibly changed, and he played without speaking.

How unconscious was poor Ellesif of the effect of her unguarded, unexplained speech! Baron Vesteros was the most poignant satirist of the day; and she never considered that his name and his power might be unknown to Theodore.

Their game was just finished in favor of Ellesif, when a couple of notes were bought from Count Lauvenheilm. The one addressed to his daughters was to tell them that he would not be at the villa till the next day; and that to Theodore was to request he would send the packet of letters he had left him in charge to write. Some part of the note required an answer; and glad to be relieved from his present situation, Theodore seized the opportunity, and took leave of the ladies for the night.

As he left the room, Madam Sauveur started half up, and remained leaning on her elbow in a listening attitude, till the sound of his steps was no longer audible. "Well! now he is fairly gone," she said, "tell me what you think of the Count's protege and prodigy? O! mon Dieu, what a gene he has been all this evening! I mentioned every game on the cards, and not one did he know: then I tried him at a rebus; for one must do something to amuse folks that won't amuse themselves; and he literally did not comprehend me—he had never heard one in his life. The pauvre Bete! Ah, mon Dieu! who could have imagined such barbarism! and this is the clever person your father sounded such a trumpet before! this is the cub we are to lick into a bear! a bear indeed! Ah, mon Dieu!"

Here the lively Frenchwoman threw herself back on the couch, and laughed immoderately; returning again to her unanswered question of "What do you think of him?"

"I don't think much of him," replied Anastasia; "he seems civil and stupid enough, and very inoffensive."

At this phrase the Marquise laughed again, exclaiming, "Yes, quite harmless; the Count has taken good care of our hearts." It must be remembered, that Madame Sauveur was a widow of nine-and-thirty.

"Don't be too sure of that, Madame, Sauveur," said Ellesif, archly, "he has your favorite's charms, *grands yeux noir*, and *un long regard*."

"Yes, indeed, that is very provoking," quickly interrupted the Marquise "to see such a pair of fine eyes thrown away?—the young man is handsome, positively; but so unlike a Frenchman."

"So unlike, indeed!" repeated Ellesif, answering Madame Sauveur's shrug of the shoulders with a smile.

"I am sure you must have suffered martyrdom in trying to entertain him," observed Madame, "I saw it was all up-hill work, so I withdrew my forces, and *bivouacked* on the sofa."

"Indeed I found him very agreeable," replied Ellesif; "certainly not much like every-day-men. I guessed he could not talk about the *on dit* of the day, for could you or I do so at Pekin? But he conversed very intelligently; sometimes profoundly, and sometimes with a playful grace that reminded me of my father."

At this remark, not only Madame la Marquise but Countess Anastasia burst into repeated peals of laughter. To compare this Norwegian savage, this walking book-case, this curiosity, this handsome automaton, with such a person as Count Lauvenheilm! Ellesif required some courage, and as much indifference about Theodore, to stand their joint attack; she was, however, cheerfully resolute, and defended her opinion by citing two or three elegant observations of Theodore's, which obliged her opponents to allow that he was not so leaden as he looked.

"And what your quarrel is with his looks," she added, "I cannot imagine. It seems to me that no one can deny his being extremely handsome. He is evidently unused to female society, therefore embarrassed by it, and that takes something from the gracefulness of his air."

"O! I confess *son abord* is quite what it ought to be," said Madame; "perhaps he may improve; at any rate he won't run us down with small-talk. I have such an aversion to great talkers! but then there is a medium you know! one may be very agreeable without being as stupid as an owl."

"I should think so," observed Ellesif.

"To say the truth," said Anastasia, carelessly, I think the young man vastly well suited for our house. My father says he is every thing he wants; and for our circle, it is better such a person should not come too forward. He seems respectful and modest; that is all we care about in my father's secretary."

"Not exactly so, Anastasia," replied Ellesif: "you must remember that my father thinks his great acquirements give him a right to high consideration:—he does not treat him, or consider him, as secretaries usually are treated and considered. He wishes him to be actually like one of the family, if the poor fellow is not to suffer the mortification of frequent slights from our acquaintance, we must give him the consequence he deserves, by showing him proper attention before them."

Anastasia agreed with her; while Madame Sauveur observed,

that Countess Ellesif was the universal champion of all the old, ugly, awkward, and unfortunate.

The lively Frenchwomen then flew off to another subject; and Theodore's *grands yeux noir*, and complete barbarism, were soon forgotten in a dispute with Anastasia about the hypocrisy or sincerity of Madame de Maintenon's extreme devotion.

Attracted as Theodore was, by the charming manners and liberal sentiments of Ellesif, and powerful as was his desire for the society of that sex who are said to polish man, it was yet so strange and embarrassing to him, that he gladly relinquished it the next morning for the Count and Copenhagen.

He left the villa very early, after a solitary breakfast, and proceeded to the town-house of his patron. Full of the preceding evening's restraint, Theodore felt restored to himself at sight of the Count; that gracious countenance was like the sight of home. "I have so much for you to do, Guevara," said he, "so much to do myself, that I have only time to ask if Madame Sauveur and my daughters took care of you yesterday. I have all these papers for you to copy, and some more letters for you to write from these memorandums. What you did yesterday are just what I wished; this only excepted; you mistook my sense a little, but I had not explained myself sufficiently. You will have the goodness to re-write it according to the alterations I have penciled on the margin. In consequence of despatches from our minister at London, some important business will occupy us to a late hour to-day. I fear this hurry is not what you are used to."

"Certainly not, my lord," replied Theodore, "but I have a mind that is not easily tired; and it is my greatest pleasure to be with you, to be employed by you."

The Count's answer was an amiable smile. He then proceeded to give Theodore instructions in a more regular manner, and, leaving him employment for the whole day, with orders to take his meals without thinking of him, departed for the council.

The day though passed alone, had not the effect of solitude; so many interesting state-papers were transcribed by Theodore, so many able remarks were written by the pencil of the Count as marginal notes, that his mind was thronged with animating ideas. The welfare of a great kingdom thus placed before his eyes, he felt that less powerful interests could not wrest him from so noble a study. If he were ever to be any thing in life, be decided that it must be in this career.

At a late hour after his short dinner, Count Lauvenheilm returned. He looked over Theodore's transcriptions, and again expressed complete satisfaction with their correctness. "We are now released," he said, "and may take our holiday. Some

129310B

friends sup with me in the country to-night, and I think their agreeable society will recompense us both for this long day of drudgery. I expect one of my brothers-in-law will call for us."

The next moment the servant announced the carriage of the high admiral.

At that name Theodore's countenance changed; it had put to flight every agreeable idea excited by the unusual animation of Count Lauvenheilm. Theodore had expected an evening of unmixed pleasure under the shelter of his watchful politeness: secure of indulgence and support from him, he had hoped to throw off the unmanly embarrassment that had distressed him the preceding night, and to meet the social joy of others upon something like equal terms. But this unwelcome visitor rose like the spector of a crime, to wither all his enjoyments.

Heinreich's profligacy, and Dofrestom's paternal disappointment, were so closely associated with this man's name, that only the habit of hearing it often was likely to weaken its effect.

When the gentlemen got down stairs they found the admiral in the hall, waiting for them. Count Lauvenheilm presented Theodore, adding some handsome expression of the esteem with which he considered him. The admiral bowed coldly. He was a person of middle age, and had the air of a man *a bonnes fortunes*. By the different mode of his address to the Count and to himself, Theodore at once saw that he was never to expect any thing but repelling civility from him.

Familiarly free, even to excess, with his equals, Count Gulderlieu was the haughtiest of men to his inferiors. He talked profusely during their drive, and solely to his brother-in-law, leaving Theodore ample leisure to muse over the painful events connected with his idea.

These thoughts, and others in their train, had so entirely subdued the raised spirits of Theodore that when he alighted at the villa, and went to make some alteration in his dress, he wished that he could have absented himself from the gay party below.

The visitors expected by the Count had nearly all arrived before him, so that on Theodore's appearance amongst them twenty persons were assembled. In the first apartment, half the party were engaged at cards or in conversation, while those in the inner room were occupied with music.

The cheerful sounds proceeding thence were peculiarly discordant to Theodore in his present mood; but as Count Lauvenheilm was not in the first chamber, he was obliged to seek him in the second.

A little groupe of ladies and gentlemen, including the Count, were round Anastasia at her harpsichord; in a full flush of beauty, heightening every moment by the audible admiration of those

around, she sat, the idol of the circle. Theodore looked about for Ellesif; he saw her at a distance, laughing and talking with a man twice her age, from whose favorable resemblance to the Admiral, he judged him to be the elder Count Gulderlieu. The instant she saw Guevara hesitating between the entrance of the two apartments, she came forward, and asked him some trivial question in a manner that showed she took an interest in his pensive looks. He answered her question by something more than a reply; an amusing remark of her's followed; and by degrees she won him from his melancholy.

Theodore was surprised to find himself more at ease in this large circle than he had been in the narrow one of the last night. Ellesif proposed his introduction to Anastasia's uncle; and leading him towards that part of the room where the Viceroy stood, she presented Senor Guevara as her father's friend. Madame Sauveur joined them. While the set round the instrument were tossing over music-books, and settling the different parts they were to take in the next duet or trio, they formed an agreeable party *quarre*.

By the time the performers had made their selection, and a new piece beginning, called for silent attention, Madame Sauveur was volubly telling herself, that she had really been mistaken in the young secretary, for that he was not only the handsomest man in the room, but surprisingly agreeable;—in short, she began to think he was not *quite* unlike a Frenchman.

In truth Theodore felt instant exhilaration, and a pleasure unknown before, at the sight of Ellesif; her delightful spirits were contagious; he was pleased with the courteous manners of the Viceroy; and entertained beyond measure with the novelty of that picquant yet elegant raillery, that sportive attack and defence which he heard from Ellesif and the persons round, and which is rarely ventured in less polished society.

At the conclusion of the second piece of music, Anastasia rose, and taking another lady by the arm, went into the card room, followed by her train of adorers.

Count Lauvenheilm joined his youngest daughter. The last touches of graceful wit were left for him to bestow on the conversation. Animated by private occurrences, and full of proud hopes, the Count never appeared to more advantage. Theodore followed the elegant play of his mind with an admiration and delight visible to every one. He ceased to speak, that he might listen to his noble friend; but his countenance discoursed so eloquently, that no one could remember he had not spoken.

Ellesif saw this admiration of her father; and many a bright beam from her eye answered the speaking glance of Theodore.

In the *midst of their* sallies the Admiral entered; as he ad-

vanced towards the groupe, Theodore receded; Ellesif saw his countenance change; she attributed it to Count Gulderlieu's haughty character, and gradually sliding out of the circle, with a feeling purely benevolent, passed close by Theodore. "I am going to try a Norwegian ballad," she said; "will you listen to me, (though I see you don't like music,) and tell me whether I sing it right."

Theodore bowed and followed. Ellesif sung as sweetly as she spoke, and Theodore excused the pleasure he found in listening to her, by attributing it to the national air which revived the idea of dear and romantic Norway.

When she had finished, his only eulogium was a request that she would sing it again. Ellesif immediately consented; and as she now and then looked towards him, and met his eyes, their expression deepened the interest his manners had already caused in her. She could have fancied those eyes were surcharged with tears; they were indeed heavy with tender and sad remembrances.

"It is impolitic in me thus to remind you of Norway," she said, pausing on the instrument, "when we wish you so much to like Denmark."

Theodore struggled to overcome a sigh with a smile, as he replied to the amiable compliment.—"That air does indeed remind me of Norway, of my old father, of,"—— he was going to say Heinreich; but checking himself, he hastily added, "I used to hear that air so often sung by one of my family, that it makes home present to me."

"Then whenever you wish to be transported there, you know where to command the wand that is to do so," said Ellesif, sportively. Theodore's eyes audibly told her how amiable she appeared to him.

At that moment one of the gentlemen who had left the room with Anastasia, came back alone, and went up to a window with the disordered air of a person unmindful of what he does. "How I pity that poor man!" said Ellesif; "I dare say my sister has just said or done some civil thing to somebody else, and he has taken it for a declaration against himself."

"The Russian ambassador's son, is it not?"

"Yes; it was he that acted with Anastasia. He is so in love, and so jealous, and so to be pitied!" Ellesif's pitying eyes were for a moment directed towards him: "yet, after all, my sister is the most to be pitied, for causing so much suffering."

"I have been told," observed Theodore, smiling, "that ladies enjoy their power of giving pain."

"Indeed my sister does not: and if she should ever love any one, and fail to excite the same sentiment in return, all this useless power will then be remembered by her but as an aggravation

of disappointment; but for Anastasia so to love is impossible."

"I fear not impossible," replied Theodore; "I should think there are hearts whom nothing could charm but sympathy, or some peculiar feature of character; and it is just possible that Countess Anastasia might not have that feature of the mind."

"Oh, do not think it possible," cried Ellesif; "she would have reason to hate her worthless beauty."

"And do you think," asked Theodore, "that Countess Anastasia would exchange her exquisite beauty for an humbler appearance, if that only could be coupled with the quality which was to engage one favored individual?"

"Can you doubt it, Senor? Surely a woman would wish to please the person dearest to her, even though she could only do it by growing hideous to all the world beside."

Ellesif's glowing countenance, alternately animated and fearful, bore testimony to the sensibility that prompted this remark. Theodore was going to reply, when Count Lauvenheilm joined them.

He rallied his daughter upon the necessity she had been under of asking herself to sing at last, after having in the beginning of the evening complained of a cold, and silenced her friend's applications. "I would not have had your arch enemy, Baron Vesteros, here," said he, as bidding them come to supper, he led the way to the eating-hall.

Theodore had been thinking of Baron Vesteros at the moment the Count joined them, and by unconsciously repeating "your enemy!" immediately obtained from Ellesif a full account of the wit in question. This account effaced the disagreeable remembrance of what he had imagined indelicacy in Ellesif.

The supper, enlivened by elegant mirth, was pleasant to every one but Theodore. He had got seated at a distance from her who showed such benevolent care of his comfort; and as the Count never ate supper, but stood talking with two or three persons at a distance, his young friend had no one near him with whom he cared to converse.

The boisterous merriment of the Admiral, and his gross compliments to the ladies, excused Theodore to himself for a sudden depression of spirits; and maugre the repeated calls upon his attention which the lively Madame Sauveur made across the table, he became sadly and seriously silent.

Ellesif was so taken up with endeavoring to enliven her sister's sullen humor, that she had no time to address Theodore; the first sign of animation that appeared on his face was occasioned by the direction of one of her bright eye-beams towards him.

They were still at table, when a servant informed Count

Lauvenheilm that a foreign gentleman wished to see him in private. The Count went out, and returned in a few minutes, with a spirited-looking young man, in a traveling dress.

"I bring you an old playfellow," he said, addressing his daughters, "the Chevalier de Roye."

"Gaston!" exclaimed Ellesif, springing from table, "what, in Heaven's name, brings you at last to Denmark?"

"*A truant disposition, good my lady*?" repeated the young man. "Ellesif, I know by her voice: but how grown! *Angels and ministers of grace defend me!*" he added, gaily, "defend me from that blaze of beauty at the other end of the room. Good my lord, do you keep no shields in your house for honest men's hearts? Sir, will you do me the favor of standing between me and that fair piece of mischief. I see she has unsheathed her eyes, and is making towards me with the most deadly intentions."

Theodore, to whom this was addressed, scarcely knew whether the speaker were or were not in his senses; but the ready laugh of Ellesif assured him the Chevalier was one of those happy people who are at home every where, and are privileged to play whatever fantastic tricks they please. He smiled, therefore, as he replied "I can assure you, Sir, I have not been dipped in the Styx."

The Chevalier nodded to him, while advancing to meet Anastasia. "You and I will be vastly good friends presently, Sir."

"He takes you for as facetious a person as himself," observed the Count.

"The Chevalier is exactly what he was in our play-days," said Ellesif; "we were children together in England, Senor Guevara, and have kept up the family intimacy by constant correspondence."

"In England!" repeated Theodore. "Is not the Chevalier a Frenchman?"

Count Lauvenheilm explained. "He is grandson of that Count and Countess de Roye, who took shelter in this country from religious persecution in their own. They were exceedingly liked by our late King, and probably would have been naturalized here, but for an unlucky jest of the Countess's; she was imprudent enough to compare the person of the Queen to that of one Madame Ponache, a sort of fool at the court of Paris, and that jest lost them the protection of their Majesties."

"The Chevalier appears to inherit his grandmother's character," observed Theodore, as he caught some of his conversation with Anastasia.

"Indeed he does," replied the Count; "but, I hope, tempered with English prudence, for he has British blood in his veins. *When the Count* and Countess de Roye left Denmark, they went

with their numerous family to England; our Prince George was then married to Anne, the present Queen, and the Countess's brother, the Marquis de Blanquefort, who had followed the fortunes of Charles II., was high in power, and already created Earl of Feversham by the immortal William III. Some of their children have returned since to France; others have settled in England. Count de Marton, the father of yon laugher, was once very near reaching an Irish peerage; the warrant was actually made out, but king William died before it was signed, and the coronet vanished."

"My dear Sir," cried Anastasia, calling to her father, "have the goodness to take this unmerciful Chevalier off my hands; he is talking me to death."

Count Lauvenheilm saw that his daughter was distressed by the half serious, half bantering compliments De Roye was loudly addressing to her; and he was advancing to her support, when Ellesif, gaily beckoning the Chevalier, told him she hoped he had not the effrontery to think of sitting down to supper amongst such well-dressed people in his present traveling dress.

"I have supped; so I perceive has Senor Guevara; and my father never takes any. Suppose we leave the party at table to themselves, and return into the saloon, for a little quiet talk about England?"

The Chevalier signified obedience, by familiarly drawing her arm through his, and proceeding to the sitting-rooms.

Theodore, so invited, followed with the Count.

"Who is that behind us?" asked De Roye.

"A young Spaniard," replied Ellesif, "of whom my father has the highest opinion; he is literally his confidential secretary. Having passed his whole life in study, it is necessary to draw him out; but I am sure you will find his mind well worth the trouble of doing so."

"No, no, if that's his character," answered De Roye, "I would advise folks never to raise the curtain. Nothing can be a better scheme for a stupid, good-looking fellow, than to affect the silent and reserved. Imagination makes what it likes of him, and peoples his mysterious shades with goblins or gods at will. But I think he was a little smart just now; I liked that 'taste of his quality' very well."

"Chevalier," said the Count, when they were all seated in the first saloon, "let me ask what you are come about? I hope to pay your long-promised visit to us."

"That of course," replied De Roye; "but my inducements were threefold; first, to see perfect beauty, (the Count bowed for *Anastasia, and Ellesif* thanked him with a smile that made

her in Theodore's eyes lovelier than the sister thus admired;) second, to go the summer fair; third, to repay Ellesif for many a good box of the ear, she used to give me some eight, nine, ten years ago! I am not come in search of a wife, Count, I assure you; so don't be alarmed for your daughters; we are too *brotherish* and *sisterish* for love."

"Oh, barbarian!" exclaimed Ellesif, in the same lively tone, with the action of stabbing herself. De Roye laughed.

"Perhaps we are to understand from this," rejoined the Count, "that your heart is destined for an English lady,"

"No, I shall never marry an English woman."

"That never is strongly said," observed Theodore; "it implies a censure upon the women of a nation who I thought were celebrated for beauty and merit."

"Why, Sir, you must know," returned the Chevalier, "that in England there is in every family a beauty and an angel; the one perfection in body, the other, in character. 'Tis the Father's delight to puff off the first, and the managing mother's to amplify about the second. Both ladies, of course, set themselves down for miracles in their different branches: so the careful man who denies himself the beauty for fear of marrying a tyrant, finds his angel every whit as detestable."

"Then there never is by chance such a thing as a third daughter, neither very pretty, nor very good?"

The composure with which Theodore said this, surprised the Chevalier into calling out, "Faith, Ellesif, that is not stupid."

The manner of De Roye gave this an air of question; it implied that Ellesif had bestowed that epithet on Theodore; who feeling now more pained for her than mortified for himself (deep as was his mortification), turned towards a table covered with ornamental china, as if he had not heard the Chevalier.

Count Lauvenheilm's severe glance brought additional crimson to Ellesif's cheek; with her usual hasty frankness she exclaimed, "Indeed, my dear father; I never called Senor Guevara stupid! How could I call him so! so agreeable, so very agreeable as he was the other night, Senor Guevara indeed—"

Theodore turned his glowing face towards them. "Had you said so, Countess Ellesif, it would have been a truth, and I should not have taken it ill."

"O my foolish girl," cried the Count, seeing her all blushes, "how this precipitation of yours gets you into scrapes! I wish you had not spoken."

"Pray let me be *spoker* for a moment," cried De Roye elevating his voice. "I am the culprit. I asked Ellesif who that stupid *man was behind* us; Ellesif said so and so; and I replied so and

so (here the Chevalier repeated their dialogue); and when the Senor made an apt observation, I made that remark to her, which I should have made to myself. This is my last dying speech and confession, gentlemen, so you must acquit my supposed accomplice."

"It would be adding to all this," said Theodore, "were I to express how much I am distressed to see so much made of a trifle. Yet I ought to thank you, Sir, for giving me an opportunity of knowing that I am so indulgently considered by Countess Ellesif."

The ever ready tear and blush of Ellesif accompanied the enchanting smile with which she bowed to him, and extended her hand. Theodore scarcely ventured to touch that hand, but the expression of those dewy eyes fixed their memory in his heart forever.

"I promise to make this up to you, some day or other," said De Roye, gaily; "nay, if you turn out duller than the fat weed on Lethe's brink, that rots itself with motion, I will swear you are the most agreeable person extant: and I can assure you that my sufferage is of some consequence."

"If modesty be the infallible sign of excellence," rejoined Ellesif, "I fear, Chavalier, Senor Guevara will not be greatly tempted to cultivate your acquaintance."

"That happy *if*," exclaimed De Roye; "in truth, I consider myself a charming mixture of the vain Frenchman and the proud English. But Ellesif, if you call me Chevalier again, and not Gaston, I shall suspect you have designs upon me, not in the least of a *sisterish* nature, and shall provide for my safety accordingly. Here comes that bright apparition once more! By all that is heavenly, it is worth a pilgrimage, barefoot, round the world, only to catch a glimpse of her departing steps!"

Anastasia, as she entered, moved towards one of the glass doors opening on the park, and, complaining of the heated room, had it thrown open by a crowd of contending hands. A robe of purple crape, bound with a zone of diamonds, confined her majestic shape; a coronet of the same glittering gems was on her head; fatigued with its weight, she took it off, and gave it to one of her noble attendants. The action disturbed her fine hair, which now fell in soft redundance over her figure; part of those long tresses she threw aside, and the moon then shone upon her forehead.

Its whiteness and exquisite form, the heightened color of her cheek, and the momentary expression of her large auburn eyes now raised to the planet of night, gave her a celestial appearance. "How can any one say that beauty loses its effect by familiarity?" whispered *Ellesif*; "*I have passed my life with Anastasia, and every time I look on her, I do it with the same delight.*"

"I am sure you do," said Theodore. Count Lauvenheilm had joined his eldest daughter; De Roye was looking at her with unequivocal yet calm admiration.

"All those charms were in the bud, when she was in England, Ellesif," said he; "and you were a dear entertaining little girl; and one never had time to think whether you were pretty or not; but you have turned out vastly well; your beauty has teeth and claws, as well as Anastasia's and I suspect, does a good deal of mischief in a sly way."

"I cannot admire your figures of speech, Gaston (though I thank you for your compliment); and I see Senor Guevara admires them as little."

"Ah, Senor, my good Senor!" exclaimed the absurdly gay De Roye, "get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle! Pray tell me what *you* think of Countess Anastasia?"

"Am I to answer your ridiculous quotation," asked Theodore, laughing, "or reply to your last question?"—"To my last."—"Then I was just thinking," resumed Theodore, "That Helen must have been like Countess Anastasia."

"Now I was thinking her like Pelop's ivory shoulder; of divine workmanship, but not of flesh and blood." The lively Chevalier then abruptly asked Ellesif if her sister were any thing else than an *ivory shoulder*; if she had talents? Ellesif was eloquent in the description of her accomplishments.

"I rejoice to hear it," exclaimed De Roye, "for I live on sweet sounds."

"Then of course, Gaston, *you* play on some instrument?"

"I am reckoned incomparable at playing the fool."

"I perceive your excellence; but let me tell you, that if played agreeably and in *good time*, the *fool* gives brilliancy to the graver harmonies of life. You sing?"

"So movingly, that the heavens weep; you know it always rains when the ass brays."

"Pshaw!—then you draw?"

"Yes,—myself out of scrapes."

"Tiresome jester! You make verses then."

"Once only I hazarded an impromptu, and addressed it to a lady present, but she leveled such a frown, that my muse has limped ever since. The verses were nevertheless worthy of Sappho. You shall hear;—

"If those eyes
"Don't tell lies,
"Then, by Jove,
"Tis me you love!"

Theodore was as much amused as surprised by the perfect ease with which the Chevalier sung this absurdity; without showing any embarrassment either at the silence of the whole company when he began to sing, or their burst of laughter when he had finished, he sprung across the room to Anastasia, leaving Theodore and Ellesif to themselves. Anxious to efface every trace of De Roye's unlucky exclamation, Ellesif remained, leaning against the same cabinet with Theodore, conversing less gaily, but far more interestingly than before.

From speaking of the customs of England, she was insensibly brought to mention their authors; that led to the literature of other countries. Theodore listened with pleased surprise; he saw her lovely, he expected to find her mind graceful, and her heart amiable; but he was not prepared for so much information, reflection, and originality of thought.

A natural love of reading, joined to the important advantage of having lived in the best society from her very infancy, had given to Ellesif at eighteen the ripeness of mind peculiar to middle age; this depth of feeling and of reflection, when graced by the lighter charms of youthful gaiety and a poetical imagination, formed a character exactly calculated to attract Theodore.

The Augustan age of England, rather than the gorgeous one of France, had visibly left its print on her mind; she described with inimitable skill the graces of Parisian society; but on the details of English society, where the highest intellectual powers were generally coupled with the purest morals, she dwelt with peculiar satisfaction. She was a child when she lived in England, but a child of uncommon quickness of observation and of feeling; and the discourses she could not join in she had listened to with awful attention.

So delightful was this *tete-a-tete* in a crowd, that Theodore was grieved to see the Viceroy approach to take leave; his departure broke up the party; and in a few minutes after the rooms were cleared, and all the inhabitants of the house were gone to their separate apartments.

CHAPTER VIII.

Upon entering his chamber, Theodore saw a letter directed to himself, lying upon his writing-table; he opened it, and found it to be merely an envelope, containing the receipts of Heinreich's creditors.

Here then, was the path of reformation and peace again opened to Heinreich; here was a silencer for all Dofrestom's cares; here was a pledge of Count Lauvenheilm's esteem and solid worth. Theodore's gratitude did not stop at the delicate generosity of a man it was such delight to venerate; he looked up to that gracious Providence who had willed these events; and, penetrated with pious sentiments, sat down to write to Aardal and to Heinreich.

The remembrance of the bitter past was now sweetened by hopes for the future; and he retired to bed, though his heart was too happily agitated for sleep. Alternately the voices of Ellesif and of her father vibrated on his ears; alternately he repeated every kind expression they had addressed to him, and continued to think of them till their images could no longer be separated in his mind.

At his next visit to Mr. Coperstad, his letter to Heinreich was forwarded by a gentleman going to Dresden; and that letter despatched, Theodore's perturbed feelings settled into delightful serenity.

Familiarity with the manners and customs of the society in which he lived, soon gave him a facility in adopting such as reason approved, and the courage of refusing what she condemned. That habit of observation which was natural to him, enabled him to discover the minutest of those usages that are almost mechanical in good company; tact and taste gave him the finest polish of politeness; of that superior politeness which flows from benevolence, and has for its maxim never uselessly to utter a disagreeable truth, never to exalt itself at the expense of another.

When the embarrassment of his first feelings subsided, his character took that ascendancy over others, which it was destined to maintain; respect accompanied the affection he excited; and even Madame Sauveur soon began to stand more in awe of a quiet look of disapprobation from Senor Guevara, than of Baron Vesteros's wit.

The consideration with which Theodore was uniformly treated by Count Lauvenheilm's family, and the notice of the hereditary Prince of——, when chance brought them into the same circle, ensured him the countenance of persons naturally less affable; he therefore mixed with all parties at his patron's villa, and with many at other distinguished houses, without being recalled by one mortification to a sense of dependence. But wherever he went, unless he saw there the countenance now most dear to him, every pleasure was insipid; he thought all power of delighting was centered in the circle round Count Lauvenheilm.

Perhaps he was right; the untraveled nobility of the north were *not at that time* what they may be now. Those only who had

lived at the courts of Paris and of Dresden knew how to embellish social life; to provide for the amusement of their guests without losing their own freedom; to be familiar without coarseness; and discreet, with the air of perfect *epanchement de cœur*.

Discretion that prime virtue of artificial life, when dressed by the graces, becomes as agreeable as she is useful; when left to her own undecorated lifelessness, she freezes affection and piques self-love.

Count Lauvenheilm's circle being chiefly composed of the members of foreign embassies and traveled Danes, acquired from their majority over the duller part of it, a decided animation. The same persons that would have been stupid and cold at their own houses became otherwise in his; they saw nothing but life, and ease, and elegance around them; and it was impossible to be near such qualities without catching something of their spirit.

To be invited to the suppers of Count Lauvenheilm was the aim of all who either madly rushed upon the destruction of Anastasia's eyes, or sought to participate in the enjoyment of intellectual pleasures; only a chosen few were ever admitted; the rest took their chance in morning calls and great entertainments, at distant intervals.

Unlike most beauties, Anastasia did not wish the circle of her daily worshipers widened; she neither shunned nor sought admiration; it was a tribute she expected from every one; and though she believed herself the most finished work of nature, she neither exulted in the idea, nor courted opportunities of seeing it proved. Her crowd of admirers were more frequently refused admittance than welcomed during her morning avocations. This indifference to admiration tended to animate its expression; and wherever she appeared in the public walks, or at court festivals, crowds followed crowds, and every voice murmured transport. Theodore was struck with such disregard of power; it was still further developed during their visit to the summer fair that had immediately followed Gaston de Roye's arrival.

At this fair, towards the end of July, all Copenhagen is transported to the beautiful park where it is held. Under the shade of verdant trees or of painted awnings, groupes are seen partaking the social meal, or joining the seducing waltz. Music and mirth echo from every grove, crowds assemble to drink the famed waters of St. Helen's spring, while here and there a contemplative individual may be observed wandering alone through far-off walks.

At the name of Countess Anastasia, the whole mass of people precipitated themselves upon her path. Admiration was emboldened by the number of its adherents; nothing was to be heard but bursts *of transport*, and ardent entreaties that she would

throw off her veil. "Oblige them Anastasia," said her father, gently pulling aside the envious shade.

They had ascended the mount of the hermitage; Anastasia stood for a few moments to gratify the crowd below, then gracefully curtseying, retired calmly into the little building. Soon afterwards she obtained leave to depart; and she went, in defiance of Gaston de Roye's arguments, who wound up many whimsical reasons for her stay by a favorite quotation;

"Beauty is nature's brag, and should be seen
At pomps, and feasts, and high solemnities;
It is for homely features to keep home;
They had their name thence."

Theodore respected her for this disregard of personal homage, yet he could not help ascribing it to the general indifference which marked her manner. Nothing affected her strongly; even ambition her only passion, seemed in her heart to change its nature, and to become a lukewarm feeling. This deadness of character was so discordant with her glow of beauty, that in the very centre of her adorers, Theodore secretly believed it impossible for any one to love her tenderly and steadily.

How different did Ellesif appear? In the careless hours of domestic intercourse, how many beauties of character were unconsciously displayed by her! The heart may seek to conceal itself from the outward world, but in the sanctuary of home it takes refuge from constraint, leaving its excellence, or its depravity, its charms or its defects, to the observation of others. A multitude of little circumstances, that we can neither foresee nor avert, daily make discoveries of our principles and actions to those that surround us; and happy is the individual whose conduct will always bear this microscope of home.

Theodore became gradually acquainted with the excellence of Ellesif; his judgment dwelt with satisfaction on that excellence; his taste hung delighted on her graces, and his heart breathing the same affections and virtues as her's, soon lost itself in dangerous, resistless sympathy.

He saw that every thing she did had a warmth, an earnestness in it, which gave an impulse to the benevolence of others. Anastasia was ever ready with her purse to relieve or to oblige; but Ellesif, with her purse, bestowed her time, her thoughts, her very heart, till she had served or saved. Her benevolence stopped not at great exertions; like Theodore's, it was ever watchful to ward off those unseen wounds which are often given to dependence, infirmity, or sorrow, by carelessness and malignity. For every *doubtful action* she had the kindest conjecture to offer; for every

culpable one, some extenuation; she might have passed for a disciple of that ancient worthy, who said, "he that habituates himself to hate vice, will soon hate mankind."

Pity was the only sentiment Ellesif could feel for erring humanity.

Having loved her mother tenderly, her death had given the first check to a vivacity that till then was excessive. Her father she nearly worshiped; and her sister possessed as much of her heart as such a sister could win, how much was left for some other person!

That other she had not seen when Theodore first appeared at the villa. Ellesif had already been the object of more than one profound attachment; and frequently Anastasia's adorers had ended in becoming her lovers; but with all her excess of softness and of pity, she had never felt a momentary weakness in favor of any man.

She saw Theodore, and she admired him; she knew him, and she longed to gain his esteem. The unvarying integrity of his character was a subject of constant admiration to her, who had so often to turn away her eyes from the temporary degradations of men otherwise estimable. His gentler qualities won her affection; his acquirements commanded her respect. She sought his conversation with an eagerness, she took no trouble to hide, believing that her excuse was manifest in his endowments.

In their accidental *tete-a-tetes* she was not so much surprised by the novelty and boldness of his ideas, as by their perpetual beauty and justness. Even had a better principle been wanting, the fineness of his taste, she thought, would have led him as surely to the sublime in morals, as it did to the lovely in sentiment, and the graceful in fancy.

It was to his peculiarly fine taste, indeed, that Theodore owed the charm of his character; the seriousness and dignity of that character might otherwise have been more awful than amiable; but this beautiful quality, this faculty of enjoyment, which every moment brought into display, diffused sweetness over the higher faculties of his mind, and expressions of his face, affording to almost every individual an opportunity of sympathising at some moment or other with the pleasures of his nobler nature. Having always condemned his feelings to severe restraint, he seemed to seek compensation in the enjoyments of taste; enjoyments which though less vivid, are devoid of that danger which lurks under those of the heart. Taste, indeed, distinguished Theodore; imagination Ellesif; the fancy of the latter found an enchanted region in the alternate pensiveness and animation, silence and confidingness of Theodore; while the taste of the former loved to linger round the personal graces of Ellesif, and to wander over the bright *creations of her* poetical eloquence.

Theodore enjoyed certainties, consequently beheld with an indulgent eye that indiscreet frankness which showed him Ellesif as she really was; she, on the contrary, loved all that stimulated inquiry, and she found it in his self-repressed character.

With Theodore the tongue was a secondary organ of speech; he discoursed principally with his eyes; in mixed society, it was from them that his heart and mind uttered their most ardent sentiments. Ellesif early discovered this peculiarity; and from that moment she was accustomed to seek, in the eyes of Theodore, for a comment upon whatever was said or done by herself or others.

Dangerous habit! which by mixing two hearts eternally together, declares to each what they would start to hear if uttered by the lips.

Soon after the arrival of the Chevalier de Roye, Count Lauvenheilm had prayed his daughters to impress the volatile young man with the necessity of guarding against the excess of his vivacity in his intercourse with Theodore, whose delicacy of situation, and dignity of character, demanded this attention. By way of teaching his daughters the same lesson, the Count told them what had passed between him and his *protege* on the subject of Heinreich.

Anastasia sincerely applauded the noble spirit and affectionate character it disclosed, but thought of it no more. Ellesif said nothing, felt it touch her heart, and often mused on it afterwards.

Aware as the Count was of Theodore's merits, he was far from imagining him a person likely to disturb the peace of his daughters. Anastasia's spirit was too high, her heart too temperate for attachment to an inferior; Ellesif too diffusively kind for an exclusive feeling. She was also the gayest of happy creatures; and the Count had so often heard it said, that we love only what resembles ourselves, that he forgot how much dissimilarity there had been between himself and her mother.

Indeed the probability of a daughter of his romantically attaching herself to a man who might or might not be of noble birth, never once occured to him; and not only the studiousness of Theodore's character, but its apparent humility, guaranteed his confidence in the safety of his heart.

In this instance, the Count neither judged nor acted with his usual good sense. Theodore was modest, not humble; he felt his own value though he assumed not on it, conscious that to place him on a level with all but such persons as his own enthusiasm exalted too highly, nothing more was necessary than specific rank.

The Count was not aware also, that from the very dubiousness of Theodore's situation, a delicate and generous mind, like that *of Ellesif, would* be led to think more of his feelings, and there-

fore to pay him more attention than she would ever show a man of determined consequence; and this habit might either end in awakening too lively a gratitude on the part of Theodore, or too tender an interest in herself.

Had the Count been otherwise than involved in politics, he must have noticed this danger; circumstances more immediately interesting to himself engrossed all his attention.

The King had returned from his visits to Berlin and Dresden; the plans determined on by the monarchs who had met there were on the point of execution, and Count Lauvenheilm stood on the threshold of that powerful situation to which he had looked so long.

On the bloody field of Pultowa the sun of Charles Twelfth had set, if not for ever, yet never to rise again in strength and brightness. He was a prisoner at Bender, and his kingdom was now a lifeless corse, for those royal vultures that had long hovered over it, to prey on at will.

Prussia and Russia had their separate views; one to make good an absolute claim on Pomerania; the other, to open himself a path into Germany. Augustus sought to secure his seat on the throne of Poland. Denmark alone, with some show of justice, but little in fact, aimed at wresting from the infant hand of the young Duke of Holstein his long-contested duchies.

The treaty of Travendal had imposed a yoke upon the ambition of the Danes. By that treaty all his pretensions on Holstein had been renounced, and he could not openly break through its bonds, unless the conduct of the administrator should warrant aggression. By attacking Sweden he hoped to force this prince out of the neutrality which hitherto protected the territory of his nephew; the first breach of that neutrality might then be a signal for seizing the duchies.

Count Lauvenheilm's ruling passion was too hotly engaged in the success of these plans, to leave his otherwise upright heart either the power or the wish to find this act of his King's indefensible. The situation of war minister was given him, and from that moment he saw nothing but justice in this ungenerous proceeding. A descent on Sweden was the first act of his ministry; and its brilliant success, which established the Danes in Schonen, made him equally popular at court and with the people.

While Count Lauvenheilm took this decided step against the temporary interests of the man upon whom he had cast his eyes for a son-in-law, he meditated a master-stroke in political intrigue; a stroke that was at once to secure his daughter's elevation, and to give his sovereign the coveted possessions.

He *had entered into* a private understanding, through indirect

channels, with the young Bishop of Lubeck, the administrator of Holstein; and the Count's plan was to bring about an interview between this Prince and the fair Anastasia, under color of meeting to arrange something for the protection of Holstein, trusting to her charms for the subsequent conquest of the Bishop's fidelity.

Could he be tempted by the hand of Anastasia, and some grant of territory from Denmark, to sell his master, Lauvenheilm believed that by the acquisition of Holstein he would facilitate the conquest and dismemberment of Sweden, and that his own aggrandisement must follow of course. He foresaw not, that in this specious scheme he was laying a snare for his own loyalty.

Let not ambition usurp the name of a noble vice; no passion degrades the soul so completely. To what meanness of trick and falsehood does it not bow the proudest mind! to what selfishness and unfeelingness does it not bring the kindest heart!

Count Lauvenheilm, the fondest of fathers, was ready to give his favorite daughter as the reward of perfidy. Count Lauvenheilm, the most conscientious, nay, most generous person in private life, was now plotting to rob an orphan boy of his rights, and to make that child's uncle and guardian the instrument of the crime!

It is true, that Count Lavenheilm did not see these acts in their real horrors. Alas! he had imbibed the creed of contemporary politicians, and considered every thing lawful which tended to aggrandize his own country. He had also taught himself to think that Denmark's claims were defensible, and that the repose of the North required the sacrifice of Holstein, and the demolition of Charles the Twelfth's power.

The glittering advantages that would follow success, assisted in blinding his moral sense. To succeed in his attempt would be to secure to himself a name amongst the boldest statesmen of the age; to match his daughter with a sovereign prince; and to acquire over his own sovereign an ascendancy that would in reality transfer the sovereign power to himself.

These views were yet concealed in his own bosom; for though unceasingly kind, and occasionally confidential, to Theodore, the Count had lived too long amongst courtiers to trust implicitly, till he saw that some interest strong enough to cope, if necessary, with the principles of right, bound another to adopt his feelings.

This single passion concealed, his character appeared perfect in the eyes of his protege, who lived now in a round of such delightful emotions, that his aspirations after other ties in the land of his fathers, were vanishing like a dream.

Gaston de Roye, domesticated at the villa, added much to the charm of the family circle: and by eternal quarrels with Madame

Sauveur, allowed Theodore frequent opportunities of conversing with Ellesif.

But not in Ellesif's conversation only, did he now take pleasure. Her voice had revived his once passionate attachment to music; though neither of such power nor compass as her sister's it made up in sweetness and expression for its want of extent. She played with more genius, though less skill than Anastasia; and her dancing, perhaps not so perfect in the eyes of a ballet-master, had infinite grace, and quite sufficient variety.

Theodore by degrees lost the habit of remembering the once-dear Heinreich every time he heard a note of music. New and more pleasing associations succeeded to those of former times; till at length the image of Ellesif alone followed a strain of harmony.

Insensible of his danger, he believed that what he felt for Ellesif was exactly that inspired by the Count: "A shed with Ellesif and her father," he would say to himself, "and I could be happy." He was happy then, because nothing had taught him to fear a termination of his present enjoyments; and Ellesif's manner assured him that their usual sympathy existed on the present occasion.

His good opinion was evidently the aim of all her actions; what he said he liked, either in conduct or habits, Ellesif almost unconsciously adopted. Whatever she did, she explained, or accounted for, to him; however divided in large circles, her eye constantly met his in participation of passing pleasures, and undesignedly exercised all her talents for him only; when she sung, and played, if he were not near her harp,—when she drew if he were not by to watch and criticise her performance,—when she danced, if he followed not her steps along the dance,—she looked round as if to ask the reason of his absence.

His idea was indeed the home of Ellesif's heart, his figure of her eyes. Still, however, no thought of loving him had yet agitated her breast; the warm, the delightful, the justifiable sentiment she felt, appeared to her only friendship; and when other ladies spoke of lovers and of husbands, Ellesif thought she wanted no happiness beyond the present.

In the performance of agreeable duties, increased in number and in interest by the new dignity of the Count, Theodore's life glided away with the smoothness, and through as lovely scenes, as ever flowed those streams that watered Paradise. The only regret he had, was that of Dofrestom's and Catherine's absence; his only care the fate of Heinreich.

The letter he had sent by a friend of Mr. Coperstad's, had been sent in *vain*. *Stephania* was still at Dresden, under the protec-

tion of another person; but Heinreich was gone, and so overwhelmed with debt contracted for her, that being his interest to remain concealed, neither friend nor enemy could discover his retreat.

Unwillingly did Theodore transmit this news to Dofrestom; but while he communicated it, he hastened to call the event fortunate. Heinreich, thus liberated from the spells of this enchantress, and suffering by her for their mutual transgression, would most likely be lead to seek for peace and shelter under the paternal roof.

Theodore accompanied his letter with various little presents for Catherine, and despatched the parcel by a young man returning from military service to the neighborhood of Aardal.

The accounts he had hitherto received from the valley, were all cheerful. Neither Dofrestom nor Catherine would allow themselves to grieve for the absence of their sweet companion, when so many blessings had arisen from his departure. The Count's generosity in liquidating the debts of Heinreich, had not only excited their gratitude, but quieted their natural fears for the solidity of his regard for their orphan.

Had another proof of this regard been wanting, the Count had just given it. Theodore's occasional eulogiums on his friend Mr. Coperstad, excited the curiosity of his patron, who took the opportunity of that gentlemen's frequent visits to Theodore, to break in upon them as if by accident, and to remain long enough to discover a fund of good sense, and talent for business, in the friend of his protege. The Count wanted such a person in one of the offices under himself, and partly actuated by that consideration, partly by pleasure in obliging Theodore, bestowed the place unasked upon Mr. Coperstad.

In the midst of so many agreeable events, these were Theodore's halcyon days; Gaston de Roye was fated to end them.

Amongst Theodore's respectable prejudices, was one that Ellesif had speedily vanquished. Used to employ all his time in pursuits that had some moral or useful end, he looked with contempt on such as were intended merely for relaxation; forgeting, that in social intercourse superior minds must, now and then, consent to take the bent of inferior ones; that in the exercise of ingenuity they must console themselves for the inactivity of their higher powers; and that when the lords of creation do not make trifles the business of their lives, they are not censurable for making them its amusement.

Whenever the select set met at the villa of his patron, Theodore saw that every one brought with them some support against possible dulness, or some refuge from idleness. Accomplishments

appeared as much the heritage of the great as power and wealth; a capacity for undertaking every agreeable trifle, as much born with them, as the faculties of sight and hearing. Not a musical instrument that found not every hand qualified to awaken it; not a dance that every foot was not familiar with; not a language that these privileged people did not speak!

Theodore was ignorant of music, therefore could not join in the harmonies he had learned to love; he had practised only the peculiar dance of his country, consequently feared to hazard himself in the intricate figures of those that were continually surrounding him; his scanty time had never allowed him to practise drawing. One only relaxation he had given himself while a boy, watching Dofrestom's herd on the mountains,—it was the art of imitating objects in wood.

His landscape and figures carved with a penknife, had, at one time, been nearly as celebrated as those of Eric; but the professor's library had gradually won him from the practice of this art, and the subsequent sight of a prince wasting his whole time, in seeking to acquire so humble a talent, had disgusted him with it entirely.

Ellesif's admiration of a figure cut by Eric, and given her by the hereditary prince, first made Theodore remember his own proficiency in the same way; and having listened to her judicious, yet playful, remarks upon his avowed contempt of such amiable trifles, the next night he brought his knife and his little block of wood into the evening circle.

Her bright look of thanks and pleased surprise, repaid him for the act. He began to shape his work by her side, and that of the idle De Roye, while Anastasia was engaged with Madame Sauveur at a game of piquet. The Count was absent, having followed the King to Elsingberg. After looking at Theodore's progress in producing the form of a Laplander in his reindeer sledge, De Roye suddenly exclaimed, "Senor Guevara, I am going to Spain, can I take any letters for you to your relations?"

The question startled Theodore. "I wish I knew who my relations are!" he replied, "I should be tempted to ask you to take me with you."—"And leave your Danish friends?" asked Ellesif. Theodore did not quite know why, but he found it impossible to answer her touching tone except by a look. Had any others than Ellesif remarked that look, the secret of his heart, though still unknown to himself, would have been known to them.

De Roye demanded an explanation of what Theodore had said; the latter briefly stated his situation. "How came I never to hear this before, Ellesif?" exclaimed the Frenchman; "yet I think you *did tell me something* like it, when I cared nothing about

Guevara. How do we know that the 'grave and potent' Senor is not a grandee of the first class? and here he sits contented to be guessed any thing? Why the devil don't you set off for Spain directly, Guevara? I'll get you a commission from Lord Peterborough in less than a month, if you will go out to Catalonia."

The instant paleness of Ellesif quickened the pulses of Theodore; he scarcely allowed himself a glance at her dismayed countenance, as he replied to the Chevalier. "I sincerely thank you, but may I say without rudeness to a soldier, that I dislike the profession of arms, from principle! There is some activity, no enterprize, in my disposition; and I am perhaps childishly shocked at the thought of shedding blood. Yet, I hope I should not be found wanting, did the country I lived in, or the friends I lived with, require defence."

"Oh! well, we won't enter into the tattered question about the morality of certain professions," said Gaston; "I consider ourselves a band of knight-errants engaged to redress wrongs, and for that reason I am going to fight as hard as ever I can for Charles of Austria. If your kindred should happen to be on that side, I might get at them for you;—but if they are Philipites, I should do you more harm than good. Why the devil, I say, don't you go to Spain and seek them out?"

Theodore hesitated, and stammered forth something like an explanation of his reasons. "Well, but those worthy old folks are doing without you now. Why can't you leave them for Spain as well as for Copenhagen?"

"You are very bold,—a little impertinent,—surely," observed Ellesif, seeing Theodore change color. De Roye apologized. Theodore's ideas were all confused by the questions just put to him, for they had awakened the monitor within; and that was now telling him that of late he had ceased to feel any anxiety upon this interesting subject; he was silent.

"There is an old Spanish book upon heraldry," continued De Roye, "which I remember in my father's library, I wonder if it is here! That book would tell us something about the Guevaras."

"I see you do me the favor of thinking my parents noble," said Theodore, trying to say it gaily; "but from nothing I can gather, dare I indulge in such a hope."

"O they must have been noble. I am sure your—" Ellesif stopped, all blushes at her indiscreet ardor; and Theodore thrilling through every vein with an emotion at once new, delightful, unexpected, and unaccountable to himself, rose from his seat. He thought he could find the book the Chevalier mentioned, he said, as he went towards the other end of the room. "Pray do me

the favor of steadying these steps for me," he called to the Chevalier while ascending to reach the book. Gaston was by his side in a moment.

"Shall I be your other supporter?" asked Ellesif, rising to assist.

"He'd rather have you in his *arms*," said de Roye. He hazarded this unlucky jest in so low a voice that it missed the ear of Ellesif; but Theodore heard it; and the heavy quarto he was just taking down, fell from his trembling hands.

So loud was the noise, that both the ladies at picquet jumped from their seats. In apologizing, and explaining, and lamenting his own awkwardness, Theodore sought to divert the attention of all present from his confused looks; but he could not still the tumultuous throbbing of his heart, which repeating again and again De Roye's indiscreet expression, left him dubious whether the image it presented caused him most pain or pleasure.

The good-natured Chevalier seeing the mischief he had done, sought to repair it by appearing unobservant; he therefore opened the book, and carefully examining it, discovered the name of Guevara. "There, you must translate it for us," he said; "I fancy no one here is a Spanish scholar except yourself."

It cost Theodore an effort to steady his voice, while he read the following passage; "Guevara, Conde Roncevalles, Marquis Palman; Guevara, Marquis Montenejos."

"Now to which of these families shall he belong, Ellesif?" asked de Roye.

"O! I should like the title of Roncevalles."

Again the blood rushed through the veins of Theodore, and the color went and came on his cheek. "You must not assist in teaching me to indulge such proud thoughts," said he, with an agitation of look and voice too striking for Ellesif not to observe; "every day makes it more necessary for me to repress such probable delusions. I have made the discovery only just now, perhaps, —but once made I will profit by it, cost what it may."

This incoherent, apparently irrelevant, speech was no riddle to the Chevalier; he justly understood it as a manly reply to his former jest; and he admired its candor, though he considered it a little indiscreet.

Theodore, however, was far from what is called indiscreet; but if a direct challenge were made upon his truth, he deemed it right to meet it. De Roye's unguarded witticism appeared to him in that light, and he noticed it accordingly.

Truth is, indeed, the noblest characteristic of man; and Theodore knew how to be discreet and sincere at the same time. It was left for Ellesif to act as if she thought it her duty to show her

soul without disguise in the world as she would at the last great tribunal; to take trouble to undeceive persons who deceived themselves about her, though such deception were for her peace or interest. Wretched they who are thus actuated!

He that makes such unguarded truth the rule of his life, rushes, like Isadas, naked into the ranks of war; the lustre of his moral beauty may for a while suspend the blows of his assailants, and he may by miracle escape unwounded; but the award of prudence is not to be bribed by any result, and her voice, even in the hour of triumph, will pass on him the sentence of punishment.

The game between Anastasia and the Marquise being over, they joined the party of Ellesif.

Madame Sauveur would know what they had been talking about. "Ah, mon dieu!" she exclaimed, "why does not the Senor go directly and join the party of our Prince! He would be so charmed with our young King and Queen; so captivated by the Princesse des Ursins; and if he distinguished himself in the field, the King would enoble him,—or—"

"Not so fast, Madame Sauveur," interrupted De Roye; "you forget that the English are just going to drive all your countrymen, King, Queen, and Princess into the bargain, across the Pyrenees. Guevara had best enlist under the Austrian banner; for I stake my handsomest sword against that nameless horror upon your head, (which you call a Fontange) that Charles is in Madrid in less than three months."

A brisk alteration now took place between the Chevalier and the Marquise; each entering into an elaborate *expose* of their different favorite's claims on the Spanish monarchy. When Madame Sauveur was beat on the point of right, she made a flank movement, and attacked the Chevalier upon his disloyal desertion of a French Prince. Her attack was the fiercer from her private resentment at his remark upon her head-dress; and his defence was the stouter from the amusement he had in putting her into a passion. While their dispute was carrying on Anastasia and Ellesif were continuing the subject it had interrupted. For the first time since Theodore's introduction at the villa, Anastasia's measured courteousness spread into something like interest. "As soon as the war between the rival houses is over," she said, "it would certainly be worth your while, Senor, to make some inquiries about your connexions! If Charles is King, our lively friend there can serve you; if Philip keeps his throne, my father can do it; so it is only waiting till then for complete satisfaction on the business."

"Why have you never entered minutely into this subject with my father?" asked Ellesif: "You could not doubt the lively in-

terest that he takes,—that we all take,—in every thing that concerns you!"

What dangerous sweetness was there in the eyes and voice of Ellesif as she addressed this to Theodore! He ventured not to meet those eyes, but he could not close his ear against her voice. Anastasia was called away by the noisy disputants.

"I knew the Count could not properly enter into such correspondence while Denmark would make common cause with England; but I meant to speak and to act at a future day,—and the Count's kindness is beyond all doubt."

"Princess Ursins is of my dear mother's family," said Ellesif; "and when once the usual communications are again opened between this court and that she is so powerful in, you must allow my father to interest himself in your most interesting situation. How earnestly shall I now pray for the establishment of Philip!"

An expression which Theodore vainly sought to banish from his eyes, as they met her's, made Ellesif sensible of her imprudence. "How foolishly warm I am about every thing!" she resumed, averting her blushing face. "You must think me so extravagant in my way of speaking; you are always so moderate."

"My singular situation has habituated me to imprison my soul,—if *you* can pardon so extravagant an expression. Amongst the good but ignorant people by whom I was first surrounded, I knew I could find no one to understand me; circumstances also obliged me to be reserved to the dear old man, whose heart was capable of comprehending every apparent inconsistency of my feelings. Since then," he added, gently lowering his voice and his eyes; "uncertain of my place in society, I have feared to mingle my heart with too presumptuous a familiarity, where alone it finds complete sympathy;—in short, I am very humble with those I love, but very proud to all the world besides."

A long silence followed. Ellesif's heart palpitated so violently that she could not reply. Alarmed at an agitation caused by the manner of Theodore, whose love spoke, in spite of his opposing will, through every expression of his countenance, she hastily retreated to another part of the room, and began tuning her harp.

"You are the most provoking person to argue with!" exclaimed the angry Marquise to the Chevalier, "for nothing provokes you. Nothing throws you into such a flame of zeal as you see me in. Yes, you say very true, you are not French, you are all cold-blooded English. I won't speak another word to you. Mam'selle Ellesif, what are you about there? Do you forget that you are going to a ball? Pray let us dress, and leave the barbarous Chevalier to devour Senor Guevara."

"What has the Senor done to deserve such a fate?" asked the *beautiful Anastasia.*

"Most ungallantly taken no part in our dispute; never once uttered a word on my side. And indeed he looks so dismal just now, that I verily believe he would thank any other wild beast to eat him up in good earnest."

Ellesif lingered on the arm of her sister as they were retiring to dress; another time she would frankly have asked both gentlemen to have accompanied them to the ball, but a new feeling restrained her.

De Roye called after them, "Don't you ask one of us to be of your party to-night?"

"Both of you, if you please," returned Anastasia. Theodore excused himself.

"O, pray go!" said Madame Sauveur. "My quarrel is over with you; and you will be so charmed to see Countess Anastasia dance the last Versailles minuet."

Theodore again excused himself, urging papers to arrange for the Count; while he did so, he strove to hide his emotion under a veil of peculiar coldness, Ellesif turned away, surprised and disappointed.

"Before I go to make myself so much the uglier or handsomer, as it may have suited my tailor," said De Roye, "let me advise you, Senor, to collect all the documents you can about yourself, and let me have them as a venture to take to Spain. Depend on it, I'll make it turn out as good a speculation as Whittington's cat. Pray what did your first friends do with the clothes you had on when you were wrecked? Had you no little necklace or coral, or thing of that sort, to identify you? Hang me if I ever take a child to sea without tattooing his birth and parentage upon every limb of his body!"

Theodore warmly thanked the Chevalier for the kind interest he expressed, and accepting his offer of inquiring in Catalonia about the families of Guevara, promised to write immediately into Norway for the information he sought. De Roye then humming a lively tune, ran away to let his hair be tortured by his valet.

Theodore remained where he was left, in a sort of stupor. The events of the evening had completely opened his eyes to the dangers and difficulties of his situation. He could no longer doubt the nature of the sentiment he felt for Ellesif; and had he not been sensible that his services were now important to her father, he would have decided upon leaving them both for ever. That dreadful *for ever!* his heart died at the sound.

Where is the judgment that may not be blinded, the integrity that may not be warped, by the fear of separation from a beloved object! Theodore thought over the reasons for his departue, and

the arguments for his stay, and believed that when he decided for the latter, he was yielding to the command of necessity.

Could he have the boldness to tell Count Lauvenheilm that he had dared to love his daughter? Unless he did that, how could he leave him, without bearing the stigma of unfeeling, ungrateful caprice? How could he return to disappoint the expectations of Dofrestom and Catherine, now looking to him for continued, and at last, successful search after Heinreich? And, lastly, how could he excuse himself to her, whose esteem was more precious to him than life? Of what avail would be absence from her? Would it diminish that love which had gradually grown into a part of himself?

Alas, no! Absence may cure the love of the senses but has no power over that of the heart. To stay, or to go, would neither increase nor diminish this sentiment. Why then should he go? Was he vain enough to fancy her peace could be endangered by it? He strove to answer No; but a delightful thrill renewed again and again, as he recollected many of her unguarded looks and words, forbade him to deceive himself.

Yet, these looks might really mean nothing more than friendly interest; and honor would now induce him to guard against their ever meaning more. By repressing all appearance of a fonder sentiment in himself, he unwisely concluded that such conduct must check the growth of it in Ellesif. He foresaw not, that although pride, delicacy, or principle, may lead to the determination of never avowing the sentiment he wished not to feel, no effort can prevent its mute expression. For what determination can bid the blood be still, which mounts to the cheek at sight of a beloved person? What will can steady the trembling hand which gives or receives any thing from her? What fear of censure, what virtuous shame can lend the lips courage to pronounce a falsehood, if taxed with too deeply feeling the power of virtues and graces? Others will tell her what the lover dare not, would not tell; and who knows not the effect of such information? The hint once given, that unravels every mystery of conduct, and changes seeming caprice into the noblest self-denial; the object of the sentiment is not only touched with pity, but animated by admiration. She may therefore control, but can never destroy an attachment, which rises in return from perfect esteem.

As Theodore dwelt on the remark which had first discovered his heart to his own eyes, he could not help asking himself if the Count might not have made the same observation as De Roye. "Well, be it so," he said; "and if he sees me seeking to win that precious heart, let him scorn, let him abhor me; but if my unhappy passion shows itself only by the care I shall take to hide

"Most ungallantly taken no part in our di… 'e to so in-
uttered a word on my side. And indeed he l…
now, that I verily believe he would thank any… 'e time
eat him up in good earnest." …i him,

Ellesif lingered on the arm of her sister a… …e rest
dress; another time she would frankly ha… …ught you
men to have accompanied them to the ball. …ved all that
strained her.

De Roye called after them, "Don't y… …g one's self.
your party to-night?" …ed where she

"Both of you, if you please," return… the Chevalier's
excused himself. …g ideas.

"O, pray go!" said Madame Sauv… …lesif, fixing her
with you; and you will be so charmed… …ountenance. "You
dance the last Versailles minuet." …n Aardal?"

Theodore again excused himself, … tumults in the breast
the Count; while he did so, he stro… …pidly disclosing. He
veil of peculiar coldness, Ellesif tu… …ent check. Making a
appointed. …o that of agitation, he re-

"Before I go to make myself … …n quite well; nothing has
er, as it may have suited my taile… …y writing. Good night; I
rise you, Senor, to collect all th…
self, and let me have them as a … …once upon a form that was to
an it, I'll make it turn out as g… …esif, surprised and confound-
cat. Pray what did your first … In passing her with too much
on when you were wrecked? …, and while he stayed to disen-
or thing of that sort, to ident… …es met her's.
child to sea without tattooing… dress in the troubled eyes of El-
limb of his body!" …eproach, and the blood rose to his

Theodore warmly than…
he expressed, and accepting … displease you, Senor Guevara?"
about the families of Gue… I thought myself so sure of your
Norway for the informa… …dently wish to repel the interest I
ming a lively tune, ran… …n proposed by Gaston de Roye."

Theodore remained … of his former reasonings. How was
The events of the even…? How could he always appear cold
dangers and difficul… His complexion painfully varied, and
doubt the nature of t… …dicated as he tried to reply. "You
not been sensible th… …ountess Ellesif. I really feel your obli-
father, he would ha… …must not indulge in extravagant expecta-
That dreadful *for*… …I mean—indeed I am obliged to you."

Where is the ju… Obliged!—what chilling expressions!
that may not be … …ve done something you dislike, or you
object! Theod… Tell me what it is!"

vicious; for how different you were, not

exclaimed, hurried away by mo-
thing but forgetful of respect
it."
s her, for she was now too bewil-
r questions. Theodore escaped;
over his manner and words, and to

CHAPTER IX.

s too sensible of the danger he had escaped, to
er about the part he had to take. Without al-
time to change, he wrote to Count Lauvenheilm.
r was a confession of his presumptuous attachment,
at as his sole reason for desiring leave to resign his
, but after the tumult of his mind subsided, and he had
letter several times, his habitual and constitutional aver-
the exposure of strong feeling made him destroy it, and
another.

the second letter, he made Gaston de Roye's proposal his
lea for asking leave to visit Aasdal. Nothing could afford a more plausible excuse than the many inquiries he had to make of Dofrestom, and the search he meant to institute after the sailor he had once seen at Lavanger. If the Count accepted this excuse now, he trusted to contingencies for refusing some other of equal force, either to detain him in Norway, or to carry him into Spain.

Writing and re-writing these letters, and one to Dofrestom, on the same subject, employed the whole night. His spirit was too completely roused for sleep; and the morning came, only to find him the same unrefreshed, perturbed being he had been the night before.

Theodore's letter went with some government papers to the Count at Elsingberg, and was immediately answered.

Far from reproaching him with selfishness, the Count treated Theodore's desire to search into his birth as a laudable feeling, and warmly expressed his intention of assisting in it.

"I am not in the habit of exciting hope that may be disappointed," he wrote, "so I never spoke to you on the subject; but since you have been with me, I have endeavored to reach Princesse Ursins *by a circuitous* road, and have prayed her to inquire

if any known family of your name have lost a son in the manner your father perished."

The Count then proceeded to state that Dofrestom's complete account of the matter might be as well written as spoken, and that he could, better than Theodore, seek the sailor at Lavanger. One valuable document the Count suggested as being necessary to ascertain Theodore's identity hereafter, if his relations were ever discovered; this was the sworn registers of his foreign birth.

In Norway every peasant is born to arms; every peasant above and under such and such ages must serve a given time either in the army or navy. Amongst the few exceptions to this law are the only sons of farmers, and persons not naturalized.

Under the first description came Heinreich; under the second Theodore; so that neither of the youths had ever served. To substantiate the fact, however, Dofrestom had formally made oath of Theodore's foreign parentage, bringing several respectable witnesses to prove his arrival at Aardal with the child, under the circumstances he described.

For a legal copy of this document, the Count (knowing that such an one must have been called for by the governor of the province) now advised Theodore to write; then went on, supposing that his protege could no longer desire to leave him till something certain might call him into Spain; adding, that under the weight of business by which he was now oppressed, his stay with him would be a real obligation. The Count incidently mentioned his prospect of being left alone for a couple of months, as his daughters meditated a visit for that length of time to a relation of Anastasia's.

This last piece of information, joined to the tenor of the whole letter, decided Theodore; for how could he refuse to oblige his benefactor? He resolved therefore to struggle on in silence, and to maintain with more courage than before his war between duty and his attachment to Ellesif.

Before the Count returned from Schonen, Theodore began to think that the effort would not require too much heroism. No overflowing confidence, no thrilling tenderness, no glance unconsciously revealing the soul; scarcely one kind attention now tempted him to betray his resolutions. Ellesif, too, had received her warning, and alarmed by Theodore's capricious conduct the night of the ball, determined to behave no longer as she had done.

She had danced with Gaston de Roye, and during the time they were not dancing, had talked with him about the story of Theodore.

Gaston expressed a wish that he could be prevailed upon to ac-

company him into Spain, though he admitted that it might injure his success with his family, if they were not of the Austrian party. "The truth is," he said, "I relish him exceedingly; he is so exactly the reverse of myself, that I would rather talk to him five minutes than ten hours with the greatest wit of the age."

"I am so glad you think so," exclaimed Ellesif; "for whenever I am with Senor Guevara, his conversation is so amiable and so admirable; so gentle his opinions, and so exalted his sentiments, that I seem walking by moonlight, when every object I see appears softer, and purer, and lovelier."

"Ellesif!" said De Roye, fixing his eyes on her till she flushed the deepest crimson, "take care of yourself; but, above all, take care of other people's observations. If you say such indiscreet things to others, what is to prevent their saying what I shall not say?"

"My innocence," replied Ellesif proudly, yet glowing with fear and confusion.

"Then you only set a lamb to guard the fold," returned De Roye: "in this wolfish world there is no guardian for a woman but surly old prudence."

Ellesif's answer was interrupted by a call to the cotillion; and having, by obeying it, got away from the startling subject, neither she nor De Roye resumed it afterwards.

Inwardly hurt by the changed manner of Theodore in the beginning of the evening, and alarmed by the remark of De Roye at the end of it, Ellesif believed herself piqued rather than heart-wounded.

Was it possible that Theodore imagined what De Roye insinuated, that she loved him?—and was this caprice to tell her that her love was unreturned? On this humbling thought the burning tears gushed from Ellesif's eyes.

"When, when shall I learn to conceal all my feelings," she cried, tossing on her sleepless pillow, "that none of them may be mistaken for such as this! My natural admiration of his fine mind, my pleasure in his instructive conversation, has been so unexpected, I suppose, and so indiscreetly shown, that he fancies nothing but love could make me prefer his society to my father's nobler guests. How ill I have translated his character! I thought it all modesty; I believed he felt for me exactly what I feel for him—the strongest, most delightful friendship." A deep sigh followed this sentence; and she sighed again and again, imagining her sadness solely occasioned by the painful conviction that her heart was suspected of having given itself unsought.

The next day she proved to Gaston de Roye, that his caution had not been lost on her; but whether real indifference to Theo-

[illegible] Elleni knew not, [illegible] succeeded in [illegible] which he [illegible] if their pre- [illegible]

[illegible] singular [illegible] against [illegible] of [illegible]

[illegible] left them [illegible] their con- [illegible] whether [illegible] for [illegible]

[illegible] Theodore had undertaken to culti- [illegible] she had been in the [illegible] worked in it, and [illegible] them. Now she went [illegible] with her sister or the Marquise.

[illegible] towards him was in [illegible] When Theodore first knew her, [illegible] in a style of cumbrous [illegible] but after hearing [illegible] for simplicity, and warmly [illegible] she gradually dis- [illegible] herself except with [illegible] Theodore of those in [illegible] She now resumed her former costume.

[illegible] in this instance, yet [illegible] that Ellesi had been made [illegible] passion, and had adopted these [illegible] her resentment.

"I have then no more to do, Ellesi," he said, mentally addres- [illegible] than to love you, and die. Your anger punishes me [illegible] for my unwilling fault. Alas! there is no longer any [illegible] being near you."

In the time Count Lauvenheim returned, he found Theodore [illegible] with remaining at Copenhagen.

[illegible] of the young Countesses to Sleswick was now set- [illegible] arranged for their departure with [illegible] ying with them at least a week,) [illegible] to take his office of guarding [illegible] mediately after having convey- [illegible]

[illegible] self could not be spared from

the court, for powerful reasons had induced the King to break the match between his sister and the Hereditary Prince of——; and the First Minister's mediation to explain and to smooth, and to give the Prince his conge, was an absolute necessity. The Count, however, promised to join them at Sleswick as soon as possible.

Theodore accepted the office with a crushed heart; continuing to see Ellesif might be still considered a privilege; but could that feeble pleasure repay him for the forfeited transport of mingling his heart and mind with her's in free and unmeasured confidence! His silenced eyes, and her averted ones, were equally painful to each, yet each persevered in the rigorous observance of self-imposed laws.

Never had Anastasia been so animated as during this journey; it almost seemed the inspiration of a new character. Madame Sauveur was alternately as gay, as good-natured, as angry, and as talkative as usual; so that with two such companions, the forced spirits of Ellesif, and the depressed ones of Theodore, passed unobserved.

Within ten miles of the house they were going to, Anastasia proposed stopping for some refreshment, and to make a respectful alteration in their dress. Ellesif was surprized, but she offered no objection to this ceremonious attention to appearance, and the party alighted. Fearful of being left alone with Theodore, after they had partaken of some coffee, she hastened to follow the example of her sister and the Marquise, by retiring to alter her head-dress.

Theodore remained, leaning in deep melancholy against a window, from which he gazed on the starry sky, and revolved the conduct of Ellesif. He had the virtue to resolve never to seek her affection, but he was not quite heroic enough to rejoice at her unkindness. The brightness of his youth was now, he thought, darkened for ever, leaving him nothing in life to desire, nothing to toil for.

As he stood indulging these musings, he was roused by the sound of a horse galloping fiercely towards the inn they were resting at: its rider, a noble-looking man, scarcely thirty, inquired eagerly for the Marquise Sauveur. He dismounted, and was shown into the room where Theodore was standing.

The gentleman announced himself as Colonel Muller, a German; his embassy was from the lady to whom the sisters were going. The small-pox had broken out in her house; and as this gentleman was one of her invited party, she had written to him not to come to her, but go round to meet the Countesses, and prevent their entering her infected neighborhood.

With strict propriety Colonel Muller now made this explanation to Madame Sauveur, who nearly suffocated him with the multitude of her thanks, and thanksgivings, and questions. What was to be done? It was late, and they must give up the idea of proceeding.

The Colonel suggested remaining all night, as he meant to do, and the next morning resuming their different routes.

Madame Sauveur of course acceded, could do no less than invite the courteous officer to sup with them, then hastened to impart the disappointment to her fair charge.

Being left alone with the stranger, Theodore was obliged to address him; indeed, unconscious that Ellesif had already conquered the fatal disorder he came to announce, his heart throbbed with gratitude towards him.

Colonel Muller answered courteously, and with the air of habitual animation; but his mind was evidently called off by some livelier interest; he spoke at random; and his eyes were continually directed towards the door, with an impatience that accounted for the burning color on his cheek.

Ellesif was the first that appeared with Madame Sauveur; the stranger eyed her admiringly for a moment, but again showed visible signs of agitation; in a few moments afterwards Anastasia entered.

She was entirely in white, without ornament; her profusion of beautiful hair, simply parted from her forehead, mixed with the transparent folds of a veil, that, floating like mist around the evening star, softened her brightness into tenderness.

Theodore had never seen her so undecorated; he had therefore never seen her so lovely; for a slight appearance of tremor in her step, and a downcast look, gave her a transient likeness to Ellesif.

Colonel Muller's soul sprung from his eyes; admiration, transport, passion was in that look. He approached, and taking both her hands, carried them at once to his lips.

Theodore was astonished at the boldness of this action from a stranger; yet there was no undue air of familiarity in the mode of doing it. If he were astonished at the freedom of the officer, how much more was he surprized by the mingled confusion and passiveness of Anastasia! She seemed to forget that her hand was still in his as he led her to a seat, and took one beside her.

Still gazing on her, he whispered something in a low voice; its purport might be guessed at, from the smile and the blush that followed it. Surprised out of their unnatural disunion, Ellesif and Theodore exchanged a speaking look; Madame Sauveur

secretly entertained herself with seeing a man so *epris* at first sight.

Colonel Muller called himself a friend of Count Lauvenheilm's but not one of the party could remember having heard of him before; however, those who are not in the secret (Madame Sauveur, Ellesif, and Theodore,) believed he must be so, and became less astonished at his perfect ease.

Colonel Muller was a person of ardent manners; his gesticulation was as vehement as his conversation, but each were agreeable and graceful in their way. Though nearly engrossed by Anastasia's beauty, what he addressed to the rest of the party was marked by peculiar good-breeding, and a sort of eccentric talent.

Anastasia said little, and looked beautiful. After supper she sung a duet with the Colonel, and he was evidently more enchanted than before. Ellesif sat the silent spectator of a scene which she comprehended not; and Theodore occasionally noticing the incessant chat of Madame Sauveur, was becoming convinced, from all he heard and saw, that there was something more than what appeared in this stranger's introduction.

He had known the Hereditary Prince of——; he had occasionally seen something and heard more of the Danish King's brothers; and although each individual differed as much in moral and intellectual value as do the humbler races of men, they had a generic character, which helped him to solve the present problem.

This Colonel Muller was a prince, he was certain; but of what country, or for what reason thus introduced, he neither could nor sought to know.

Theodore was right; this was the first experiment of his patron in his new scheme of secret politics. The pretended officer was in reality the administrator of Holstein. His passionate wish of seeing the beautiful original of a picture he had habituated himself to gaze on till imagination maddened, was grown to such excess, that Count Lauvenheilm found it an easy task, through an agent of Eutin, to work the young Bishop into a resolution of seeing Anastasia.

Her mind had been long prepared to behold, with a favorable eye, the man who could exalt her to sovereign rank; the Count had imparted all that related to his daughter's aggrandisement to an old relation of her mother's, who undertook to receive the Bishop at her house when Anastasia and her father should come there; and although his visit was to be limited to a few days, the Count knew that would be time sufficient for Anastasia's beauty and accomplishments to fire the heart of such an impetuous person, and for his own penetration to estimate the chance of detaching Holstein *from the Swedish* interest.

Luckily, or unluckily, the small-pox really did appear in Madame Rothestein's house, and the fictitious Colonel was thus allowed an opportunity of seeing his fair idol without her father, in the manner just described.

The few hours spent in her society rivetted his chains. She was as much beyond her painted resemblance, as her present appearance of sensibility transcended her general coldness; and ere they parted in the morning he had sought and obtained an opportunity of pouring out his passion at her feet.

When the travelers were on their return towards Copenhagen, Ellesif observed a glittering ring on the finger of Anastasia; Could it be a present from the stranger? could Anastasia have accepted it? If love were thus sudden, thus indecorous, Ellesif, the often indiscreet, but ever self-respecting Ellesif, felt that she knew not its power.

Between Ellesif and her sister there was little of what is termed confidence, for there was little reciprocity of feeling. The indifference of Anastasia always checked the enthusiasm of Ellesif, so that they rarely conversed together with flowing souls; for this reason, Ellesif did not feel privileged to ask any questions at this juncture, and she was too delicate to hazard a remark. She sat therefore, as silent as Theodore, when the agreeable Colonel Muller was discussed, and his sudden passion sported with, by Madame Sauveur.

Count Lauvenheilm was at first evidently chagrined by the return of his daughters; but a private conversation with Anastasia dissipated his look of vexation, and taught him to believe that the administrator's political apostacy was near at hand.

He hastened to communicate the affair to the King, lest some enemy should discover it, and impress the royal mind with unjust suspicions of his integrity. But he was too late; he had been already betrayed by an inferior agent to a rival minister, whose plausible misrepresentations had infused doubts into the sovereign which not being expressed, Count Lauvenheilm could not dissipate.

Unconscious of the gathering storm, the Count continued elate and confident; for he was at the summit of power, and all his prospects were bright and boundless.

In his domestic circle things proceeded as usual; Anastasia was fatigued with admirers, Madame Sauveur weary of having none; Gaston de Roye was preparing to leave Denmark; Ellesif and Theodore were still outwardly estranged.

With Theodore this estrangement showed itself in unusual seriousness, closer application to business, and assiduous endeavors to avoid the society of Ellesif. With her, on the contrary,

it was affected by a constant effort at excessive spirits, a determined abandonment of every thing Theodore liked, and the same care as his of shunning private interviews.

The effort was equally painful to both; but the weaker mind had rashly chosen the hardest task. Ellesif found it impossible to support her distracting gaiety; at least impossible to carry even cheerfulness into her hours of solitude.

There, weeping and sad, she gradually became conscious that the kindness, the confidence of Theodore was necessary to her happiness! and she thought also, to her life. Alas, how falsely! Would that we could indeed cease to live, when all that gives value to life is wrested from us!

Ellesif was not so insane as to imagine that even her indulgent, liberal father, would sanction an union with one in the doubtful situation of Theodore; but she had been so happy, so lately! that might she once regain that blissful state, she thought it impossible for her to wish for more.

That, however, she dared not hope; for Theodore, evidently suspected her partiality, and testified by his manner that, so far from sharing, he contemned it. There was something in this sudden display of his indifference that kindled even the gentle heart of Ellesif into a flame of resentment. How cruelly wounding to her modesty! how different from that delicacy of feeling which she had imagined him possessed of!—Was it necessary to insult her, because he did not love her? and could she consider this studied display of indifference in any other light than as an insult? What path was left for her to pursue, but that of resolving to act as if his conduct had no effect upon her spirits, and to shun him still more carefully than before.

Her last resolution was kept, but the former was beyond her strength to perform. Her heart sunk under the vain attempt at gaiety, and a melancholy, so profound at length settled upon her countenance, that Theodore trembled to guess its cause.

To others she pleaded a nervous complaint for her change of spirits; to him she said nothing, and her cold silence either allowed him to believe himself the cause, or to fear it was an attachment to another. He strove to call off his attention from so dangerous a contemplation, by forcing himself into anxiety about the result of the inquiries now on foot for Spain.

The answer from Aardal had not yet arrived, and De Roye was to leave Copenhagen for England in two days; thence he was to embark immediately for Catalonia to join a regiment to which he had been lately appointed under General Carpenter.

This young man had certainly given an evidence of his sincerity in his *very proposal to* do what he had undertaken, yet he so

often mixed jests with his discourses on the subject, and seemed so much more occupied with seeking an opportunity of uttering a joke than attending to particulars, that Theodore almost feared he could not trust to his perseverance, or to his very deep interest. A lucky incident, by completely unveiling the solid worth of the Chevalier, established the confidence of his hesitating friend.

Theodore had lent a book to an officer of the Royal Guards, who returned it with a civil note of thanks. The young man had been writing to Gaston de Roye at the same time, and in great confusion of mind had misdirected the letters. On opening his, Theodore read as follows:

"At least I must be permitted to owe you everlasting gratitude my dear friend! You have saved me from a desperate act, and my poor sisters from the grief and shame of it. Be assured your arguments have been no more thrown away than your generosity. I will never touch a card again. I swear it solemnly.

"ULRIC FELDSPORRE."

Distressed at his involuntary impertinence, Theodore hastened to repair it, by seeking the writer, and assuring him that the secret he had just discovered should never be divulged by him. The young man was at first shocked and mortified; but the respect and regard Theodore's character inspired in every worthy heart, reassured him. He spontaneously confessed that he had lost a large sum of money at play, and that possessing little more than his commission, he was on the point of terminating his despair with a pistol, when Gaston de Roye accidentally becoming acquainted with his situation, engaged to pay the debt for him.

Theodore heard this detail with pleasure, for it sanctioned the inclination he felt for De Roye; an inclination often repressed when he remembered the same unvarying gaiety in Heinreich; —but Heinreich's heart was always gay, be those of his friends ever so sad; while gaiety was only in the Chevalier's countenance, when he knew that others were suffering.

Being pressed by Captain Feldsporre to dine with him, Theodore did not return to the villa till very late in the evening; a large party were already there, and broke into smaller ones through the long suite of its lower rooms.

Count Lauvenheilm was in the first apartment in a circle of politicians; in the two next were parties engaged with music and conversation; and in the last sat Ellesif, who had vainly pleaded a bad head-ache to secure herself a calm retreat. She had gone to work there alone, when Madame Sauveur officiously followed *with a smelling bottle*, and Gaston de Roye declaring it was only

the blue devils, took a seat and began rattling them away, by drawing caricatures of the company, both with his pencil and his words.

As this boudoir was next the door Theodore entered at, without passing through the other apartments, he came at once into this. The sudden blush that colored Ellesif's pale cheek on his unexpected appearance was not unmarked by him, and he would for that very reason have directly passed on to the second apartment, had not some one spoken of her being ill, and obliged him to utter an expression of concern. Madame Sauveur seized the opportunity, and insisted upon his sitting down. "I have a bet depending upon you, Senor," said she, "and I beg you will enable me to decide it in my own favor. Mam'selle Halsberg has just betted that you never were in love in your life, and never will be. I say the contrary."

Theodore started from the seat she had made him take, in such agitation, that even Madame Sauveur must have noticed it, had not her eyes been directed to the opened door of the other room, in search of her fair antagonist. De Roye clamored against the unfairness of such a question, and Ellesif's heart beat with oppressive quickness.

Madame Sauveur was not to be denied. "Pray, Senor, have you ever felt the passion of passions, the passion of love?"

"I never have, and I hope I never shall," answered Theodore, with a smile, recovering his presence of mind.

"What! you hope never to be in love! Mon Dieu, what a savage!"

"I did not say that," replied Theodore, seeing Ellesif turn as pale as death; "I said I hoped never to feel the *passion* of love; the *sentiment* I think a very different thing."

"And pray what difference can you find between the passion and the sentiment?" asked Madame Sauveur.

"I think," replied Theodore, hesitating, "the passion impels to great efforts, the sentiment enables us to make great sacrifices."

"That is not clear; explain, explain!" cried De Roye, looking up from his caricatures.

"Is it not evident," asked Theodore, "that passion always seeks its own gratification, consequently, lets no obstacle stay its pursuit of one object? The sentiment on the contrary, has only the happiness of its object for its aim; therefore submits to every restraint, bears every privation, struggles against all its desires, consents even to appear cold, capricious, almost unworthy in the eyes of the person beloved, for the sake of preserving her from sorrow or from censure."

Theodore's heart had escaped the curb of his resolution, and one involuntary glance as he ended, threw the heart of Ellesif into delightful tumults. A new light broke in upon her; and suffering the needle to drop from her hand, she remained fixed in wild, yet deep and transporting thought.

"I protest Senor Guevara talks like a professor on this interesting subject!" exclaimed the Marquise.

"Poh, poh, only like an *amateur*," rejoined the gay De Roye, and he could not forbear an arch look as he said it.

Theodore was at that moment suffering the acutest pangs of remorse. He was arraigning himself for having uttered before Ellesif what he had just said. He sought to repair his fault. "I have spoken a great deal of nonsense," said he, rising in confusion, and attempting vivacity, "as all mere speculatists do. So to end it, I will play at chess with any one that is inclined for a game."

"Do employ yourself better," cried De Roye; "what's become of your Laplander? dont you mean to finish it."

"I don't think I shall," answered Theodore, trying to regain his forced coldness.

Ellesif raised her tearful eyes, and hastily threw them down again. Madame Sauveur started from her seat; "Mon Dieu, mon enfant! what a cold you have got! you must not go on straining your eyes over that tambour. Do come into the other room."

"Now pray look at that contrast," whispered De Roye to Theodore. "Ellesif like a young rose, and Madame Sauveur like an old artificial flower." "A dewy rose," thought Theodore with a melting heart, while he actually saw a tear drop from the eye of Ellesif upon her work.

"What are you saying about Madame Sauveur," asked that lady, running towards him.

"That you are like an old artificial flower."

"Sir!"—

"Yes you are; and so you always will be," returned the Chevalier, gaily imitating her angry shake of the head, so long as you wear that tarnished frippery, that masque of rouge, and that wig of gimp?"

"Wig of gimp, Chevalier! It is a Parisian cap, made in imitation of the Hurlu-Burlu head."

"Well then I maintain it is a gimp wig. Will you never take a hint, dear Marquise, and leave that really pretty person of yours to itself? If you did—my poor heart!—but it is not discreet for me to say more."

"*I will change* it directly," exclaimed Madame Sauveur, en-

chanted with his last words; and away she tripped to make the purposed alteration.

De Roye then gave loose to the mirth her credulous vanity inspired; and for the first time in his life, Theodore seemed to enjoy ridicule; for anxious to appear what he was not, he assumed a sprightliness he did not feel; but quickly ashamed of participating in De Roye's cruel amusement, he checked himself. "I think you remarkably entertaining," he said, "but I am often angry with myself, as I am now, at being so entertained."

"And pray why?"

"Because it is a sort of treachery to make persons believe you are delighted with them, solely for the purpose of drawing out their foibles."

"O pshaw!" cried De Roye, "your virtue is tight laced, mine has an easy shape."

"That may be," resumed Theodore, still aiming at spirits, "but don't you mistake a warp in the shape of yours, for this ease you boast of?"

"Perhaps I do, and perhaps I don't," answered his lively antagonist; "but, after all, how is one to keep oneself from enjoying mirth, even though at the expense of good folks? A laugh don't cut a man's throat. I should give up the ghost if I were obliged to weigh the morality of my actions all day long, with your accuracy of ounces, and drams, and scruples. Confound your scruples!"

Theodore was too much impressed with Captain Feldsporre's relation, not to hear De Roye's follies with more than complacency: he looked kindly at him as he exclaimed. "What a pigmy in moral strength do you make of yourself! every thing is beyond your reach. What we plain Norwegians think the common standard of practicable virtue, of that which reason and religion demand from man, you men of the world call impossible and visionary."

"Because we find it so, as I told you the other day, when you schooled me for saying a word in apology for the man than ran off with Esling's wife. Have the goodness to remember, Senor, that in your primitive Norway you have nothing to grapple with, but the enemy within. We poor worldings have the within and without devil to fight at once; so no wonder we find conquest tough work. If any of you are wicked, you must go about seeking wickedness; while at last, it comes knocking at our door every day, with the noise and the undeniableness of a dun. I think a hermit may with just as good a grace blame an armed patriot for murder, as you twit me with enormities, which, by the *way, I never commit; but* that's no matter. It serves the turn

of your grave eloquence to suppose I do, so you are welcome to enlarge me into a colossus of sin and mischief if you like."

The entrance of Madame Sauveur in a plain Italian night-gown, with nothing but a tiffany handkerchief on her head, called off the Chevalier's attention.

"There! now you look like what you are, a very smart, pretty woman; and I am more obliged to you than I can say for this little *galanterie*. The only thing I wish away is this sash, which really is not so becoming as the zone of Venus."

As he spoke, the Chevalier boldly unloosed the gaudy ribbon, and trying to make it meet round his own body, exclaimed, "What a delicate waist! exactly half the size of mine!"

"O you know, Chevalier," observed the gratified Marquise, "that the woman is always allowed to be the *half* of the man."

"Yes, but his *better half!*" returned the quick De Roye, "positively you shall not have this sash again; I will keep it to adorn my night-cap."

> "That which her slender waist confined,
> Shall now my joyful temples bind:
> What monarch but would give his crown,
> His arms might do what this has done."

A look from Theodore rebuked him for thus sporting with a good woman's foible. Ellesif was lost to all that passed. Madame Sauveur stood silent for a small space of time with surprise and pleasure. All the Chevalier's impertinences were forgotten; she even fancied he dispraised the ribbon round her waist, that he might obtain it for himself. She made no further attempt to regain it, but assuming a soft air, seized the opportunity of begging he would oblige her by subscribing fifty ducats to a subscription she had set on foot for the re-establishment of a French opera at Copenhagen.

"Fifty devils!" repeated De Roye, "do you think I would pay so much money to hear the prose of French music when I can hear the poetry of Italian music from these fair syrens?"

"Well, we won't quarrel about the music," said the Marquise, bridling in her anger; "you need not hear it, only subscribe to oblige me."

"I can't, indeed, I have got no money."

"O for shame, Chevalier! with such a legacy from Lord Feversham! give me back my sash."

The Chevalier laughed at her demand, and gravely repeating, "This, to my excellent white bosom, this," put the ribbon into his *breast.*

Madame le Marquise thought her conquest sure: "Come, come

I see you only banter when you refuse. Positively, I'll set you down for a hundred ducats."

"You may *set me down* for the money, but I can tell you, you will have to *take me up* for the payment."

"Mon Dieu, what folly!—how often have I heard you excuse all your faults by saying you were so easily to be persuaded: is this a proof of it?"

"Ah, my dear Marquise, have you not found out that there never yet was an easily-to-be-persuaded person, that was easily persuaded into any thing good?"

"True! true!" said Theodore, emphatically answering for the Marquise, and thinking of Heinreich.

Madame Sauveur resumed:—"Not spare even fifty ducats! how can you spend such an income as your's."

"O, in fifty follies. Upon your agreeable, wicked sex: in dress—cards—wine—"

"Ah! I guessed you were a worthless rake."

"You guessed right then," said the Chevalier, laughing at her bursting wrath.

Madame Sauveur flounced into the next room.—"Now, how can you let any one go with such an impression of you?" asked Theodore, "when I am sure you are the reverse of all this."

"Pshaw!" said De Roye, "in five minutes I'll make her think me an angel again, and her lover into the bargain. By the way, who thinks it necessary to show their real characters except to their own family? Are you simple enough to believe that any of the people you meet about, are at all what they appear? if you do, you must think persons of good condition never have griefs like other men."

"I do indeed often wonder at their unwearied pursuit of pleasure, and apparent enjoyment of it." Ellesif thought that remark was leveled at herself, and a sigh that escaped ere she had time to repress it, increased the concealed agitation of Theodore.

"Apparent! there you are right," said De Roye; "for we are always acting."

"Good God!" exclaimed Theodore, "what a frightful thing do you make of society! Banish sincerity between man and man, and, like banishing the idea of a Providence, you throw us back into chaos. Always acting!—when dare we think you are not doing so? When can friendship, love,—when can the heart repose upon any individual of such a system!"

"When you see us sad," said Ellesif, timidly, "you hear that it is only gaiety we affect. When we wear an appearance of strong emotion, believe us then,—believe that emotion stronger *than all your's, since it* triumphs over the fear of ridicule."

"What! ridicule excited by sorrow!" exclaimed Theodore, not daring to look at her. "I can imagine that high-pitched Virtue may rouse the ridicule of Vice, for it is her interest to destroy Virtue with any serviceable weapon; but without motive, without interest, wantonly to attack suffering with derision, is in my mind demoniac, and I cannot understand it."

"Every now and then, Guevara overflows his banks, like the Nile, and when he does, how he fertilizes us all!" exclaimed De Roye. Seeing Theodore only smile, he added, "Now your surly answer ought to be, 'leaving a deposit of *mud*,' of course, by this specimen."

Theodore's mind was gone from the subject, and he did not answer. Gaston resumed: "So you really think us a set of good-for-nothing people. For what? only for liking laughing better than crying. I know we are commanded to 'weep with them that weep,' but we are also bid to 'rejoice with them that rejoice;' and I know many envious devils that find the last command harder than the first. Ah! you may shake your head, you granite saint! you mohawk of virtue! Well, go on scalping us, if it amuses you."

"*You* amuse *me* very much," observed Theodore, smiling.

"Yes, like a mountebank, or punch," replied De Roye, with more point than was usual to him. "You laugh at me, despise me, and set me down for a mixture of unfeelingness and immorality."

"Indeed I do not," replied Theodore, smiling more amiably than before. "I like you excessively; and I know you to be all *good feeling*." The peculiar emphasis and vivacity with which Theodore spoke, brought a flush into the face of De Roye: he dropt his pencil, exclaiming, "Why what do you know of me, that is so very feeling?"

"Don't brave me to it," said Theodore, rather sportively, looking round on a party of ladies and gentlemen, just entering with the Marquise, "unless you choose all present to see you without your comic mask, as I and Captain Feldsporre have done."

That name explained every thing to De Roy; he colored, and he laughed, and then he shouted, assuring the company that Senor Guevara had a design to impose him upon them for one of his own set, and that he insisted before-hand that they should neither hear him, nor ask him a question.

To make his secret sure, the Chevalier called upon one of the ladies to play something; and seizing Madame Sauveur in his arms, whirled her into the next room in a quick waltz: the dance then became nearly general, and the [illegible]st conversation could not be renewed.

Theodore rarely waltzed; and Ellesif's head-ache excused her. The former took up a pamphlet, and appeared occupied in skimming its contents: Ellesif was solely engaged in thinking that she had wronged him, and afflicted him when she attributed his altered manner to caprice or to insolence. She now felt that it was really prompted by the purest attachment.

Ever hasty, ever in extremes, she wished to repair her fault the moment she was made sensible of it; and, abandoning her assumed haughtiness, she approached the table he was reading at, and asked the subject of his studies.

It was the first time for some weeks, that she had addressed a question to him: agreeable surprise, and the timid, agitated tone in which she spoke, thrilled through the whole of Theodore: his eyes fluctuated between her figure and the book that now trembled in his hand: but, faithful to his severe determination, he merely mentioned its name in a voice scarcely audible.

Ellesif's extreme emotion deprived her of the power of moving: she stood silently, supporting herself against the table, fondly fancying that Theodore's feelings were as purely delightful as her own. The tremor of internal struggle she mistook for that of joy: she forgot the distance of their ranks; and she believed that the present conviction of her sympathy with his attachment, had alone been wanting to call forth its expression and to give him hapiness.

"And will you never finish the Laplander?" she said, after a long silence; "I thought it so pretty!"

Wild, and sweet, and maddening as a strain of the Eolian harp, her voice nearly transported Theodore into the guilt of telling her all that now struggled in his soul. He could have cast himself at her feet, and willingly breathed his last, in pouring out feelings that were so agonizing to restrain. But strengthened by principle, he held them in a giant grasp, and rising abruptly, answered, "he found the task too difficult to accomplish."

He left her as he spoke; and hurrying to his own chamber, gave loose to his love and to his regret, with an impetuosity of anguish in which he rarely indulged.

CHAPTER X.

From that evening Ellesif saw Theodore still more estranged, still colder. Tossed by contending opinions which now attributed his conduct to hopeless love, now to despicable caprice, now to insolent triumph over her ill-concealed affection, she became so wholly absorbed in the endeavor of discovering to which motive it was really attributable, that she ceased to perceive the only path she ought to have pursued.

That path was plain. She ought to have confessed it to her father. His decision would either have sanctioned their attachment, or denying, must afforded the only means of combating it, by removing her from Theodore's society.

Ellesif's character unhappily warred against this rational conduct. She was romantic, therefore hoped improbabilities; she was timid, and although she might wish both her father and sister to see what was passing in her heart, she had not the courage to avow it unasked.

The only friend who had kindly watched, and boldly warned her, was far away; Gaston de Roye was gone. Her acquaintance with her own countrywomen had been too recent for her to have formed any confidential friendship with any one of them: and to those she could have confided in, her friends and relations in France, she dared not write freely; for no private communication could be secure from scrutiny when passing from one hostile country to another.

The person with whom she now conversed the most, was Apraxim, the Russian lover of Anastasia. Slighted by her, he had gradually transferred his heart to the pitying, winning Ellesif; and though his passion was quite unsuspected by its new object, every one else saw it, and Theodore beheld it with frightful despair.

To persist in his resolution of avoiding Ellesif when he saw the station he voluntarily left, occupied by this formidable rival, seemed impossible. It was the torments of the rack and the stake, to see him hovering round her elegant employments, gazing on her lovely shape, musing on the quick throbbings of her heart, drinking her stifled sighs, and thrilling with the ever tearful glances of those eyes that were then most full of Theodore, when they were directed to another object.

Jealousy alone wrestled strongly with integrity. Theodore *was sometimes* on the point of madly declaring what he suffered,

of reproaching Ellesif for having at first wilfully tempted his presumption: but though continually on the verge of a precipice that tempted him to leap into a gulf of ruin and dishonor, his early habits of self-command enabled him to resist the impulse.

These, however, could not prevent some visible alteration taking place in his character. Its gentle seriousness changed into moody gloom; his temper grew strangely fitful; he shuned conversation: and, except to the Count, became an unsocial and spiritless companion.

The Count, meanwhile, had his own disappointments and his own vexations. The King evidently cooled towards him; nay, even symptoms of displeasure against all connected with him appeared in the royal conduct.

The high-admiral was suddenly removed from the command of the fleet; and upon the elder Count Gulderlieu's immediate, yet respectful offer of resigning his great post (in consequence of this dismission) the King accepted the resignation, and gave the vice-royalty to one of his own brothers.

This act was a thunderbolt to Count Lauvenheilm; it enlightened as it struck him; he saw in it his approaching disgrace; for at his last conference with the King, when they had discussed the possible apostacy of the administrator of Holstein, the monarch largely entered into the subject of compensation for that Prince's loss of the Swede's friendship, prospect of succession, &c. and drew from Count Lauvenheilm a confession, that he would consider the government of Norway as an ample reward for his own services.

To have fixed his eye upon this government, while he meditated uniting his daughter with a prince whose revolt from his own sovereign was to be recompensed by another, appeared a corroboration of some insinuations against the Count that had lately been made to Frederic.

A person, who hated Count Lauvenheilm because he envied him, called the King's attention to the splendor in which his minister lived: a splendor supported by his own and his daughter's great possessions, and which dimming the lustre of royalty, attracted the public eye solely to itself. He hinted that this conduct either argued the weakness of vanity, or the strength of ambition; if the first, it might be despised; if the latter, it was to be feared.

While these ideas were working in the Monarch's mind, the Swedes obliged the Danes to evacuate their recent conquest of Christianstadt; and this misfortune, for which the generals alone were answerable, was made use of to increase the King's ill-humor *against his former favorite.*

On the other hand, the emissaries of Sweden knew it to be their interest to excite jealousies between the King of Denmark and his ablest minister; and by some artful manœuvres they contrived to give a momentary appearance of collusion with them, to a measure of the Count's: the event disproved the suspicion; but confidence once unsettled, rarely fixes again on the same object with the same steadiness.

The descent of Count Lauvenheilm was as rapid as had been his rise. One morning he was coldly told by the King in a private audience, that His Majesty's mind was altered with respect to the secret proposals he had wished made to the administrator of Holstein; for if he gained that duchy it must be at a cheaper rate than Count Lauvenheilm suggested as the price of the Bishop's friendship; in short, arms not arts were the weapons with which he chose to conquer! In the evening of the same day Count Lauvenheilm was stripped of all his employments, and commanded into a kind of honorable banishment by the grant of a province in that kingdom, over which he had expected to reign as Viceroy.

Conscious of having, in this instance, served his king better than he had served his God, (for had he not tried to rob another of integrity, for that king's aggrandizement?) the Count's indignation was only equalled by his disappointment. Into the bosom of Theodore he poured forth his justification, his complaints, his wounded honor. Theodore's sympathy lulled the pain of wounds it could not heal; and though he openly disapproved the Count's insidious policy with regard to the Bishop of Lubec, he believed that his patron acted from a sincere, though erroneous, opinion of Denmark's right to Holstein.

As the tale was told to Theodore nothing could exceed the injustice and falseness of the King; nothing transcend the integrity and zeal of the Count. His freedom from mercenary motives was shown by his never accepting any of the revenues of his great charges: in proportion, therefore, as Theodore felt hostility to the one, his respect and compassion increased for the other.

His nature was too mild, and his habits too christian, for one wish of revenge to enter his heart; but he longed for the power of redressing his patron's wrongs, and of making that innocence manifest to the sovereign which was so evident to himself.

Not two hours before these events, Theodore had again resolved to tear himself from the distracting observation of Ellesif's agitating conduct; for she had at last been made sensible of Apraxin's passion, had listened to its avowal with concern, and silenced it by her determined, though mild, refusal. But now, *how could he think* of abandoning the falling fortunes of his

benefactor—of the man he loved with more than a son's affection, listened to with more than a disciple's devotedness? How was he to give the last blow to that noble and already wounded heart? The stern hand of a Brutus might act thus, but Theodore's virtue was of softer materials.

After the first shock of hearing that her dear father had lost the royal favor, and was transferred from the highest post in the kingdom to the distant government of Ager-huus, Ellesif found consolation in the prospect of being removed by that means from a round of gaieties which had ceased to charm her. She would be restored to leisure, if not to peace; she would be relieved from the importunities of Apraxin; and still under the same roof with Theodore, would have better opportunities than ever of ascertaining the nature of the sentiment he felt for her.

The solid distinction of superior usefulness was the only one that could weigh with such a mind as Ellesif's; she therefore saw no disgrace in her father's dismission from office; and she thought that he would himself be quickly reconciled to an event which, removing him from a more brilliant theatre of action, yet carried him into one as widely adapted for the display of talent and benevolence.

Of the four governments into which Norway is divided, that of Ager-huus is the most considerable; at the period in which it was bestowed on Count Lauvenheilm it possessed a decided superiority over the rest, by its being the seat of the supreme court of judicature for the whole kingdom; and as the new Viceroy, Prince Charles, was fonder of pleasure than of business, it was not likely that the governor of Ager-huus would ever find his plans of action controlled by the presence of a superior.

Except some differences in dignity of station, and of influence with his sovereign, nothing was changed with Count Lauvenheilm. He was still son-in-law to the late King; he was still possessor of a princely revenue; the father of Anastasia; and once in Norway, he would be unrivaled there in rank.

The instruments of dignity and of happiness were therefore still in his hand: Ellesif fondly believed that he would use them for the attainment of those blessings. She was happily ignorant of all that related to the administrator of Holstein; and hearing no more of Colonel Muller, had forgotten his very existence.

Anastasia, on the contrary, was well acquainted with every thing, and shared both her father's resentment and mortification.

The handsome person and vivid manners of the young bishop had pleased her during their only interview; and his occasional correspondence, by more fully developing that ardent character,

and the impetuosity of his passion for her, had awakened the only feeling of preference she had ever felt for any man.

Without even fancying herself in love she wished to be his wife; for she liked himself, and she liked his sovereign rank still better. In conformity with her father's advice she heightened the administrator's ardor by her reserve: this reserve, following the touching passiveness with which she had listened to his personal addresses, animated the Prince's perseverance by flattering his vanity. Reserve was then her natural character he justly thought, and the favorable impression he had made on her at first had surprised her out of it.

Without suspecting the extent of Count Lauvenheilm's plans, and solely occupied with the hope of marrying a beauty, whose great domains in Sleswick joined the duchy he might eventually inherit, the rash administrator suffered himself to read letters, wherein Anastasia assured him she would never marry a man who preferred the interests of Sweden to those of Denmark; that in the existing state of affairs, while he leaned so evidently towards Sweden, she could not consent to be his, as that would be openly declairing for the suspected enemy of a crown under which her father held all his dignities.

In short, she insinuated at length the wishes of her father, and the promises of the king, urging many arguments to prove that Holstein had been unfairly dismembered from Denmark.

She added the success of the Danes in Schonen, and the probable fall of the Swedish monarchy, (from the attacks of neighboring powers, and the absence of its king,) as reasons to show that the administrator might delay, but could not prevent, the loss of Holstein; and that consequently it would be wise in him to make overtures for his nephew and for himself, by a secret arrangement with the court of Copenhagen.

The letter in which Anastasia had thus fully explained herself remained long unanswered; and before the administrator did reply, the changes in the Danish cabinet had transformed Count Lauvenheilm from first Minister into Governor of Arger-huus.

The circumstances attending this change were soon learned by the administrator. Young and inexperienced as he was, he knew how to make the most of them: and ere Anastasia quitted Zealand, he wrote merely to propose another interview in Norway.

He that tempts the integrity of another, invites the same temptation to himself. Count Lauvenheilm did not guess that when he allowed his daughter to accede to this proposal, and arrange the mode of their meeting, he was in fact running into the snares *of a luckier politician* than himself.

With the prospect of personally discussing the interests of their two sovereigns, and in the visionary hope of taking a magnanimous revenge on his King, by signally serving him after injurious treatment, Lauvenheilm silenced all expression of resentment, and prepared calmly for his departure from Copenhagen.

Theodore's arrangements were few, but they were of importance to his feelings. He had to take leave of a truly excellent man and sensible friend in Mr. Coperstad: he had to renew his intreaties and instructions to any person that was likely to discover the retreat of Heinreich; and he had to pay a last visit to the burial place of his early instructor.

On his arrival in Copenhagen, this spot had been the first one he had sought; for with the mortal part of the professor had perished Theodore's remembrance of all those infirmities of temper which perhaps proceeded from the unhappy construction of his body; he now forgot both his cruel suspicions and his unjust will, dwelling solely upon the solid advantages his careful instruction had bestowed upon his mind.

The rigorous frosts of February threw a dreary gloom over the church-yard, as Theodore entered it to bid the cold remains of his master adieu, perhaps for ever. The hawthorns he had planted were grown thick and high, but they were lifeless; like him who slept under their shade; in the eye of man "they seemed to die;" like him, they were destined to revive in strength and beauty.

Theodore stood a long time near the grave, seriously and deeply reflecting, not upon the insignificance of this brief existence, but upon its startling importance, when compared with its short duration.

From such an epitaph as that which says "Life is a jest, and all things show it," &c. he would have turned with horror.

That life is no jest which allows at furthest but the scanty portion of "three score years and ten" for the determination of what we are to be through all eternity!

That life is no jest which, according to the good or ill actions we perform in it, will give our immortal part either to everlasting bliss or everlasting anguish.

That life is no jest for which we are accountable, and which has been entrusted to us by the greatest, the best, and the wisest of beings!

As we approach the darkness of the tomb, the meteors of passion and imagination are extinguished; the affections alone burn brighter and steadier: while we stand on the confines of the two worlds, we look with greater delight on those pure attachments in this, which we hope to carry into another.

Theodore's ambition to be something beyond his present condition, with his fanciful longing for new ties of unknown kindred, now vanished from his eyes; but his affection for Dofrestom and Catherine, his devotion to Count Lauvenheilm, and his tenderness for Ellesif, never were so animated; their beloved images mixed with the solemn ideas raised by the present scene, and their dear names were uttered in the prayer he murmured over the professor's grave.

Having thus acquitted himself of what he believed a duty, Theodore went to take leave of Mr. Coperstad.

Their parting was a cause of mutual regret; a variety of small services, making up in number what they wanted in weight, had been so continually rendered him by this worthy man, that the conviction of warm regard, rather than a stronger sense of obligation, animated the esteem of Theodore into an absolute glow of affection.

Mr. Coperstad, in return, knew himself indebted to the partial representations of his young friend for the lucrative post he still enjoyed; and this circumstance, added to more intimate acquaintance with his endearing qualities, made him consider a separation from Theodore as a serious misfortune. He endeavored to console himself by promising the most active inquiries after the poor wandering Heinreich.

On returning home to complete his few remaining preparations, Theodore found every one cheerfully ready to undertake this winter voyage except Madame Sauveur.

That poor lady was all fret and fright. Her good-humour was a delicate spirit that could not abide any thing but gay parties, fine attire, and comfortable accommodation: her associates had yet to discover that she was quite a different person in a ship and in a drawing-room; in a sick-gown and in a ball-dress.

It was so provoking to be torn from Copenhagen in the very middle of the ball season; to be transported into a country of savages; to be forced to associate with merchants' wives, or not to associate with any one; to have no court to follow, no courtier to flirt with, no court gossip to hear, and no court milliner to scold; all these privations were beyond her patience to endure. And when there was added to this shocking list the real dangers and discomforts of a sea voyage, she believed herself privileged to complain to every body, and to rail at every thing.

Fortunately, however, Madame le Marquise had the character of childhood: she was soon vexed and soon pleased; and as Ellesif took some trouble to convince her that society was really good at Christiana; that the noblemen holding high offices there would, with their families, make quite company sufficient, without reduc-

ing her to the hateful association with merchants; that the elegant inhabitants of the province were celebrated for balls and private theatricals, she began to resign herself to the prospect of living amongst them with tolerable composure.

Theodore tranquillized her also on the subject of shipwreck, by assuring her that he not only could swim but dive; and that if he saw her go down he would follow, and, as Hotspur saith of drowned honor, "pluck her up by the locks." Madame Sauveur being unluckily in the habit of wearing borrowed ones, said nothing in reply to this last promise, but silently determined to wear her night-cap during the whole of the voyage.

Count Lauvenheilm had never betrayed by any outward change the depth and extent of his mortification at the loss of his sovereign's favor. Till his final departure from the villa, it continued to be, as usual, the resort of the best company, and the focus of the most elegant luxuries that Europe afforded. He lived in the same state and with the same splendor, as during his short ministry: and always the favorite of the people, still saw his carriage followed by the same crowds.

To Theodore only had he showed his real regrets; but now recovering himself entirely, he discoursed solely upon his plans of future reform and improvements in the government to which he was going.

His villa he lent to a relation; and his town-house he left under the care of servants, in case his daughters might at any time wish to revisit Copenhagen.

When the party got into the carriages that were to convey them to Elsinore, Theodore could not refuse a sigh to the scene where he had been so happy. Till awakened to a sense of his presumptuous affection, he had indeed been happy: those first few months had been an age of enchantment.

Ellesif wept; and she wept more when she cast a last look on that little plot of stony ground where Theodore had cultivated the flowers of Norway for her head and bosom: but Theodore was not left behind, and why should Ellesif weep? Alas! if his heart accompanied not his person; if the attachment she had once believed her own was really the property of another, better would it be that on this spot they should part for ever.

The departure of Count Lauvenheilm's family was rather like a triumph than the commencement of a journey. Multitudes followed the carriage where he sat with Anastasia, to catch a last look of her beautiful face, or to pay their last obeisance to their favorite minister; many went to bless the departing steps of the beneficent Ellesif, known best and loved most by the obscure and destitute; and all that either wished the Count's return, or

augured it from the incompetency of the person that now filled his place, thronged round his carriages as they took the road to Elsinore, with expressions of regret and expectation of his recall.

They were not long detained at the sea-port: the frigate that was to carry out Count Lauvenheilm and his family was ready to sail; the wind was favorable; they got on board, and in defiance of Madame Sauveur's predictions, they reached Christiana in safety.

It was impossible for the party to have arrived at a time better calculated to give them a favorable impression of their new residence. The day of their arrival was one of the brightest of their bright winter; all the principal inhabitants were going *en traineau* to some great festival in the country, and the roads, as well as the streets, were one scene of animated cheerfulness.

Madame Sauveur admired the taste of the ornamented sledges, their gay decorations, the rich liveries of the servants, and the glittering uniforms of the gentlemen that guided them: she was charmed with the brilliant appearance of the ladies, and the elegance of the skaiters; and was surprised to find, that instead of miserable rows of ruinous huts, peopled by *hideous curiosities*, she was absolutely in a well-built city, adorned with noble edifices, and thronged with civilized well-dressed persons.

The sun was shining in the middle of a sky as clear and as blue as Ellesif's eyes; the air was full of lively sounds; every thing announced the meridian of that season which gives new life to the inhabitants of northern climates.

Theodore felt he was in Norway, and something like a feeling of being at home warmed his heart. Unconsciously he turned his eyes towards Ellesif; her's were fixed on him. She had been watching the rapid expressions of his face, and had seen with joy that no appearance of regret for any thing left behind was in his eager glances round. She blushed at meeting his eyes, and she cast down her's without averting them.

The next moment Theodore was by her side: his feelings were all hurry, and tenderness, and confusion: the hazardous element they had just encountered together, the removal from Apraxin, the stately retirement in which they were going to live, the very circumstance of being in Norway with her, seemed to give her to him completely; her blush and her downcast looks finished his intoxication.

He approached her, with his whole heart trembling on his lips; but timely recollecting himself, he checked its utterance with a passionate sigh, and remained silently hovering near her.

Souls may touch when they meet not, even through the eyes; for as Ellesif and Theodore walked from the carriages along a

grove to the government-house, though neither of them looked or spoke, each was sensible to an emotion of delight and confidence in each other's affection, which they had never felt before.

With Theodore the feeling remained; with Ellesif it staid not. Ever uncertain of what she most wished, ever incapable of judging rightly when interested deeply, the next time that honor and reflection warned Theodore to resume his mask of coldness, she believed this delightful moment a delusion, and herself the victim of a vain imagination.

But now in a glow of inward transport, forseeing nothing but happiness, she followed her father into that noble and spacious mansion, which was hereafter to be the scene of so many eventful days.

CHAPTER XI.

The Lauvenheilm family were no sooner settled in their new habitation, the visits of the surrounding nobility no sooner paid and returned, than the Count proposed making a progress through his government.

He was at all times sincerely and benevolently anxious for the happiness of every person, whose happiness was in the least dependent upon him; and his dominant passion was now interested in the prosperity of the Norwegians. Before he could undertake any thing for their advantage, he deemed it necessary to acquaint himself thoroughly with their situation; to learn what part of the executive government failed from imperfection in its original plan; what missed its aim by defect in the mode of its application.

He purposed traveling with no suite, and as little ostentation as possible; leaving Theodore at the seat of government, to examine the conduct of the persons he should depute to act in his short absence, and to send him faithful details of their proceedings.

An urgent letter from the administrator of Holstein (then in Sweden,) determined Count Lauvenheilm to make Anastasia the companion of his journey. On the confines of the two kingdoms a meeting might be effected between himself and the administrator, without difficulty, or probability of notice. He hoped then to over-rule that Prince's scruples, by slighter offers than had at first entered into his speculations. Could he bring him to so desirable an acquiescence, he doubted not that his own sovereign would eventually *ratify* all he might promise; for the progress

of the Swedes in repelling their invaders was now so rapid, that Fredric's high tone of succeding by arms only, seemed likely to be soon lowered.

If, however, the administrator refused to take an active part against Sweden, or to exchange honor for the glittering reward of a lesser duchy for himself, the Count determined upon no longer risking the loss of his alliance.

The King of Denmark might be secretly displeased, but it was impossible for him to refuse his consent: the administrator was neither his ally nor his enemy; he was neutral in the contest between the northern powers, and as such, though Denmark suspected, she had no authority to accuse him of bad faith.

Happily for her father's comfort, Anastasia possessed neither extreme delicacy of body, nor fastidious niceness of mind: she thought it no hardship to go from the certain elegancies of home to places of uncertain accommodation; to travel with only one waiting-woman, and to mix with persons she had never seen before, and never was to see again. She was to meet the administrator, and nothing seemed disagreeable.

As her father's business was chiefly with the larger masses of population, in the principal places of the government, she had no fear of being dragged over aerial bridges, above fathomless waters, in search of romantic, inanimate beauties: she would travel safely, if not very smoothly; and would return with the consciousness of having pleased her father, by displaying herself to the people of his government.

Apprised of their Governor's intention, and informed by rumor of the wonderful beauty of his favorite daughter even the retired inhabitants of Norway caught the enthusiasm of Copenhagen. They crowded from their vallies and their mountains, into the towns and villages, eager to watch the transit of this brightest of Planets.

Madame Sauveur and Ellesif were left in Christiana. That was Theodore's station. Although occupied more than ever through the day with a multiplicity of business, and faithfully bending all the powers of his mind to the discharge of these new duties, it was impossible for him to decline attending his fair charges, on all those occasions when some familiar friend of the protecting sex is necessary.

Intending to usurp him entirely, Madame Sauveur made him attend her to the few parties they frequented; she contrived to have him in her train, whenever excursions were to be made round the adjacent country. In fact, she succeeded in leading common observers to believe that Theodore was a young man *she sought to attach*, and that he was not unwilling to wear her

chains. By that means she removed from Ellesif those observations which might have disparaged her discretion.

Stately as was their present mode of life, it was so inferior to their pomp in Zealand, that Ellesif loved to believe her very rank changed. She was visibly desirous of sinking nearer to the level of the man she loved. At all opportunities she expressed herself as if really no longer the awfully elevated person she had been; sporting with her supposed change of consideration, and evidently wishing to familiarize Theodore with the same idea.

But Theodore's respect had increased in outward show, since the family of Count Lauvenhëilm had lost some part of their title to the homage of others; and in proportion to the increase of his present temptation to do otherwise, he fortified his resolution of condemning his passion to silence.

The laudable effort was almost beyond his strength; for he could no longer deceive himself as to the nature of Ellesif's sentiments. Her feelings spoke through her transparent countenance every time he entered, or addressed her, or approached another: her very attempts to conceal them, by heightening her confusion, displayed them more clearly. An excess of timidity and of melancholy soon succeeded to the temporary ease and cheerfulness she had displayed during their voyage; and as his hardly-earned distance increased, her dejection assumed a deeper shade.

Madame Sauveur attributed Ellesif's sadness to regret at quitting Copenhagen; Theodore's melancholy abstraction to his anxiety about the inquiries going forward in Spain. She herself was beginning to find Christiana bearable, the sledge-parties delightful, and the ladies' eagerness to follow her fantastic fashions, quite charming.

Madame Sauveur was partly right in her conjectures respecting Theodore; he was painfully anxious to hear from Dofrestom and from the Chevalier. In Spain only, could dawn a hope for him; were he the equal of Ellesif, so beloved as he was by her father, and so fondly preferred by herself, where would be the rival he need fear!

As their present change of residence would necessarily retard the arrival of any letters from Dofrestom, the Count had voluntarily offered to let Theodore go to Aardal, after his own return with Anastasia; and Theodore waited for this enviable moment, with scarcely-disguised impatience.

Ellesif's feelings now took a new alarm: her wild imagination suggested that his eagerness to return home might be occasioned by attachment to some happier woman. All that had before interested and *perplexed* her in his conduct might have proceeded

from this cause. His sensibility in discoursing of love, and his fitful manner to her, might have two sources. Pity might prompt the glow of kindness, preference of another his sudden chills.

While torturing herself with this plausible phantom, she sometimes soothed the anguish it occasioned, by dwelling on the equal probability of another solution of his conduct. Attachment to herself, but repressed by gratitude and respect for the Count, and the hope of discovering through Dofrestom's information and De Roye's exertions, that he might hereafter indulge his passion with injuring his integrity.

But this last idea was the one she least dwelt on, merely because it was exactly that which contained all she desired. Accustomed by comparison with Anastasia to consider herself as charmless, she forgot the many painful proofs that she had received to the contrary, in the persons of several attached and amiable men; and solicitous for nothing beyond Theodore's heart and his society, she yielded herself up to the miserable belief that she did not possess the one, and that she might soon be deprived for ever of the other.

Their mode of life in Ager-huus did not give much distraction to thought of any kind. Their society was not numerous; it wanted the life and the grace of that which they enjoyed in Zealand. There was much form and ceremony amongst the old, and great gaiety amongst the young; but the gaiety of the latter was in general the result of mere animal spirits, rather than the animation of the soul: and although it perfectly suited Madame Sauveur, and obtained amiable participation from Ellesif, it could not do more than alter the exterior of her sadness.

Reading and the study of the heavenly bodies became her chief pleasures, because these might be solitary ones. Till her residence in Norway, she had only looked at the stars as at beautiful ornaments of the vast canopy above; but the peculiar clearness and brightness of the atmosphere at Christiana, by increasing her tendency to contemplate the heavens, first gave her an inclination to know something of astronomy.

In the early stage of their acquaintance, Theodore would have offered his services to instruct her, but now he was silent. He saw her poring over the books which contained the elements of the science, with a thrill of admiration at her thirst for knowledge, and a pang of regret, that he dared not trust himself to be her teacher. Never had self-denial cost him so much.

He now watched the post, ever expecting that letter from Dofrestom which still came not. A courier from Count Lauvenheilm, however, arrived, announcing his lord's intention of being *at Christiana in* a few days. The letter was to Theodore; and

having received it when alone, he went to communicate its contents to Madame Sauveur and to Ellesif.

The former was gone out with a sledging party; and not finding the latter in the common sitting-room, he ventured to seek her in a little boudoir which she had of late employed herself in decorating.

Theodore knocked lightly at the door, and he thought her gentle voice bade him enter, but she had not spoken. He entered the room, and surprised her in tears, though reading. At sight of him she started from her seat, and hastily sought to wipe away her tears with some tresses of her beautiful black hair, which now fell in disorder from the fillet that bound it. Theodore faltered out some words about the letter he held, but Ellesif could not recover herself; and passing him with precipitation, she vanished from the apartment.

Theodore's emotion was so great that he had not power to follow her: he paused a few moments for his limbs to regain their strength. That passion of tears! was it caused by real sorrow, or by pity for represented suffering? As he laid Count Lauvenheilm's letter upon the table, for Ellesif to find at her return, he observed the book she had left, lying open before him; he lifted it to read its title.

It was an obscure collection of English poems; the page at which it was opened was wet and blistered: they were the tears of Ellesif, and he hastily pressed the book to his lips.

That action, and the ideas associated with it, at once transported him into a delirium of tenderness and of rapture; and no longer master of himself, had Ellesif returned, his hard-won conquest over the most powerful sentiment of the human heart, would have ended at that moment.

Fortunately she came not; and after a short period of mental intoxication, he was composed enough to look at the stanzas she had been reading. Imagination did not mislead him, when he fancied Ellesif's tears had flowed from sympathy with the writer of the following lines:

There is a time for all to rest
  Beneath the peaceful sod;
And happier still, a time more blest,
  When all shall be with God.

O would that blissful hour were here,
  And past the pangs I prove;
This troubled hope, this racking fear,
  This struggling pride and love!

So dear he is, excelling all
  In virtues, graces, charms,

That vainly doth poor Reason call,
While admiration warms.

If I would cease to love, each sense
Must close, or cease to be;
For all increase his influence,
And none will set me free:

Yet, 'gainst the graces of his form,
Did Heaven these eyelids sear;
Did Wisdom in his accents charm
In vain, this deadened ear;

Ere I could cease to love him more
Than ever man was lov'd,
Mem'ry with all her treasur'd store,
Must be at once remov'd!

Theodore read the stanzas again and again, with the same emotion as if they had been the absolute expression of Ellesif's own feelings.

Forgetful of all that ought to have poisoned his delight in the conviction of being thus beloved, he felt a dizzy joy, which for the moment precluded any other idea; but the sound of approaching steps awaked him from his dream of transport, and hastily quitting the boudoir, he returned to his own apartments.

The momentary blaze of rapture was gone, despair and darkness had succeeded! Instead of indulging in reveries of rapturous certainty, or extravagant hopes, he reproached himself for wishing to retain the treasure he could not enjoy. If Ellesif's heart were indeed his, ought he not to lament rather than rejoice over the conviction? How had he conquered selfishness, if he thus exulted in what must blight the present enjoyments and future prospects of her he loved? Days, weeks, months, were passing, and still no circumstance arose to warrant the hope that he might be found her equal in worldly estimation.

Pale and thoughtful, he was sitting with his eyes fixed on a memorial he had vainly tried to examine, when the sound of a voice familiar to his ear caught his attention. He started up in a flutter of mingled joy and alarm, and embraced his first, his earliest friend.

The countenance of Dofrestom assured him that no fresh calamity brought him to Christiana. It was animated with the joy of seeing him. The good old man wiped off his glad tears, which flowed afresh.

"I am so happy at finding you here," he exclaimed, "so surprised at it!—Providence is gracious to me. But my dear boy, *you do* not look as you did with us: are you well? is the Count *still kind to you?*"

"Kinder than I can describe," replied Theodore, coloring, "and I am quite well. You must consider, dear father, that mine is a life of sedentary occupation, not one of bodily exercise; so you must not fancy me ill, or ill treated, because I am paler and thinner than I used to be. But how is Catherine? how are all the good people of Aardal? and what has brought you to Christiana?"

Dofrestom obeyed the gentle impulse of Theodore's hand, which made him sit down, and satisfied by a second glance at his now animated countenance, proceeded to give him the narrative of his journey and its causes.

Immediately after receiving the letter in which Theodore had convinced him that powerful friends would interest themselves in the discovery of his Spanish relations, were any documents afforded them, Dofrestom had no longer, as in former instances, sought any other advice than that which his own heart prompted, but set off in search of the sailor he had last seen at Lavenger.

His inquiries were for some days fruitless: at length accident threw a person in his way who informed him that Carl had left the sea-service, and was settled at Christiana.

Thither the excellent Dofrestom, in defiance of fatigue and impaired strength, determined to follow him. Anxious to procure Carl's deposition to the facts of Theodore's shipwreck, &c. and desirous of atoning for his long silence on the subject, if that silence were indeed a fault, he meditated extending his journey to Copenhagen.

The ivory box was now a sacred and important deposit, which he would not trust to any other care than his own. That once delivered with his blessing to Theodore, he would return to Aardal, to wait the event, and to pray that it might be fortunate.

After discoursing with Carle, whom he found cheerfully eager to give his testimoney, he proposed going with him for that purpose, to the Governor of the province.

An act of this kind, on which so much might depend, required solemnity and publicity, to give it full weight with the law-courts of another country; and the name and seal of the Governor of Ager-huus, would stamp authenticity upon the document.

During their walk to the government-house, Dofrestom heard, with surprise that Count Lauvenheilm was the new Governor. Eagerly hoping that Theodore was in his suite, and overjoyed to think his journey might be thus happily shortened, he had hurried on, found his hopes were true, and leaving Carl in the hall of audience, had followed the servant to Theodore's apartment.

"And this my child, is your mother's casket," said Dofrestom,

removing a piece of cloth from the ivory box, which till then he had held fast in his hand.

Theodore received it from him with an undescribable emotion. "My mother's," he repeated, and as he pressed this last relic of an almost forgotten parent to his quivering lips, he leaned his face over it, to hide the tears that suddenly gushed from his eyes.

Dofrestom's sympathising heart respected such feeling's too much, either to restrain, or to seek to divert them. He kept silence a moment, then saying he would send Carl away till a later hour, left Theodore for a while alone.

Never, during his short life of strong emotion, never had Theodore felt as he felt now. He held in his hand what was probably to decide his fate; what was to answer that important question upon which hung all his hopes of happiness and Ellesif.

The contents of this casket would tell him what his parents had been, and what he might be. Was he impatient to open that casket? O no! he dreaded to lift the veil that yet covered his destiny.

He was still holding it in his hand, with a fixed and flushed look, when Dofrestom re-entered. Ashamed of so much emotion, Theodore set down the casket, inquiring if it would open by the mere removal of the sealed band which Dofrestom had tied round it after its last examination. Dofrestom replied by breaking the seal, and opening the casket.

The sight of so many memorials of his parents, renewed the agitation of Theodore; he rose in disorder. "Pardon me, dear Sir," he cried, "if I beg your permission to look at these things by myself. Let me send some one to show you the house and the gardens, while I am reading these letters. I shall then feel less uneasy at quitting you, and I will join you the moment I have read them."

Dofrestom thought little of the fine house he was to see, but he was kindly desirous of leaving Theodore without restraint. He therefore signified his cheerful assent to the proposal, and being given in charge to the house-steward, left Theodore to commune with himself.

Never since these letters had been first received, and read by Donna Aurelia in the days of her love, had they been perused with such feelings as now struggled in the breast of Theodore. Their contents made him acquainted with the events of his father's life, of his feelings, and principles.

His heart felt its kindred with the deep tenderness of Don Balthazar's: for many of his own peculiarities of thought and of sentiment, did he trace in those of his father.

That long-lost, almost unknown parent seemed once more to

live, to act, to speak from these letters. As Theodore alternately glowed and melted over the alternate passion and tenderness addressed to his mother; as he trembled with hope and fear over many of the hopes and fears expressed by his father, he could with difficulty convince himself that all this emotion, this struggle, this combat with the ills of life, this transport in the enjoyment of the affections, this dread of losing it, this sensibility to joy and sorrow, were all buried in the stillness of death.

"O no!" he exclaimed, raising his surcharged eyes to heaven, "not all buried! this sensibility to love and joy, finds now millions of blisses, and of blessed spirits to give it eternal exercise!"

The style and strain of these letters assured him that his father was of no common rank in life, and that he was an elder son; but he had to read many pages, before he ascertained the quality of his grand-father. At the title of Conde Roncevalles, that title which Ellesif had sportively chosen for him, he laid down the papers, and was for some moments unable to proceed.

To find himself indeed of noble birth, the very thing Ellesif wished him to be;—to have the interdict taken from his heart, and to be free to love her now, and to seek to win her hereafter, —how was he able to support such a tide of transport?

His feelings could indeed bear no more. Having ascertained that which he most wished to know, he hastily returned the papers to the casket, and locking it in his cabinet, after delaying a few moments till he had recovered his self command, he went to join Dofrestom.

The disorder of conflicting emotions, partly pleasing, partly painful, was painted on his countenance. Joy, in this instance, could not be unmixed with regret. To be deprived of such a father! and when deprived, to be so long debarred from thus knowing that admirable parent's character!

Something like censure of Dofrestom came for an instant into his thoughts, but kinder and juster sentiments banished it. Dofrestom had acted by the advice of persons deemed wiser than himself; and if he had erred, it had been from too earnest a desire of saving his adopted son from the pain of disappointed expectations.

Greatful to his early friend for having at least preserved this valuable testimony, with so much care, Theodore was hurrying to seek him in the state apartments, reproaching himself for having left him so long to others, when he heard the sweet voice of Ellesif. Like the first notes of the nightingale in spring, that lovely voice now thrilled tenderness and delight through his very soul; for the day-star of hope was arisen, and the dark cloud that had hung *over his prospects* was dispersing fast.

He opened the door of the picture gallery, and saw her standing by the side of Dofrestom, pointing out the beauties of a portrait of Anastasia.

Her young and delicately-attired figure, contrasted with the rustic plainness and venerable decay of Dofrestom, formed a more charming picture in Theodore's eyes, than that of the perfect creature she was so proudly exhibiting.

He stood an instant looking at them; and for the first time since he had become conscious of loving Ellesif, his will did not silence the expression of his face. Never had Ellesif seen such a distinct avowal of fond admiration, as she saw in his eyes when her's accidentally turned, and met them. She blushed at their expression; she blushed to be detected thus attentive to his foster-father; she blushed at the recollection of the emotion he had so lately surprised her in.

Trying to cover her confusion by an appearance of courage, she advanced towards him, saying she had fortunately met his venerable friend in one of the apartments, and hearing who he was, had herself undertaken to show him the pictures and statues in the gallery.

"I am so interested in my father's government," she added, "and your venerable friend has had the goodness to answer such a multitude of my questions about the manners of the people?"

Theodore smiled at this little artifice, for her hesitating voice and heightening color confessed it was one. Ellesif was born for truth; and whenever she tried to conceal it, the ill-contrived deceit betrayed itself.

Dofrestom had many greatful things to say, of the gracious young lady's kindness; she had showed him every thing worth seeing; had explained every thing; and had condescended to hear him talk of what she knew was most pleasing to him, of his humble home, and his adopted son.

Ellesif had indeed drawn from the old man many interesting anecdotes of Theodore's early years. Each anecdote was an additional testimony of his superiority over all the men she had ever known, and she laid them up in her heart as treasures for thought.

Theodore was scarcely able to confine his thanks for her goodness, to the common forms of respect: he longed to tell her, that he received it as a flattering compliment to himself: but while he combatted the indiscreet desire, his eyes spoke, and Ellesif's beating heart too truly translated their ardent language.

Dofrestom had returned to the adoration of Anastasia's picture. As he stood looking at it, Theodore approached Ellesif, and with as much composure as he could gain, yet with trepida-

tion and tremor of voice, briefly told her the business of his foster-father's visit. The blood quivered like an unsteady flame in the cheek of Ellesif. "And you have been reading some of these letters!" she said: "do they throw any light—can you discover from them ——" Her agitation was too great to allow her to proceed; she stopped; but her eyes remained fixed on his face, with an expression of the deep interest which now conquered her timidity.

"I have discovered the condition of my grandfather," he replied, breathing short and interrupted; then pausing, and resuming with an air of forced liveliness to veil his extreme emotion; "I am fortunate enough to belong to the family whose name pleased you so much: my father was the son of a Conde Roncevalles."

Ellesif did not answer; but the sudden glow that colored her very neck, showed her sympathy with his feelings. After a moment's pause, as if by tacit consent, they hastened to the side of Dofrestom. Ellesif forgetting that by this silence she expressed her own interest in the discovery, and Theodore unconscious that she had left any thing unsaid.

"After so long a separation," she said, "you must have a thousand things to say to each other, so I will leave you. I know if my father were at home, he would be happy in this opportunity of returning your venerable friend's hospitality; therefore, I pray you, Senor Guevara, to make the house agreeable to him while he can stay at Christiana. Madame Sauveur and I dine out to-day, but you will order dinner at your own hour." She accompanied this speech and her graceful curtesy with an amiable smile, and left them.

Theodore was touched with her goodness; he would not take advantage of it wholly, contenting himself with ordering dinner in his own apartment, and securing Dofrestom a comfortable sleeping room in a neighboring street.

By the time they were seated in Theodore's pleasant study, Dofrestom had no longer occasion to complain of his adopted son's altered looks. Never before had he seen such buoyancy in his movements, or such animation in his countenance. He was indeed overflowing with joy and gratitude; and his very pleasure in seeing this friend of his infancy, partook of the same rapturous character.

Dofrestom's honest heart alternately joyed and ached as he listened to him. His eyes filled with moisture. "Well, you love me, dear boy!" he exclaimed, "and I have made you happy this morning; what should I wish for more? But every time I *rejoice, there comes a* something across my mind—a weight on

on my heart—a sort of reproach of myself for being glad, when I don't know what may be the fate of my poor prodigal."

Theodore's bright looks were immediately dimmed. He entered into the sad father's feelings, with a son's sympathy for him, and a brother's sorrow for Heinreich. But alas, he had nothing cheering to tell!—he could only repeat every argument for hope and consolation; detail the past and promised exertions of various travelers who had undertaken to inquire for him; and assure Dofrestom, that whatever Providence might make of his Theodore, where ever he might be carried, he would always find in him a grateful and dutiful son.

Dofrestom silently indulged an interval of bitter grief; then wiping his eyes, smiled and promised to avoid this distressing subject in future. He then proceeded to reply to Theodore's unanswered questions about the valley.

Some few changes had taken place since he left it, but none that had troubled either the peace or the purity of its inhabitants. Catherine was as cheerful as ever, Magdalen as amusing, Eric as faithful, and the professor's elk as docile. Every body had sent some rustic token or message to the universal favorite, by their neighbor Dofrestom, and Theodore promised himself much gratification by sending them little presents in return.

He could now reply to Defrestom's questions without restraint or disguise. Animated by the certainty of being the equal of Ellesif, and the hope of one day having the power to ask her of her father, he forgot that not two hours before he had thought himself the most miserable person in existence.

He described the Count's unwearied kindness, and his own increasing enthusiasm for him, with a vivacity quite new to his generally repressed manner; and not daring to rest on the praise of Ellesif alone, he said of both sisters what his heart said only of one. Even Madame Sauveur's portrait assumed many charms under his delighted pencil; so that Dofrestom, with a simplicity that doubted not the excellence of others, exclaimed, "Blessed be God, my child, you are fallen into a family of angels!" A deep shade then darkened his brow, and Theodore was painfully conscious that the poor father was sadly contrasting the fates of the two youths he had reared with equal care.

After their social dinner, Theodore proposed going to Carl; his testimony would not be formally required till Count Lauvenheilm's arrival; yet he was eager to see the sailor again, and to thank him for that interest in his fortune which Dofrestom said he testified.

As they were returning from this humble visit, Ellesif's carriage *passed them.* She bowed and smiled graciously to Dofrestom,

who stood respectfully holding his blue cap off his thick grey locks. She could have wished the carriage had gone slower; for never had Theodore looked so interesting in her eyes, as at a moment when others noticed him with something of contemptuous surprize.

Careless of passing observers, or their light remarks, he was walking slowly through crowded streets with a Norwegian peasant leaning on his arm. His own refined appearance, added to the manly graces which nature had bestowed on his person, formed a singular contrast with the rustic and provincial plainness of Dofrestom, who stopping to gaze at the public edifices, or the fine prospects of the bay, was quite unconscious that there was any incongruity between his appearance and that of his companion.

There was a pensive composure on the fine countenance of Theodore, a sweet shroudedness in his eyes, as he raised them to the passing carriage, which spoke that heavenly calm which follows strong emotions of joy. Ellesif saw the expression clearly; but as he cast down his eyes again, Madame Sauveur exclaimed,

"Ah the *pauvre Garcon!* See how ashamed he is of being with that tremenduously strange figure! Mon Dieu! How can the old person make such an object of himself! The whole street will be in an uproar in a moment."

"My dear Marquise," replied Ellesif; "don't we every day see peasants from all quarters of Norway? What is there so uncouth in that venerable old man's dress? To me it is quite characteristic and respectable."

"Quite proper for him, of course," answered Madame: "but the horror, the wonder is, his going about with a person of Senor Guevara's elegant appearance."

"So you have discovered at last that Senor Guevara has an elegant appearance!" said Ellesif, a little mischievously.

Madame Sauveur colored; and happily for Dofrestom, his antiquated garb was quickly forgotten in Ellesif's raillery. The defence of the Marquise lasted till they were set down at the mansion they were going to.

Meanwhile Dofrestom had returned to the government-house with Theodore, where they spent the evening together, in the full flow of heart. If Theodore checked the stream of his, it was only when delicacy and honor opposed their barriers. He spoke not of his love for Ellesif, because he would not mention those involuntary appearances of affection on her part, which had strengthened his attachment beyond the power of effort to conquer.

At an early hour Dofrestom left him, and Theodore was then free to finish the perusal of his father's letters, and to examine the trinkets.

In the first he found the history of the second: they were all presents from Don Balthazar, and had some touching circumstance connected with their existence. One of them was an ornament for the breast; a little guitar of gold filagree, so exquisite in its workmanship, that it might have passed for the lute of a fairy. The letter in which it was mentioned alluded to Donna Aurelia's skill on her national instrument, and described its effect upon her lover in such terms as Theodore's heart had often addressed to the voice and harp of Ellesif.

Having gone through the letters written before their marriage, he perused with still livelier interest those which followed it. They began some months after their union, when his father was in Navarre seeking a reconciliation with the Conde Roncevalles. Many passages alluded to their mutual solicitude for the birth of an infant, to which Donna Aurelia looked forward with the hope that such an event might reconcile the Conde. Theodore did not hesitate to believe this infant was himself: but what a new, what a thrilling emotion succeeded, when at length he discovered that this expected child proved a female! He had once had a sister! Good heaven, if she still lived!

"Ah, then, I am not alone!" he exclaimed, gazing on the lines that mentioned this precious little creature, and he gazed till sight was lost in tears. "O my sister, if you are alive,—if I may ever be so blessed as to see you!" He could not utter more, but pausing at the thought, delivered himself up to the most delicious reveries.

When he had perused and finished all the letters, he sought to bring before his mind an abstract of their contents. The task was more difficult than might be imagined; for deeply interested in every part of them, he was distracted between pleasure derived from his father's sentiments, eagerness to discover his mother's peculiar qualities, and numerous hints of events that were rather commented on than related.

What had been clear to Donna Aurelia, to one acquainted with every circumstance or personage mentioned by her husband, was obscure to Theodore. However, after repeatedly bringing back his truant thoughts as they wandered from the investigation of certainties into endless conjecture, he fixed them securely upon these facts:

Don Balthazar had alienated his family by refusing to ratify an engagement made for him by his parents, with the daughter of the Marquis St. Estevan; and as an attachment to Donna Aurelia had caused his disobedience, his subsequent union with her had never received their sanction.

It appeared that she was a portionless orphan destined for the

veil, and that her renunciation of a religious life had rendered her kindred as hostile to the union as those of Don Balthazar.

After unsuccessfully seeking employment at home, he had accepted an honorable post in the Havanna; and his last letter announced this appointment, and suggested leaving their little Elvira under the care of Donna Aurelia's sister.

Who this sister was, and whether the precious deposit had indeed been placed in her hands, and yet survived, was still to be discovered.

In every doubtful prospect youth sees a new path to happiness, maturer years foresees only fresh space for trials. The ine heart of Theodore would not imagine the possibility of death: he gave himself up to a sweet superstition, fondly believing that Providence would not have willed him to know that s sister ever existed, were it decreed that he was never to enjoy e blessing of so dear a connexion.

Vainly did he search for some picture of his parents: he saw only trinkets for the neck and arms, and a neat lock of silky hair, which evidently belonged to a child's head, and which, by one of the letters, he rightly concluded was his sister's hair. He kissed it tenderly; and having admired its fine texture and delicate color, returned it into the locket, and tied them together round his neck.

So much of delightfully unexpected information was in the letters he had read; so many proofs that his parents were worthy to be loved and honored as he wished to honor them; and so greatly did these circumstances heighten the mournfulness of the catastrophe by which they perished, that it was impossible for Theodore to think of sleep.

When he had restored his new treasures to their casket, he sat down in a window overlooking the town, and mused away the night.

The city itself, rounding the beautiful bay, was in deep shadow; but the water was a sheet of light: it reflected the heavens, bright with myriads of stars; and the moon, adding her lustre to that of the stars, rested on the snow-topped Alps that towered in the distance.

The solemn stillness with which so many worlds were performing their destined course, the magnificent calm of the great deep, the profound repose of the earth; this tranquillity of so many sublime objects, when contrasted with the tumult, the restlessness of his single being, had something awful in it. "Rebellious spirit of man!" he exclaimed, "in this majestic submission of the universe, darest thou alone refuse obedience to the laws of the great Creator!"

Struck *with a sense of his* own impatience, his mind gradually

subdued each importunate longing after those events that were yet to come. He thought solely of his present causes for thankfulness; and though his eyes were still tearful, as he fixed them on the cloudless sky, devotion and filial love, scarcely sullied with regret, were the sources of these sacred drops.

While gazing on the bright constellations above, he fancied that he held communion with the spirits of his parents: his mother unveiled her beauteous head from the cloud, like a fair but watery rainbow, promising him a futurity of blessings, while the sacred voice of his father arose to tell him that such blessings must be purchased by a life of Christian excellence.

CHAPTER XII.

The next morning, as Dofrestom was breakfasting with Theodore, Madame Sauveur sent a civil message to say she would be glad to entertain Senor Guevara's friend, while the Senor himself might be otherwise engaged.

Theodore was not at a loss to discover whose amiable consideration had suggested this compliment; and as he had many persons to give audience to, and several complaints to hear and examine, that he might be enabled to state them fairly to the Count, he gladly accepted an invitation which would so agreeably fill his place to Dofrestom.

When he conducted his pastoral friend to the morning sitting-room, he found Madame Sauveur alone; and he had the resolution to leave them, without lingering to see Ellesif.

Madame la Marquise had undertaken no easy task. To amuse a person who had the simplicity without the ignorance of a mountaineer; who was too sensible to find much pleasure from mere objects of sight, and too sincere to affect the enjoyment he did not feel, was almost impossible to her. But in truth, Madame Sauveur only thought of entertaining herself; and when she saw respectable manners, and heard judicious remarks, instead of laughable absurdities and clownish exclamations, she was quite angry at herself for taking the trouble of collecting such a number of Parisian knick-knacks, to show a man that would not be thunderstruck.

A parrot called from her time-piece, and a canary sung in her snuff-box, and a pistol went off from the lock of her jewel-case; nay, the jewels themselves blazed in every form her hands could place them in; but none of these wonders extorted more than *moderate surprise* and attention from Dofrestom.

He was very grateful for the lady's goodness; but when nobler productions of art were offered by Ellesif, he could not feign equal admiration of Madame Sauveur's baubles.

Bad taste, like vulgarity, is the growth of cities, not of shades; they have both the same origin—an erroneous idea of what our superiors admire, or do. The artless inhabitant of solitudes, on the contrary, looks up to no dictator, follows the impulses of admiration and nature, feels the beautiful as exquisitely as the tutored connoisseur, and is as little deserving of ridicule as the most accomplished courtier.

A collection of small alabaster copies from the finest statues of Grecian sculptors, afforded Dofrestom the liveliest pleasure, and he looked at them with greater interest, because he traced the same style of beauty in their contours as in the face and figure of Theodore. With much simplicity he remarked this to Ellesif, as she was showing him a beautiful copy of an Endymion; having often observed the resemblance herself, she heard love's judgment confirmed, with flushing delight.

Ellesif afterwards sung to him; her touching voice deepened the effect of the music. Dofrestom was at first painfully affected; but seeing his agitation and guessing its cause, she changed the air into a foreign march, and continued to play such music only as it was not likely he had ever heard, or could associate with past scenes.

By insensible degrees she ceased to play, and at last won her auditor into conversation.

From the history of his own early adventures, the transition was easy to that of Theodore. This was a theme as dear to her who listened, as to him that talked; and Dofrestom's heart, completely opened by the sweet ingenuousness of Ellesif, while dwelling on the virtues of his adopted son, glided into the narrative of his own child's misconduct.

Madame Sauveur had fidgeted out of the room during their discourse, and she was happily absent when the old man's tears drew answering drops down the cheek of Ellesif.

Left thus alone with him, Ellesif could show the sympathy she would otherwise have feared to display before another; for ever too sensitive to opinion, she dreaded to display before acute observers, that tender interest which she felt for the humblest individual connected with Theodore.

Her gracious sympathy flattered the artless old man; she had besides many soothing words to say, and many indulgent excuses to make, for his misguided son. In short, her kindness was itself a balm, and Dofrestom, without intention, recompensed all her kindness, by *comparing her pitying* nature to that of Theodore.

The parallel was sweet to the ear of Ellesif; for now complete knowledge of the rare excellence she had so lately but guessed at in part, heightened her tenderness to an enthusiasm, which nearly deified its object.

Never till now had she heard of the Professor's ungenerous conduct at his death, or of his tormenting temper during his life; she knew him in the conversation of Theodore, only as the enlightened philosopher, and generous preceptor.

How touching was this pious respect of the dead! How admirable this gratitude! How ennobling those humble occupations to which this self-denying young man had willingly stooped for the sake of his first friends!

Great motives exalt lowly deeds; Theodore was greater in her eyes, thus sharing in the labors of the husbandman and herdsman, than if seated on a throne, and wielding the destinies of nations.

Ellesif now delivered herself up to the delight of admiring him she loved, without that painful fear of loving indelicately because smgly, which had so lately harassed her.

Ever dependent for her happiness upon the manner of Theodore, she had passed from despair to certainty, and was now distinctly sensible of those honorable motives which had hitherto restrained his tenderness. The attentions she could not pay himself, she lavished upon the man that had fostered him, while Dofrestom repaid her by undisguised testimonies of gratification.

On all occasions Ellesif knew how to show the most delicate attentions to an inferior, without shocking the prejudices, or violating the proper decorum of the higher orders. During the days that intervened between this and her father's arrival, she contrived to engage herself with Madame Sauveur at other houses, leaving Theodore to entertain Dofrestom in his own apartment.

Count Lauvenheilm returned at the time his messenger had announced. He welcomed his host of Aardal with his usual graceful courtesy, and more than his usual warmth; and when he heard the particulars of what had thus brought him so far from home, his surprize and pleasure were expressed in animated terms.

After this, Carl's deposition was formally taken and affixed to the statement of Dofrestom; copies were made of this testimonial, and of that which Dofrestom had executed at the time of protesting against the register of Theodore's name for the militia. The Count himself undertook to forward duplicates of them to Madame Ursins, while Theodore was to send other copies to Gaston de Roye.

If the answers through either of these channels were favora-

ble—if, in short, the state of affairs in Spain were sufficiently settled to make a legal investigation practicable, the Count promised to forward Theodore's journey thither, without consideration of his own loss in his services.

These arrangements were no sooner completed than Dofrestom became anxious to return to Catherine; his heart was divided between her and Theodore; but her comparative loneliness weighed down the scale; and he hastened to join her with tidings of their mutual favorite.

Nothing but the parting pang itself was painful in this separation, for Dofrestom was leaving Theodore in possession of present happiness, and in expectation of future honors; and Theodore saw that his venerable friend was in health, and had regained much of his cheerfulness.

They bade farewell with tender rather than sad feelings; and having seen the good old man some distance on his journey, his young friend returned to Christiana.

A few days' observation of his patron, convinced Theodore that something important labored in his mind. An expression of constant thought had taken place of his usual flattering air of being solely occupied with the persons around him.

He would occasionally start from profound meditation with an appearance of alarm, as if he feared to have betrayed what he revolved.

But the abstraction into which he fell during his hours of relaxation, never followed him into scenes of public business. From the moment of Theodore's arrival in Ager-huus, till his departure some months afterwards, he never ceased admiring the activity, zeal, and luminous views of his noble friend.

Indeed the Count's paternal care reached to the remotest part of his government; he was as patient in the investigation of grievances as prompt in their redress; impartial in all his judgments; as accessible to the humblest artizan or peasant as to the highest officer; liberal of his bounty as of his time, and parsimonious of the latter only to his own pleasures.

The Count had exercised one strain of magnificent habits and exalted duties during his short ministry in Zealand; but in Ager-huus, far from affecting his former splendor, he evidently sought to perform the duties of his high station, with a simplicity that might avert scrutiny.

In Auger-huus a variety of new occasions called forth powers of mind and qualities of heart which had no room for expansion at a court; and Theodore soon believed him as great in the minute details of provincial business, as in the grand plans of the Danish cabinet.

His own share in this active usefulness, was really equal with that of the Count's; for both ability and inclination led him into the same paths.

Every private complaint or representation was first made to him; and he generally informed himself completely of the merits of each case, ere he laid them before the governor.

Countess Anastasia had returned as beautiful as ever; more beautiful, most persons thought, because they had been so long without seeing her; and what her father had lost in elegant playfulness, she had gained in animation.

Though she also fell into fits of musing, it was evident that none but agreeable images visited her day dreams. She said some gracious words to Theodore on hearing that he possessed certain proofs of his noble birth; and from that moment both she and Madame Sauveur failed not to speak of him as the grandson of a Spanish grandee.

After the Count had got through the mass of business which had accumulated during his absence, he expressed a desire to see some of Don Balthazar's letters.

Ellesif wished to read them, and Theodore as earnestly longed for her participation in the delight with which he contemplated the character of his father; but neither of them had the courage to give expression to their wishes.

Ellesif was the only additional person in her father's library, when the Count prepared to look over these interesting documents. She rose to go. "Stay, Ellesif," said her father, "I dare say Guevara will have no objection to your remaining."

Ellesif did not require a second invitation; an eloquent suffusion on Theodore's cheek told her that he had wished though not dared to ask her stay. She sat down, blushing and silent.

The Count was too much accustomed to see Ellesif color to be roused by it now, into any suspicion of an unusual reason for the glow; but blushes, like sighs, are widely different on different occasions. The heart that is interested in the discovery, rapidly learns to discriminate the blush of modest confusion from that when love is mixed with it; and the slow sigh of sorrow, from the soft, fluttering one of tenderness. Theodore's throbbing heart understood but too well this touching distinction.

As the Count read Spanish he took the letters his protege selected as the most note-worthy, and translated them aloud to Ellesif, who meanwhile found an object for her downcast eyes, in the trinkets of the casket.

Having read two or three with great attention, the Count paused. "If your grandfather be still living," he said, "I wish *he may be attached* to the French party, because in that case the

interference of Princess Ursins might be of use to influence his conduct. You must not expect your path to be over roses, Guevara. I foresee a good deal of difficulty from this old Conde's inflexibility to your father,—and you must prepare for it. I would still advise you not to be precipitate, but stay quietly here till some one else has seen the Conde Roncevalles, and sounded his inclination for or against acknowledging your claims."

"I fear I am much too willing to remain where I am!" replied Theodore, scarcely seeking to hide the nature of his emotion. "My heart seems to want no other home,—and if I thought that in going to seek a name and a station, even kindred, in another country, I was to lose——" He did not venture to finish the sentence; the tone of his voice sufficiently explained his feelings.

Whether Count Lauvenheilm did or did not comprehend what those feelings were, is certain; he was silent for a short interval, then turning to Theodore, with an expression of peculiar kindness, he said, "No, we must not part for ever, Guevara! I hope that is impossible. There are as sure bonds of union as that of passing our lives together,—and though the ties of blood may bind you to another family——"

The entrance of a servant interrupted the conclusion of a sentence, upon which not only the soul of Theodore but that of Ellesif was hanging with breathless attention. Count Lauvenheilm's presence was required for a few minutes by some person in the audience-hall, and purposing immediate return, he left his daughter alone with Theodore.

The words, "there are as sure bonds of union as that of passing our lives together," was still vibrating in the ear of each; both of them found in that natural expression, an occult meaning which flattered their love and its hopes, but neither ventured to speak.

Ellesif continued examining the trinkets without seeing what she looked at, growing more agitated, as she felt the palpitation of her heart and the color on her cheek increase at every breathing. Without courage either to leave the room or to encounter a possible declaration of what she longed, yet dreaded to hear, she tried to ask some trivial question, and in doing so, raised her eyes to Theodore's. All that the fondest, purest love can ever utter, was then speaking from those of Theodore; their expression kindled as they continued fixed on her. Ellesif turned away in disorder, and unconscious of what she did, took up a plain gold medallion from the trinkets, and unawares pressing upon a spring, saw it open.

"Good *heaven, it is* a picture!" she exclaimed. The next *moment it was in Theodore's* hand. It was indeed the miniature

of his father and mother; their blended initials above, and the resemblance to himself, put the conjecture out of doubt.

Holding it with a trembling hand, he devoured their lineaments in a long and ardent gaze; then passionately snatching the medallion to his lips, pressed it with his hands to his eyes.

For a while he sat thus, without altering his attitude, and Ellesif heard him struggling with the powerful feelings this unexpected discovery had roused. Her heart was as agitated as his.

After a short silence he raised his head. "I know not why I should be ashamed of this!" he said, removing his hands and discovering his face in a graceful disorder of tears and tenderness; but the next instant he covered it again, and hastily retreated to a window.

He had left the medallion on the table; Ellesif took it up; and as she looked on the interesting lineaments of persons whose union had been so perfect, and whose fate had been so melancholy, a flood of tears fell from her eyes. Her heart had before been softened to more than its usual tenderness, by the visible display of Theodore's attachment, and by the romantic imaginations which her father's words had raised; the resemblance of Don Balthazar's picture to his son, joined to the dismal thought of his fate, completed the overthrow of her self-command, and she sobbed aloud as she continued to weep.

At so affecting a proof of her sympathy, Theodore hurried towards her; no longer occupied with any thing but herself, he uttered some broken sentences of gratitude and concern for having thus agitated her. She rose while endeavoring to answer him, and turning her head, smiled through showering tears.

The pathetic sweetness of that smile heightened her beauty into something divine. Theodore eagerly bent forward, with the intention of taking her hand and pressing it to his lips. Had he done so, his passion would have spurned control; he must have thrown himself at her feet, and forgetting the uncertainty of his future prospects, have sought and gained her promise never to belong to another.

Fortunately that mysterious dread of the confession woman most wishes to hear, made Ellesif avoid his hand. All blushes, tremor, and tears, and afraid of being thus surprised by her father she attempted to falter out some kind of apology for leaving him, and retiring as she did so, disappeared at an opposite door.

It was sometime before the Count came back; he had been pondering on the subject of the letter he went out to receive, and forgot the length of his absence. Seeing Theodore alone, looking at the picture so luckily discovered, he required no further explanation of the emotion in which he found him,

After a thorough discussion of what related to his young friend's Spanish connexions, the Count fell into a profound reverie; he sighed often, and deeply. Theodore looked at him with tender and respectful concern.

"I understand that look, my dear Guevara," said the Count, stretching out his hand to him; "you are anxious to know what makes me unhappy."

"If you are unhappy, my lord," replied Theodore, "would to God it were in my power to remove the cause."

Count Lauvenheilm answered by a melancholy smile; but his eyes remained glazed with tears, and as fixed and as sad as before.—Theodore sighed.

"I am afraid of myself, Theodore," said the Count suddenly, "they will force me out of my duty. I am studiously mortified by the master I once served so faithfully; cruelly traversed in all my plans—my power abridged by arbitrary orders; my hands tied in every thing."

He stopped frequently during this disjointed speech, and Theodore but ill understood what was meant by its first sentence.

"Surely, my lord," he observed, "the King cannot be long deceived by your enemies; the triumph of falsehood is always short; bear with these painful slights but a little while; persevere in your present honorable exertions for this neglected government, and be sure that you will be eventually repaid by the return of your sovereign's confidence."

"Yes, I have powerful enemies!" said the Count, and then he stopped;—"no, I shall never be what I have been; at least not in Denmark. This very morning, not ten minutes ago, I have been cut to the heart by the King's unkindness; the courier I went out to, brought me a positive order to discharge that brave old officer who commands the citadel. You know how clear his character came out from the malicious accusation preferred against him at Copenhagen; my zeal in the cause of justice has ruined him. In the very face of positive evidence, the court insist on believing him guilty; and the order for his dismission is accompanied with a hint to myself that I aim at too much popularity."

"Good God! what injustice," exclaimed Theodore; "active benevolence like yours, my lord, seeks not fame, but must find it. Let your enemies compare Ager-huus now with what it was only three months ago, let them go into the remotest villages—let them come into the courts of Christiana. Aim at popularity!—you aim at making a people happy and prosperous, who *have hitherto been left* to ruin and to afflict each other."

Theodore's vehement indignation had hurried him into a strain

of praise which his delicacy made him blush to have indulged; he recollected himself, and was silent.

The Count was gratified with his ardor. "*You* would not condemn me then," he asked, "were the perfidy, the wanton affronts, the base suspicions of an ungrateful court, to drive me —— What claim on his duty has a country that spurns her son? Why am I thus to crouch under insults? Ought I tamely to see myself mocked with the name of governor of this noble province, and reduced into a mere puppet, moving by the will of others?"

The Count spoke in a hurried and smothered voice, and his cheek grew alternately pale and red.

Theodore had never seen him so moved before: he had indeed never imagined him capable of such flaming resentment. His character was then different from what it seemed: it was evidently of a more powerful frame than Theodore had been accustomed to consider it: it was not all comprised of beauty; something of that most terrible sublime,—the sublime of profound sensibility, heightened its interest.

Supprised and deeply affected, Theodore stood for a while silently looking at him, striving to recollect distinctly what the Count had said, and to understand why he felt alarmed.

A transient thought of Coriolanus in ancient days, and of the Constable Bourbon in later ones, troubled his mind; but driving away the suspicion and the pang together, he said with emphasis, "You can never be a puppet, my dear lord; no will but your own can move your heart either to good or ill. Go on as you have begun, and put your enemies to silence by your actions; the more your benevolent plans are traversed, the greater will be your glory in conquering opposition, and effecting the prosperity of Ager-huus. Nay, if you do not succeed; if all your exertions be frustrated by secret artifice or open tyranny, you will still have the proud consciousness of having repaid ingratitude with benefits."

"Romantic, admirable, excellent Guevara!" exclaimed the Count, much affected: if the world were made up of men like you!—but it is far otherwise. We see it, we know it, we despise it in speculation. Yet for its empty acclaim——no—it is not worth it!—I'll revoke my promise."

Theodore was again left to conjecture his noble friend's meaning. The epithet of romantic, he believed, applied to him for imagining virtue must eventually triumph; but what promise the Count alluded to, or what he was meditating when he said *it is not worth it*, Theodore could not even guess.

Only experience can teach us to suspect another of designs

which we ourselves would disdain to harbour; and it is the bitterest of all experiences which makes us apprehend guilty intentions in the person we have till then loved and esteemed.

That something of great import agitated the Count could not be doubted: Theodore wished to know its nature, yet ventured not to inquire; and his looks continued to hang upon those of his patron with painful interest.

The Count rose suddenly from his seat: he held out his hand. "Guevara," he said, "your affection is dear to me: it is almost necessary to my self-esteem: I would not forfeit it; but these are insults that madden the very heart. If I fail under this trial; if I slacken those fruitless exertions you would animate me to; in short, if I prove less than you think me, may I believe you will love, you will follow me still?"

Theodore was at his patron's feet, and moistening his hand with tears, ere he was conscious of the ardent action. "Through prosperity or adversity—over the world will I follow you, my lord," he exclaimed; "you can do nothing that is not honorable—go no where, where the blessing of Heaven will not shadow you!"

Count Lauvenheilm stifled a groan as he raised him.

"Rash promise!" he exclaim, looking with anguish on his kindled countenance; "but fear it not; I will never claim it to your ruin. If I fall, I will not drag you down with me; but if I rise, may your fortunes but depend on me, and for this sterling attachment, so above all measure will I reward you!" The Count's face was bright with enthusiasm as he broke off, while Theodore was thrilling in every vein with the momentary thought of Ellesif.

"Tell me, Guevara," resumed the Count in a more temperate tone, "would you blame me if I should renounce a situation in which I see all the fair blossoms of improvement that I have been so carefully nursing suddenly blighted by tyrannical commands? would you blame me if I should abandon my own country, and enter a wider, freer space of usefulness in another?"

"Certainly not, my lord," replied Theodore; "though I should lament—yet, perhaps, not lament ——" He broke off abruptly, for a delightful vision of Spain and Princesse Ursins, through whom Count Lauvenheilm might possibly reach power in Spain, passed before him.

Unhappy Lauvenheilm, unwilling to scrutinize the sort of deceit he was practising with himself, in thus obtaining by an imperfect statement Theodore's sanction of what would have shocked him had it been fairly represented, he avoided a fuller explanation, by ending the conversation.

"*You have seen more of my heart this day, Guevara, than I*

ever before showed to any man," he said, gathering up the contents of the casket: "the confidence will be sacred with you, I am certain. Let us separate; I wish to recollect my scattered self: we will meet again presently."

Theodore put his lips to the hand that gave him the casket, and retired.

The impression of this extraordinary scene remained for many days as fresh as at the time of its acting on the mind of Theodore: it heightened his enthusiasm for his noble benefactor, by deepening his interest for him. A vague apprehension of some temptation assailing his integrity, gave a tender character to that interest: and never had Count Lauvenheilm, in his proudest days of power, and honor, and untainted rectitude, enjoyed the attachment of so devoted a heart.

O that he had leaned on that faithful heart entirely! Had he ingenuously owned the temptations that assaulted him, Theodore's influence would have fixed his tottering virtue: but the moment passed; he touched the slippery verge, and, once inclining, what superhuman hand could arrest his descent.

There are epochas in most men's lives of peculiar action and peculiar repose; important events come in crowds at one time, and at others we forget that existence is any thing but a monotonous return of day and night.

This was the thronging period of Theodore's history. A packet of letters from Gaston de Roye, which had made a tedious round from Spain to England, from thence to Copenhagen, and so on to Christiana, came to the Governor's: it contained presents for the three ladies, and a long epistle for Theodore.

The Chevalier wrote with the same careless rambling ease as he talked; and detailed the most interesting events, or expressed the kindest feelings with as much levity as he would have used in jesting with Madame Sauveur; but, through all this, Theodore saw sterling regard for himself, and gathered important information.

Gaston de Roye had ascertained that the eldest son of the Conde Roncevalles, with his wife and child, had been supposed to perish by shipwreck in the year 1692; the Conde's only remaining son (who was previously married, and at that time a widower) died of a fever some years afterwards, leaving a youth of thirteen to inherit the title and estates.

But the Conde was still living, and this boy (known by the name of Don Jasper Guevara) was grown into manhood. De Roye could not learn further particulars of the family, as they were all attached to the Bourbon party, holding such as adhered *to the House of* Austria in perfect abhorrence.

He lamented this last circumstance with much real concern, though in gay language; for he was confident in the belief that the treaty of partition then recurred to by Louis XIV. would be finally concluded, and Philip V. be unkinged, or reduced to the lesser crown of the Two Sicilies; of course such of the Spanish nobility as had espoused the side of Philip, would eventually suffer from the resentment of the Archduke.

Theodore was imperfectly acquainted with the merits or rights of the two claimants; for the Count, who leaned to the French party, and De Roye, who hastily advocated the Austrian, so rarely allowed the truth of each other's narrations when they stated the grounds on which their respective favorites proceeded, that it was impossible for him not to suspend his judgment.

Inclination, however, biassed him towards Philip; the magnanimous character of that prince's young queen, and his tender attachment to her, (which only the future development of its earthly nature could render worthless,) made Theodore hear of his declining success with real concern.

Theodore rarely thought of self-interest; and forgetting that his families' fortunes might fall with that of the French Prince, he was pleased to learn that they espoused the cause to which he wished well.

Although his grandfather's severity to Don Balthazar might have corrected the error, he could not help imagining his old age must be venerable and endearing. At that period in which the soul looks into another world for all its hopes and fears, he could not suppose that it would foster any of the passions and prejudices of the one it was to leave.

That part of De Roye's communication respecting Don Jasper was painful to him. It was not in Theodore's nature to know himself on the eve of stripping another person of what had long been considered his right, without extreme disquiet.

He sighed at the thought; and then he recovered himself, mentally exclaiming, "This evil may be prevented by a worse—they may not be convinced that I am the son of Don Balthazar."

But the most distressing circumstance to Theodore, was De Roye's silence about his sister: it occasioned a variety of surmises. The Count simply imagined De Roye had never heard of her, from neglecting to make any inquiries after the female branches; Ellesif supposed that he refrained from mentioning so tender a tie, lest it might unnecessarily augment Theodore's impatience to be in Spain; and Madame Sauveur unthinkingly suggested that she might be dead.

Anastasia's conjecture appeared the most probable; that she

was either living with her mother's relations, or had married, or had taken the veil, and therefore not known to the Chevalier.

Theodore's heart was quieted by the first conjectures, but pained by the last. As he recurred to the letter, the names of persons whose existence had been till now unknown to him, made his kindred so completely present, that he felt his former passionate eagerness to visit Spain return with double force.

With this yearning of nature was mixed the fond hope of acquiring that undisputed rank which could alone entitle him to ask the hand of Ellesif: yet, earnestly as he wished to go, careless as he was of encountering the shock of contending parties, he could not leave Count Leuvenheilm in his present disturbed state of feelings.

Princesse Ursins was now the person to whom the affair was to be referred; and the most rational plan was to wait for her description of the Conde's inclination towards the orphan of his son. Were he, therefore, to quit the Count at this period, he would be committing a wantonly ungrateful act.

Habituated to patience from his earliest years, Theodore would have submitted to delay, under any circumstances, without repining; but in this instance he was accepting present enjoyment in the place of future good. A day, an hour, with Ellesif and her father, were to him years of blessing.

Feeble must be that heart's capacity for happiness which describes the period of its possession as passing with the rapidity of light. The duration of time is marked to the worldly, by the quick succession of events; to the impassioned, by a repetition of strong emotions; and he that truly loves, finds, in a single instant, the treasures of an age.

In the presence of the objects beloved, each word, each look embodies the moment in which they are admired; and as memory thrills over their recollection, a few short hours appear to have contained a life of transport.

Freed from the restraints imposed by scrupulous honor, Theodore no longer sought to hide the nature of his sentiments for Ellesif: but though desirous that they should be seen and commented on by the Count, his natural fastidious delicacy, in all that related to his own feelings, still threw a veil over their expression.

Attracted by the harp and voice, or by the conversation of Ellesif, he would hover round her while she played or sat at work; but if another eye looked twice at him, as if ashamed of indulging in so much delight, he would hastily retreat.

Ellesif meanwhile, all abandoned to rapture, thought of nothing, heard nothing, saw nothing but Theodore. Engaged in listen*ing to him, or* in observing the soft gracefulness of his move-

ments, she had not space in her mind for any other idea. Whether friends or enemies marked her devotedness, she neither knew nor thought; for her love was justified to herself, first by the merit of its object, and lastly by his equal attachment.

She saw Anastasia still the wonder and gaze of multitudes; she witnessed the extravagant passions her beauty excited; she heard an eternal murmur of admiration and entreaty surround her steps: but would Ellesif have exchanged one approving glance from Theodore for all this idolatry? O no!

The dear consciousness of having her sentiments, feelings, and actions approved by him, was to her worth a world of adulation: and fondly, yet justly estimating his attachment by her own, she believed that all the passion her sister's perishable charms had ever kindled, if weighed in love's balance, would be light to the single sentiment bestowed by Theodore.

That sentiment which grasps eternity, which pants for its dearest union in the world of souls, finds an answering one in few hearts. Habit, instinct, mere inclination to like something, creates half the passions which we see blazing and perishing like exhalations: they mount, indeed, to the same region with the stars; but these remain bright and fixed, while the former sink into dust, and go out in darkness.

CHAPTER XIII.

Never had Ellesif been so free to enjoy the society of Theodore: her father passed much of his leisure time alone; he received and answered letters in cipher; and though more kind than ever to Theodore, was studious to conceal the nature of this correspondence from his knowledge.

Madame Sauveur had got a serious admirer, and was perpetually inventing excuses for being with his family in the country; and Anastasia was, as usual, oppressed with company.

The women came to copy her dress, the men to *look* the worship they dared not speak. For Ager-huus contained several noblemen of sufficient quality to frequent Count Lauvenheilm's home parties; and careless of court censure, many of the younger Danish nobility deserted Zealand to re-enter the enchanted circle of Countess Anastasia.

Excepting relations, all the other persons who had crowded the levees of Lauvenheilm, seemed to imagine him gone to another planet, *many of them* had really forgotten his elegant circle

in the novelty of others: but the greatest number of these summer flies, convinced that his day of power would never return, shunned his correspondence lest it should darken their own favor.

In this absence of merely amusing society, Ellesif and Theodore found true happiness in each other.

During the long evenings Theodore often read aloud, while the ladies worked, and the Count occupied himself with designing sketches for his daughters to complete; or perhaps sat, wrapped up in mathematical calculation, at a remote part of the large hall.

Sometimes whole evenings were given to gay or improving conversation; and at those times Ellesif listened with the wish to learn what Theodore taught; but the delight with which she hung on the manner of his discourse, weakened her attention to its subject; and she felt the absurdity of the opinion which maintains that we learn quickest, when our instructor is the person we love.

Her astronomical studies were more eagerly pursued than ever, but with much less profit: as the family party collected together on a leaded platform at the top of one wing of the house, and as Theodore unraveled the seeming labyrinth of the stars, Ellesif's admiration of the simple eloquence that explained these wonders, too often took place of adoration of the awful hand that framed them.

Alas, unhappy Ellesif, soon art thou to pay the penalty of thy sin!—thy love grows idolatrous, and thou must be punished for it, by the object of thy transgression!

In this dear and familiar intercourse, Theodore preserved his resolution of leaving his tale of love untold, till either the voluntary act of his grandfather, or the legal decision of Spanish courts should place him in the rank to which he was born.

But what his lips refrained from declaring, his looks and involuntary actions said with double tenderness; and Ellesif's never-silent countenance told him, in defiance of all her efforts to the contrary, that she observed and sanctioned his sentiments.

Convinced of each other's attachment, they needed no formal explanation; Theodore might have said with Habington,

> "We saw and wooed each other's eyes;
> Her soul contracted them with mine,
> And both burned in one sacrifice."

The ingenious trifle he had begun at her request, and so long laid aside, was renewed and finished; the Laplander, with his reindeer, formed the dearest ornament of Ellesif's cabinet; and *the present she* had sportively given him in return, to adorn his

study-table, was the sole witness of Theodore's solitary transports.

This present was a little basket of artificial flowers. Ellesif excelled in the elegant art of making them; and having remarked the favorite flowers of Theodore, she had imitated them only, and given each flower its natural scent by perfuming it with its own essence.

On her presenting him with the basket, Theodore was hurried into the only personal compliment he had ever addressed to Ellesif. "How beautiful these violets are!" he exclaimed, looking with admiration on a cluster that were, indeed, of the brightest dye. "They are exactly the color ——" His sudden confusion, and hastily withdrawn glance, added as distinctly as his lips could have said, "of your eyes."

Ellesif blushed deeper than her own roses; and the eyes he praised, though now downcast, looked lovelier than ever. At that moment Theodore thought her beauty as perfect as her character. Certain it is, that affection, like the sun, brightens the object upon which it shines; and that Ellesif never looked so charming as when animated by the consciousness of Theodore's admiration.

This dream of bliss was troubled for a while by the indisposition of the Count: he had a feverish complaint, which at first alarmed his family; but he soon lost every dangerous symptom, and the disorder seemed to have visited him only to show Ellesif in a more endearing light.

Her tender assiduities in his sick room were unwearied, yet performed so easily and cheerfully, that the invalid was never pained by the recollection that he absorbed her whole time.

When Theodore saw her preparing with her own delicate hands the various little restoratives required in a sick chamber, and remarked that her father was thus beguiled into taking what he would have refused from servants, he learned to respect even that humble science which he had despised when studied by the Prince of ——.

Thus Ellesif vanquished his prejudices by actions rather than words; convincing him that there is no art, however insignificant in itself, that may not, by its particular application, rise to importance, and repay the trouble of acquirement.

The Count recovered his health, but not the serene equality of his spirits. Ellesif began to remark his frequent fits of abstraction, and was scarcely satisfied by his assurance, that he had more to think of in a situation where he was responsible for so many minor things, than when he had but one line of business to pursue in Denmark. She could not help fearing that he felt his

fall with keener sensibility than she thought it deserved; and a circumstance which occurred not long after confirmed her in the opinion. A badge and ribbon of the order of the Elephant were returned to the king by the death of a knight; Count Lauvenheilm was already decorated with the order of Dannebrog; but he had a right to expect this superior decoration both from his services and rank, and by virtue of a distinct promise from the King.

The honor was, however, given to another: no apology or explanation was attempted; and the Count's dignified expostulation at length received an evasive answer.

Wounded in the nicest point by this public affront, he wrote in respectful, yet indignant, terms to his sovereign, requesting leave to resign his employment.

Frederic hesitated to accept his resignation; he began to fear that he had shown too marked a displeasure against a man, whose popularity and possessions might make a formidable enemy, were he to leave Norway and seek to traverse the measures of the new goverment.

Released from public duties, the Count would naturally retire to his own estates, and their situation would expose him to temptation. The possessions of Lauvenheilm, as well as those of his eldest daughter, lay contiguous to Holstein; they comprised nearly the whole of the duchy of Sleswick; and with the power of a lord over his vassals, were he to enter into the intrigues of the Swedish regency, he might lop off that wealthy district from Denmark.

The late disasters of the Danish arms, and consequent success of the Swedes, together with the long delay of some troops promised by the Czar, rendered the present a very critical period. It was better, therefore, to amuse the Count with promises for the future, and apologies for the past, and so detain him where he was.

Count Lauvenheilm was too experienced in political subterfuges to be deceived by these; but without the appearance of ingratitude and insolence, he could not persist in tendering his resignation. His sovereign had condescended to excuse his breach of promise, by lamenting the necessity he was under of obliging the Czar Peter in the person of his minister.

This provoking mask of graciousness compelled Count Lauvenheilm to pause; but a secret communication from the administrator of Holstein, recapitulating all his causes of resentment, and suggesting a dangerous revenge, after costing him many a struggle, finished by deciding him to retain the government.

From this moment Theodore saw no more abstraction, no

more melancholy in his patron; a feverishness of soul appeared in all his actions. More assiduous than ever in business, he attended to its smallest details with solicitous exactness; saw, and heard, and investigated every thing himself; gave up nothing to inferior agents; and less surrounded by ceremonies than ever, made himself, nevertheless, more known and more adored than in his days of magnificent display.

Theodore was convinced that by this activity the Count wished to leave himself no time to think of the wounds his pride or sensibility had received; and that he sought to efface these painful feelings, by the noble consciousness of diffusing as much happiness as the vexatious counter-plans of a higher power would allow.

How little did he suspect the fatal reality! How would he have shuddered, could he have known that this restless activity was produced by a dread of self-examination; that it was at once the fruit and the parent of crime; that Count Lauvenheilm was now pledged to the enemies of his master; and that he was to wait a favorable moment of Swedish success in one quarter, to throw of the mask of obedience, and place the fortresses of Norway in foreign hands.

A principality for himself, and the immediate union of Anastasia with the administrator, were to be the reward of his treason. At present even the impatient lover was restrained from urging the completion of his happiness, by the certainty of its frustrating the most important part of their intrigue; and the dangerous malady of his young nephew, by holding out the prospect of the administrator's immediate succession to the duchy of Holstein, made him desirous of avoiding any private dispute with Denmark, till the preponderance of Swedish power should establish him firmly in the expected dignity.

Meanwhile Anastasia was ignorant of all that could afflict a virtuous, or shock a delicate mind; she was far from imagining herself an article of barter; but assured of her lover's ardor, waited somewhat impatiently for the removal of certain political obstacles, and the consent of her sovereign.

Ellesif was the only one of the family trio that neither knew or suspected any thing of the kind; and she was ignorant solely from the Count's principle of never making a useless confidence.

The completion of Anastasia's marriage depended on the secrecy with which the negotiations were carried on, and if Ellesif's tongue were discreet, her cheek and her eyes were notoriously otherwise. A direct challenge, nay, even a surmise, made by a third *person, would* have been sure to bring the secret to her face.

It was not want of love therefore, but prudence, that caused the reserve of her father.

At the end of May, a letter from Princesse Ursins to her young kinswoman came through France, and threw a shade over Theodore's prospects. Ellesif reluctantly showed it to him.

Although it was written before the arrival of those documents which might be said to ascertain the orphans claims and identity, its purport certainly proved that the Conde Roncevalles was far from willing to believe the tale he was told.

He had testified the most complete incredulity, treated the affair as a specious imposture, and refused discussing the subject again, unless the young man should appear himself, and bring with him positive proof of his authenticity.

Madame Ursins added, that it was impossible for her to urge the matter further in the present doubtful situation of her royal master; as it became all who wished him well, rather to conciliate than to brave the leading grandees. In addition to this, the ascendancy of a party hostile to herself had induced her to form the resolution of withdrawing from Spain, from which circumstance she could no longer be of service to Count Lauvenheilm's young friend.

Some obliging details with which this accomplished woman concluded her letter, supplied the defects of De Roy's communication. From these Theodore learnt that his grandfather, though at the advanced age of seventy, was one of Philip's most active partizans; that he injured his fortune by his loyal contributions to the necessities of the state; and that Don Jasper, though a young man of impetuous and headstrong passion, was his avowed idol.

Don Balthazor's wife, it seemed, had been related to the noble family of Montellano: her sister married and educated the infant Elvira with her own daughters. At the age of eighteen Elvira became the wife, and soon after the widow, of Don Alvarez Haro, and was now residing alone, on a slender income, at a country-house in Aragon.

This assurance of his sister's existence banished every distressing thought for awhile, from the mind of Theodore. She had never been cordially owned by their grandfather, and it seemed as if sympathy in neglect must supply the place of intimate knowledge from childhood.

"Whatever be my fate with my other relations," he said to himself, "by my sister at least I may be sure of being tenderly welcomed. With as little to hope from my unkind grandfather as myself, she will have no jarring interest to make her unwilling to acknowledge me."

He paused on the dear image his imagination began to draw, and already gave it the features of his interesting mother. To be a widow at so early an age increased the desolateness of his sister's situation. Sorrow endeared her; and he who under his present circumstances would have hesitated seeking her in wealth and grandeur, now longed to hasten into her solitude, and to cheer her with a brother's sympathy.

Ellesif thought of Donna Elvira with equal tenderness; for she loved every one connected with Theodore; and she delighted in giving to the person and character of his sister, as much of his, as would be graceful in those of a woman.

After the first severe pang of disappointment, Theodore's crushed hopes began to revive. It is true they sprung not up with the elasticity of the palm-tree, yet they did rise, and the judgment of others confirmed his own.

It was probable that the Conde Roncevalles did in reality believe this a trick; and that were he to receive the written testimonials of what was then only barely asserted, and to see Theodore, his incredulity would vanish.

Don Balthazar's picture was indeed so like his son, that Ellesif could never separate the two images; and whenever she looked at the portrait, she gazed at it with the same tenderness as she felt when contemplating Theodore himself.

It was impossible that the Conde could resist such evidence as this internal one; yet, if he did, Count Lauvenheilm believed the proofs of Theodore's right to the inheritance of Roncevalles were so strong, that, when strengthened by collateral ones, (which might be easily, though tediously, obtained from Spanish America and Madeira,) they would receive confirmation by the law court at Madrid.

To this resort Theodore had the natural abhorrence of an amiable heart; even rights, when extorted, appeared to him like robbery; but his reason assisted the arguments of his patron, who explained the sacredness of every man's obligation to maintain or regain what is legally his own, for the sake of his possible posterity.

Still, however, the period was not yet ripe for Theodore to appear on the contested ground. Never had the affairs of King Philip been so entirely at the mercy of a single throw.

When Princesse Ursins wrote, the apparent or real lukewarmness of Louis XIV. threw his grandson entirely into the arms of his people; and they were so torn by factions, that little of vigor or concert was to be expected from their efforts. Since that period the accounts transmitted from the British

troops in Catalonia had reached the north of Europe, and raised sanguine hopes of the Austrain party's final success.

In the midst of struggling parties at court, and contending armies in the field, it was not probable that either of the nominal sovereigns would take time to investigate so intricate an affair as that which related to Theodore. It was therefore still expedient for him to keep his claim un-urged, till one of the rival princes should be settled on the throne.

With hopes crushed, yet not destroyed; happiness clouded, but not extinguished. Theodore was again to wait the uncertain results of war and time. Something of apprehension once more made him timid in his conversation with Ellesif. He feared to engage her generous heart too far, or to declare his own too openly, when perhaps he might never reach the station by which only he could hope to gain her.

Unlike his former self-restraint, this less necessary one frequently gave way before her generous tenderness; for eager to convince him that she did not owe any of her partiality to his illustrious lineage, she was more obviously occupied with him than ever, and this generous care of his feelings charmed him perpetually into a forgetfulness of the restrictions he had imposed upon his conduct.

A succeeding letter from Gaston de Roye, lamenting his incapacity of serving Theodore further, until the Archduke should have entered Madrid, gave effect to the advice of Princesse Ursins.

The Chevalier colored the distresses of Philip with too strong a pencil, and perhaps as extravagantly heightened the tone of his own party's success. Still it was evident, that the tide was flowing powerfully in favor of the latter.

Nothing could be more amusing than the caricature portraits of every thing and every body around him, which the felicitous De Roye drew in this descriptive letter. They revived the recollection of many past hours which his lively humor had embellished. Anastasia wished for him again, that she might be made to laugh, and to hear herself scolded; Ellesif, that she might then hear him praise Theodore; and Theodore, that he might show him more distinctly than he had yet done, the warm regard his disinterested kindness had won.

Madame Sauveur now found every body *si triste*, when she was not in company with her lover, that she also joined in regretting the Chevalier, whose unfailing spirits had given an impulse to the saddest or dullest evenings.

She was, however a little unreasonable in her complaints. *Used to the* flatteries of a young officer, who lavished them with

no sparing hand, she now invariably found every man *triste*, that seemed occupied with another woman; and every woman *triste*, that was making herself charming!

The time was fast approaching in which Madame Sauveur would become the centre of a circle. She was going to marry Baron Hoffendal.

The young man was one of the numerous sons of a very poor nobleman, and had literally cut his way through life with his sword. Madame Sauveur had flirted herself into a passion for him; and being really pretty, though fifteen years his senior, had just made him like her sufficiently to be content with owing his fortune to her interest.

Her remote relationship to Ellesif's mother, and the straitened circumstances in which she had been left at the death of a worthless husband, had first induced Count Lauvenheilm to offer her the protection of his house; and after the loss of his Countess, to retain her there as a chaperon for his daughters.

Since then, her friends had obtained a handsome pension for her from France; and this pension, joined to the supposed power and will of Count Lauvenheilm to advance the interests of any man she married, had determined young Hoffendal's inclination. Another reason insinuated itself with these prudential ones, namely, the gratification of superseding such an admired person as Senor Guevara.

As Baron Hoffendal professed a romantic passion for Madame la Marquise, there was no talking to him about the probable failure of the expectations he might indulge from Count Lauvenheilm's interest: so he was suffered to sigh, and vow, and propose, and be accepted.

In the comparative retirement of Christiana, the Count thought his daughters might be left without impropriety to their own discretion for at least a few months: he spoke of their going to pass the next winter in Copenhagen with Countess Gulderlieu; and if neither of them married before their return, he would depute the Countess to furnish them with some well-connected woman to supply Madame Sauveur's place.

At the last suggestion, which was said in Theodore's presence, the blood rushed so violently to his face, that he was obliged to avert his head to escape observation; and Ellesif was seized with such a trembling, that her work fell from her hand.

The supposition of her marrying in Copenhagen, marrying there another, was a death-pang to Theodore's fond hope that Count Lauvenheilm saw, and did not disapprove of his attachment; and Ellesif sickened to think that a time might come when she might be pressed to give her hand to another

Hitherto Count Lauvenheilm had left his daughters free to refuse any proposal, however dazzling; for in truth none could exceed his proud expectations, few equal it. Yet this indulgence might not last: as his own views narrowed, he would most likely seek to circumscribe theirs; and if Theodore should go to Spain without explicitly declaring himself, what could Ellesif have to urge against the lover her father might favor.

But Ellesif was of a nature which almost believed sorrow impossible, while she was enjoying fervent felicity. She was miserable just as long as Theodore was taken from her by his morning avocations; when they met again in the evening, and had shared together their usual domestic pleasures, her heart throbbed with the joy of believing herself beloved.

It was only to Ellesif, in their casual *tete-a-tetes*, that Theodore ventured to speak often and unreservedly on the subject of his views in Spain. She lamented his parents with him; she deepened his tenderness for his sister; and she had the delight of remarking, that with the anticipation of all his future years, her image was incorporated.

The world was now a world of roses to Ellesif; but Theodore's senses, though intoxicated with the same sweetness, was deeply sensible of the thorns she feared not. He looked beyond the present; and shrunk from the prospect of long contested, prehaps eventually bafled rights.

Time passed: the month of August arrived: nothing of moment was heard from Spain, except that Princesse Ursins's resignation had been refused with tears by the King and Queen, and that the conferences of Gertruydenberg, and the treaty of partition, were at an end.

This was again widening the lists, and leaving the rival princes more ground to traverse.

Theodore began to think that unless he adventured his claims in the midst of a political hurricane, he might wait till youth were gone, before the anticipated calm should arrive. Count Lauvenheilm came into his opinion; and unwilling as he was to lose his society and assistance, he proposed furnishing him with letters to Princesse Ursins, and expediting him to Madrid, as soon as the event of the present campaign should be known.

That of course would be the end of the year; but so critical was the period, that it was likely another month or two would decide, whether Philip were to be found at the head of affairs or Theodore be obliged to seek for justice from the Archduke Charles.

Theodore now looked forward to the conclusion of this happy *year for a separation* from Ellesif; a temporary one he hoped;

for he meant to confess his attachment to her father, ere he should bid them farewell; and learn from him whether, in the event of the establishment of his claims, he might pretend to the hand of his daughter. This resolution was worthy of his character, but it was destined never to take effect.

For some weeks Count Lauvenheilm had, more frequently than before, communicated to Theodore the numberless vexations by which he was harassed from the court of Copenhagen. Such as were directed to mortify him in his own person, he affected to treat with philosophic indifference; those only seemed to give pain, which thwarted his benevolent views for the people of his goverment.

While making these confidences to Theodore, he glided, as if by accident, into details of the ruinously-ambitious plans of his sovereign, whose secret object had long been to make himself master of all Scandinavia.

Theodore had a just abhorrence of conquerors. He might have envied the hero that fell, however obscurely, in defence of his country; but he would have rejected with horror the golden laurels of a successful invader. In his estimation, the single act of Leonidas darkened all the glories of all the Cæsars.

Count Lauvenheilm well knew his sentiments upon this subject, and had calculated upon the effect his own would produce. Theodore was pleased to discover that his patron was not only averse to the usurping projects of his King, but that his eyes were now opened to the rights of the young Duke of Holstein.

Having thus fathomed Theodore upon these points, the Count's next step was confiding in him the matrimonial treaty between the administrator of Holstein and his beautiful daughter. Theodore heard it with genuine pleasure, for he thought Anastasia exactly fitted to preside over a court; and in the character of Colonel Muller he had been much pleased with the Prince Bishop. Nothing in this communication gave alarm to his veneration of his noble friend. Holstein being still treated as a neutral power by Denmark, a connexion with its ruler could not be considered as a dereliction of duty in a subject of the latter.

Some time elapsed between this last confidence of the Count's and another conversation, in which, believing himself sure of the heart he sought to influence, he ceased to temporize, and poured out his whole soul.

After an early dinner, Count Lauvenheilm had retired to his own apartment, leaving Theodore with Madame Sauveur and his daughters. They were to have a party in the evening, in honor of Madame's intended nuptials on the ensuing morning; and Ellesif was employing *Theodore* to assist her in selecting music.

while Madame la Marquise was volubly consulting Anastasia upon the most becoming wedding dress and subsequent dishabille.

Theodore observed, with delight, that Ellesif chose the songs and instrumental music which he liked best. As he reached her the different music-books to look at, Madame's voice performing in alt, though in plain speech, was distinctly heard from the far end of the room.

"Spangled tiffany, gold transparent, souffle gauze, Lyons silk, English pins, agraffes of colored stones;" in short, all the rarities of apparel in those days were sounds that continually recurred.

Theodore looked often at Ellesif with a smile that said he was as much amused as surprised at this folly in a woman on the eve of a solemn engagement. Ellesif's smile had more of compassion in it.

"And this poor woman fancies she is in love," she whispered.

"She is thinking how to look best for the sake of Baron Hoffendal," replied Theodore, smiling still more.

"Well, it shall be so, since you think so," returned Ellesif gaily; then casting up her lovely eyes with an expression of sensibility, added, "I cannot understand how any woman can think of dress at such a time. If she loves the person she is going to marry, she must be too happy; if she does not, too miserable." Her charming voice changed from the animated to the pathetic, and she sighed, unconsciously, as she concluded.

"May you never know the last feeling upon such an occasion!" exclaimed Theodore, with a look of piercing tenderness. Ellesif understood his emotion, and paused to command her own before she answered.

"I never will!" she said; "I give you my word that neither force nor persuasion shall ever make me marry a person I do not prefer to all the world."

The deepest blush followed her words. Theodore could not speak; his whole being was locked up in the sweet idea that he might consider this as a promise to belong only to him; and bending his head to her hand, as it rested upon the harp she was preparing to tune, he printed on it the first kiss his lips had ever ventured to snatch from it.

How she received the bold action, or what were the words she faltered out, he knew not, for a servant entered at the very moment with a message from Count Lauvenheilm, requesting his attendance in the library.

Ellesif was gone, with the swiftness of a shooting star, to that part of the room where Anastasia and Madame Sauveur were seated; and having no longer the opportunity of apologizing for *his freedom*, Theodore retired with the servant.

He found the Count alone, walking to and fro, in great agitation. After Theodore entered, Count Lauvenheilm stood for some time, evidently waiting till the steps of the servant going back along the gallery should no more be heard; then hastily locking the door, advanced towards his surprised friend.

"I have sent for you, Guevara," he said, "to tell you I am going a little journey to-morrow, and to tell you why I am going. The King has refused his consent to Anastasia's marriage. Her heart is to be broken, because my enemies would be mortified to see one of my blood exalted so high. Where is the recompense of fidelity, if it is thus I am treated? All this portends more than my ruin. My enemies aim at my life."

Theodore started, and turned pale. "Your life, my lord!" He was motionless with amazement and alarm.

"Yes, at my life, Guevara," replied the Count, encouraged by his emotion; "by private information from a source I may not doubt, I know that they are endeavoring to collect indiscreet words of mine, dropped in moments of chagrin; letters that may be tortured into a different purport from the obvious one; in short, something to shape into an accusation against my fidelity. Villains will be suborned to swear to falsehoods—men that I have fostered and trusted—and this head, I suppose, must bleed on the block."

"Great God!" exclaimed Theodore, shuddering. "But, my lord, my testimony—surely that of one who has spent twelve months with you; who has been the witness of all your actions, the depositary of all your sentiments—surely my testimony will outweigh the oaths of a hundred villains."

The Count approached him, and locked one of his hands in both his. "Guevara," he said, "you can do much—do all." He stopped, and stood with his eyes fixed on him, in agitating silence.

Theodore's face glowed like his heart; "Can I, my lord! Then command my life."

"Ah, Guevara!—if I may not command your prejudices also, it is in vain."

"I trust I have no prejudices, my lord: in short, no selfish feelings that you may not overrule," replied Theodore ardently. "If I can serve you by any means; if I can show you by actions all that affection and gratitude which respect has hitherto kept me from uttering in discourse, I shall think this the happiest moment of my life."

"I take you at your word, Guevara," replied the Count, sitting down by him with a brightened countenance. He threw a hur-

ried glance round the room; then lowering his voice, began his fearful confidence.

From a recapitulation of all his services and injuries, he proceeded to unfold the magnificent offers that were held out to him by Sweden and Holstein; next to avow his acceptance of them; and lastly, to ask of Theodore one important service.

It was to go immediately to Copenhagen, vested with powers from the three conspiring parties, to purchase Mr. Coperstad's concurrence at any price. Through that gentleman's hands must pass papers of the first importance to the conspiracy: the one, which should order the arrest of the Count; and the other, which should give instructions to the troops in Sleswick to march into the country of Holstein.

If Mr. Coperstad were won to their interests, it would be in his power to withhold these papers from their proper destination till copies could have reached the Count and the administrator: their arrival in Norway was to be the signal for the Count to deliver up the frontier fortresses to the Swedes, and of proclaiming this deed an act of self-defence.

He flattered himself that by the disinterestedness of his conduct, and the excellence of his administration while in Norway, he had sufficiently attached the people to his person, to reckon upon their co-operating even with the hated Swedes to save him from destruction; at any rate, Norway would become the prize of Sweden, the Danish arms would be diverted from Holstein, and the principality he aimed at be within his grasp.

What was the state of Theodore during this bold confidence?—Amazement, horror, agony!

Not all the impetuosity of the eloquent speaker could hurry Theodore out of his reason: this treason was resorted to, he was told, to save the Count from the consequences of an arrest for high treason; but if he were innocent till now, why this desperate guilt? Would he not rather court a public trial? What did all this announce? Either the fearfullest ambition, or the deadliest revenge.

Theodore sat so long in stupified silence, that the Count had to rouse him by forcibly shaking his arm.

"What am I to understand by this silence, sir?" he asked sternly.

"That my heart's blood is at your service: yes, every drop; but not my integrity." Theodore fell at his feet almost frantic, as he pronounced these words. A horrid gulph—a gulph of crime, yawned between him and the man whom till this moment he had nearly worshiped.

"*What!* you will not do it!" exclaimed the Count in a voice

of thunder: "you, that owe no allegiance to Denmark: you, that so lately swore to follow me over the world in weal or woe; you will not risk one venial act to save the man who ——" On the point of naming his own good deeds, Count Lauvenheilm proudly stopped.

"Go on, my lord, for mercy's sake!" cried Theodore, still at his feet: "go on; reproach me with your benefits, and even then I shall not cease to feel the agony of gratitude, hopeless gratitude, which at this moment weighs down my soul. What is there that I would not do for you, but load my conscience with guilt?"

At the awful tone of his voice, Theodore saw the paleness of death seize the Count's cheek, and heard him shudder; that sign of virtuous sensibility encouraged him to pour forth an animated remonstrance against the moral ruin to which his patron was hurrying.

He arose from the ground, and approaching him with as much respect as tenderness, added entreaties to arguments to influence him to abandon these pernicious projects.

The Count heard him in silence; and the workings of his countenance had agony in it, but no repentance.

Theodore's unexpected resistance was inflaming him to madness; in Lauvenheilm's rage it was not the temptor but the soul that was roused. He rose from his seat as Theodore ended his serious and pathetic appeal. His very figure seemed to dilate as he did so: the look, the voice, the whole man was changed.

A mask appeared to fall suddenly from his face; how fearful was the reality it discovered; the war of shame, wrath, reproachful conscience and determined crime!

"I have gone too far to recede," he said, in a hollow voice; "Theodore, you must be won—my reputation is in your power, you can blast me with a word. While *you* live ——" He paused, and his wild, wandering eyes rested on a pistol that was lying on the table probably loaded for protection during his journey.

Hell was in the momentary glance.—Theodore's blood froze, but he moved not; his countenance only changed its expression of horror into that of pity.

The tender expression recalled the disordered senses of the Count; he took some hasty steps across the room to remove himself from the weapon.

"Have I no bribe, Guevara," he said in a subdued tone, "that may tempt you to serve a benefactor?"

"None that can tempt me to destroy his soul."

One haughty flash fired Count Lauvenheilm's features for a moment, but it was quenched immediately.

"What, Guevara, none! recollect yourself." He paused and fixed his eyes almost kindly on him.

Theodore's sudden paleness at that question was a happy omen; the Count resumed all that persuasive sweetness of voice and countenance which had so often expanded the affectionate heart of his protege.

"I have long read your heart, Guevara," he said, "read it yourself." He broke off, and began again. "Now, tell me, if I have not that to bestow which would crown your fondest desires?"

The blood that not a moment before had been centered in the heart of Theodore, now rushed in torrents of fire through his veins; then with a convulsive shudder, returned there again to freeze.

A low agonized sound, like the cry of distress in a dream, was all he uttered, as, closing his eyes, he leaned his head against the wall.

The action, the sound, and his ghastly paleness, suggested the horrid idea of sudden death; and Count Lauvenheilm was in that delirous state of passion, when the soul starts at her own phantoms. He stiffened where he stood, faintly articulating, "Guevara, have I destroyed you?"

Theodore slowly raised his eyelids, but without looking towards the Count, and replied, "Almost my lord! but the shock, the struggle is over; that vast temptation; We must part—I feel now that we must part for ever!"

"And is it you that first talk of parting for ever?" asked Lauvenheilm; "you that I once weakly trusted to for never-changing affection!—do *I* tell you that we must part for ever?"

"You know I would never quit you, my lord; you know that all my heart holds precious is with you; yet, how to live on together after this!"

"Only one way," replied Lauvenheilm imperiously, stung by the consciousness of being contemned—"as the friend that will wed my wrongs, adopt my feelings, struggle for me, serve me, risk destruction for me."—"But not dishonor," interrupted Theodore. "Count, you cannot shake me, thank God, you cannot? Even that bright temptation cannot win me to an act that would make me unworthy of her. Do not look at me thus, my lord, as if your eyes expect to find something in my face less firm than my words; I tell you it is my very soul you hear. Now, ere we part, tell me, am I to lose the friend I have almost worshiped?"

"Yes, for life; for this life, and for that which is to come!" *thundered the* Count, his very reason lost in a storm of contend-

ing passions. Theodore shuddered; he saw the whirlwind was let loose, and that its fury could no longer be restrained.

"Go, sir," continued the Count with an inflamed countenance, "go and denounce me as a traitor; go and glut your ungrateful heart with the blood of your benefactor—of Ellesif's father!"

At the name of Ellesif a flood of sad delight softened the virtuous indignation of Theodore. He moved towards the door. "Time will answer for me," was his moderate, but tremulous reply, "farewell, sir!" He stopped to look at the Count, his heart was rent with the conviction that it was a last look. By a sudden impulse he sprung forward, caught Lauvenheilm's hand, kissed it, and without pronouncing even another farewell disappeared.

Theodore reached his own apartment instinctively, like a man walking in his sleep; for neither did his senses take cognizance of any object, nor was his mind capable of a distinct intention; all was chaos in him, a heap of confused, afflicting images.

He tried to think, and at every effort the object he believed himself on the point of seizing escaped, and was again lost in the mental disorder.

Nothing was clear, but the consciousness that Count Lauvenheilm was unworthy, and that Ellesif was separated from him for ever.

Motionless as a statue, and with a gaze as sightless, he sat unconscious of the passing hours.

Repeated knockings at the door of his outer chamber at length roused him, and hastily trying to collect himself, he called to the person to enter. The call was answered by the door being opened, and a letter thrown into him; the door was immediately closed again.

On taking up the letter, and seeing the hand on the direction he justly concluded that it was the Count himself who had been its bearer: he sickened while he read it.

"After the events of this evening we must, as you yourself have said, *part for ever*. I now know the value of those lavish professions of enthusiastic attachment and ceaseless gratitude with which your looks, even more than your words, so long flattered me.

"You have betrayed me into betraying myself; and I avow my abhorrence of this treachery at the risk of being undone by it. Your resentment may lead you to reveal the secrets I have trusted you with. Yet no—I will not suspect you of such damning ingratitude. Go, sir, and begin a new career in Spain: do not fear that my interest there shall be employed to traverse any of your plans—my revenge will be of a nobler nature.

"Let our separation be effected with as little noise as possible: return to my daughters' company, appear there as usual, and to-morrow you may give what orders you please to my servants to expedite your departure.

"Perhaps an hour's reflection may have shown you the romantic exaggeration of your notions; and taught you that your highest praise would be affection for the man that considered you and treated you like a son. If so, it is not too late to repair your fault; my heart will again open to you; and you know the reward you may claim.

"I shall appear, at the close of the evening, in my daughters' assembly, and shall take a pressure from your hand as the token of your regret for the past, and your wish of obliging me in future. If you do not give me that sign, I request you to spare me the pain of returning a letter from you unopened. I will not endure your censure."

This letter was without signature. The erring, but not wholly-corrupted writer, might more truly have said, "I *can* not endure your censure:" for in the midst of all his wrath and self-exoneration, better thoughts whispered that he still loved and respected Theodore too much to live under his eye, while conscious of having fallen in his esteem.

But this softening circumstance was unknown to him that read the letter; and its cautious though angry style, joined to its proud coldness, stung him to the quick.

"Am I to be always the victim of injustice?" he exclaimed; "accused of feigning affection because I will not plunge into guilt with the friend I have loved, God knows how sincerely!" Again he read the letter. "'Return to my daughters' company, appear there as usual.' This is the cold-blooded mandate of the man that accuses me of having feigned sensibility: he believes the task easy,—and I shudder at it."

In the midst of these thoughts, the dear idea of being beloved by Ellesif soothed his pain, and still offered bliss, improbable bliss in the future. Yet his heart was not only pierced by her father's unkindness, but bleeding with the anguish of being obliged to think of him with horror: for all those sentiments and actions which had formerly exalted this extraordinary man into a god, he was now forced to consider as so many detestable artifices.

Benefits had been heaped on him then, only to purchase his partnership in the commission of a crime; and the unsolicited preferment bestowed upon his friend, had been in reality only a specious net to ensnare that friend's integrity also.

Perhaps there is no pang so acute as that which seizes us when we suspect that we have been as totally deceived in a person's

wrath as in his affection: in proportion as we have deified the object, our imagination aids reason in degrading him; and erring first by believing the object perfect, we err again in imagining it completely vile.

At first Theodore determined to leave the house without going through the pain of a second meeting with Count Lauvenheilm; but to quit the abode of Ellesif, whom perhaps he was destined never to see again, without even a parting look, was impossible.

The kiss he had printed on her trembling hand, the tender promise, the lovely blush that had transported him into the action, were yet thrilling through his heart, mixing their sweet remembrance with the frightful image of her father's turpitude. In thinking of them, he forgot time.

The hall clock striking the hour, alarmed him lest he should be too late in joining the party. Gaity was dreadful to him, but in the midst of that only could he now see her. Having hastily arranged his disordered hair, with a wild look and feverish cheek he hurried to the receiving-rooms.

Count Lauvenheilm was not there; but many persons were assembled; and Ellesif was employed in doing the honors of the music, her sister being engaged at cards.

As Theodore entered, "ten thousand blushing apparitions" starting into her face, convinced him that his temerity was remembered and forgiven. She turned away towards the instrument, but the hasty glance she cast on him had remarked the more than usual brilliancy of his manly beauty. Alas! she suspected not the nature of those torturing feelings which fired his cheek and eyes with such transcendant brightness!

He advanced with a hurried step, but fancying that some of the persons near her were observing him with curiosity, he turned aside, and stood leaning at a little distance upon Ellesif's harp.

Never had he seen her so animated, so graceful, so enchanting. Her lovely shape displayed by a succession of careless and graceful movements, passed and repassed before him: a stationary blush was on her cheek,—and it was the blush of happy consciousness? Alas! their usual sympathy was suspended in this instance, for while his heart was breaking, her's was buoyant with joy.

A band of flowers with which Ellesif's hair was fastened, broke as she stooped for her fan, and her beautiful hair fell and mixed with the scattering roses: the tresses were quickly adjusted, but the wreath was destroyed; and as one of the roses rolled to the foot of Theodore, she cast a glance to see if he would take it up.

But it lay there still, when she looked again; and, disappointed

entre than she chose to confess to herself, she turned to an English lady who was going to play and sing.

The singer had a touching voice, and the song she chose was one of those simple, pathetic ballads peculiar to Scotland: it was the lament of a rejected lover.

Theodore's attention was roused by music till then unknown to him. Though too deeply absorbed in wretched thoughts to have observed the flower that had blushed among the raven locks of Ellesif, and which his foot now heedlessly crushed, his heart vibrated to the plaintive air and words of the Scottish ballad. It echoed the sentiment of this stanza:

Thou mayst be loved by many,
Yet not with love by any
One half so true as mine;
Some in their hearts may bear thee,
One in his breast may wear thee,
But ne'er with love like mine!

As the last notes of the sweet singer died on the ear, Ellesif turned to look at Theodore. He was still leaning against the harp, and his eyes, surcharged with tears, were fixed with a sad and fond gaze upon her.

Wild throbs of delight and alarm quickened the motion of her blood; instead of averting her face she looked wistfully at him again, and as he closed his eyes to shut his feelings from observation, she saw the tears force their way through his eye-lashes.

What would she not have given to have been free to join him at that moment, and have inquired (as their professed friendship sanctioned) the cause of this powerful emotion! But polished society has a thousand trammels, and she could not break from the claimants that now challenged her promise of following the last singer with a song in return.

Her harp was wanted, and Theodore disturbed by the officious Baron Hoffendal. She sang, and she knew not what she did; her voice failed; her fingers wandered over the strings with wild incertitude: she disappointed every body and displeased herself; and rising at length, she pleaded nervousness, and prayed some one to take her place.

Theodore was gone to the back of Anastasia's chair, who was still at cards: she was dear to him as the sister of Ellesif, and his heart softened at the thought of now beholding her for the last time.

Ellesif had never before seen such an expression in his face as he looked at Anastasia; but without even a transient pang of jealousy, she was combating her bashful fear, and trying to advance towards them, when her father entered.

His entrance intercepted her, and taking her arm through his, he went up to the very table Theodore was looking over.

The Count wore his usual air of graceful softness and composure; it made Theodore shudder. He said some elegant nothings in reply to the remarks of Anastasia's partner; but, as he did so, he fixed an earnest and searching look upon Theodore.

Never till now had Theodore met those eyes without receiving from them a gracious smile; they used to influence him like kindly stars; but now their fixture was horrible: he knew what they demanded, and he turned from them with a deep though stifled groan.

Evidently intent upon affording him an opportunity of giving the concerted signal, the Count addressed something to him, and said it with his usual freedom. In convulsive agitation, Theodore answered something—nothing—and unable to control his feelings further, abruptly left the party.

Madame Sauveur's marriage was to be celebrated in the principal church at an early hour the next day; after which the bridal party, in which the sisters were included, were to go with her and partake of a banquet at the house of her husband's father.

Long ere their return, Theodore would be gone. He had then indeed seen Ellesif for the last time, unless fortune should bless him with the means of honorably seeking her, and placing the disinterestedness of his conduct beyond suspicion: in short, till he had a fortune to offer her, that might make her father's approbation no longer necessary. At present he was a portionless wanderer, banished from the house of her father, and proscribed by his resentment: he would not, therefore, tempt her to dare the possible ruin of his destiny, though he could not bear to leave her without declaring his attachment.

Count Lauvenheilm had acknowledged his observation of their affection, and would have blessed it, had Theodore stooped to win her by dishonor: consequently there could be nothing clandestine in the confession he was about to make.

Something surely was due to the feelings of Ellesif, for Theodore had not been long enough in the world to learn, that although a womans' heart may break, or be for ever made suspicious by the unexplained desertion of him whose silent attentions have won her, yet if he preserves himself from that world's blame, he is considered unspotted.

Having tried to calm himself, Theodore wrote a letter to Ellesif.

It contained a declaration of his sentiments for her, a promise of constancy, and an humble request that she would allow him

still to treasure the certainty of possessing her friendship till a happy moment might arrive, when he could sue for more.

He confessed that he had forfeited her father's regard; but he ventured to say he did not merit his displeasure, being confident that the Count could not deny him his esteem. He asked for no avowal of attachment in return from Ellesif; he dared not even ask for the common intercourse of friendship. If she would but allow him to believe that time and absence could not rob him of that precious sentiment, he would cheerfully encounter months, perhaps years of separation.

With the letter he enclosed a trinket of his mother's, that miniature guitar which Ellesif had greatly admired, and which timidity alone had always prevented him from offering to her. He now prayed her to accept of this in remembrance of him; adding, that he would venture to transfer her detention of it into an answer he wished for; but if she returned it, he must believe himself forbidden to cherish any sentiment for her beyond respect.

"That blow is not to overwhelm me, thank Heaven!" he exclaimed, rasing his heart with his eyes to the pitying power which had ordained him to win her affection; "in this wreck of every thing dear and precious, thy sweet love, my Ellesif, is spared to me."

Having read and sealed this packet, Theodore carefully put aside every present received from Count Lauvenheilm; and, throwing into a trunk only those few articles of study and clothing, which his nicely delicate spirit could pronounce his own, he placed on it a direction, with a written request for Count Lauvenheilm's stewart, to send it after him to Aardal.

Since his arrival at Christiana he had held a decided situation under the government of Ager-huus; consequently received that income from the public which he shrunk from receiving from a friend. A sum of tolerable magnitude was now happily in his hands; he was therefore able to provide for the exigencies of his journey, to reward the household of his patron, and yet retain a little hoard in case he should go to Spain.

The remainder of this hurried night he spent in arranging his papers, which indeed were always in order; after which, having locked the bureau they were in, he sealed up the key, and directed its envelope to Count Lauvenheilm.

His powers were now quite exhausted; he threw himself on his bed, and found there a short oblivion from present suffering.

Theodore had been long up, ere any other person in the house was stirring. At length, he found the steward at leisure to receive his orders respecting what he had left behind. It was not *necessary to* tell this person that he was going, never to return;

so, to avoid painful interrogations, he suffered him to suppose his journey was merely one of pleasure.

Having sent the key of his escritoire to the Count, he was proceeding, with the intention of giving his letter for Ellesif into the charge of the first of her servants he might meet, when the sight of her boudoir door standing half open, made him suddenly resolve to leave it there himself. There she would be sure to find it, and by this method he would be relieved from the embarrassment and mystery of trusting it to a servant.

The windows of the boudoir were closed; but through an aperture of the shutters, the morning sun streamed brightly. Its beams cast a line of light along the floor, and across the table where Ellesif had been reading the morning before. All the rest of the room was in deep shadow. Theodore laid down the letter; and seeing a glove which Ellesif had worn, lying near a book, he covered it with kisses and tears. When Ellesif wore that glove again, had she known that Theodore's tears were on it, how fondly would she have prized, how sadly cherished it!

Again Theodore fastened his lips to it, and sighing from the depths of his heart, retired from the chamber.

In proud obedience to the Count, he had not informed any one but the steward that he was going a journey; and he did it when he left in his hands the money he wished to have distributed amongst the servants.

Several of the domestics passed him now, with a cheerful carelessness they would have been far from feeling, had they known he was leaving the house for ever; and the porter let him out for his supposed walk, with a good-natured reminder, that the family were that morning to breakfast early.

The next moment Theodore was in the street: the gates of the government-house were drawn to, and had shut him out from all that had hitherto promised him happiness, and incited him to excellence.

There was something frightful in thus being permitted to go without observation: but the night before, he had felt himself an object of respect to all, and of tenderness to many of that house's inhabitants; yet now, "not a voice bade God bless him," not an eye followed his steps with a tear: even she whose transporting looks had so often told him that he was her world, lay in peaceful slumber, and perhaps dreamt not of him.

A deathly chill shook all his limbs, and the momentary pang of indeed believing that he was cut off for ever from Ellesif and her father, (fallen though he was,) seemed to wither his heart.

He lingered in front of the mansion. Half the inhabitants were still sleeping: Count Lauvenheilm's shutters were entirely

closed. "You sleep, cruel man!" he cried, in bitterness of spirit, "while I wake and wander like a guilty thing! Be it so! I have deserved this trial, by prizing you too highly. I am punished for having loved you better than a better man!"

He thought of the venerable Dofrestom as he spoke, and the thought was coupled with self-reproach.

His eyes last turned to the apartment of Ellesif: her windows were all open, and she was evidently not in her room. He gazed madly on the windows,—gazed till wildness settled into gloom; then repeating, in the hollow tone of prophetic misery, "I shall never see her again!" moved slowly away.

CHAPTER XIV.

While the wretched Theodore was pursuing his melancholy journey under a summer sky that mocked his misery with its brightness, every thing appeared to go on as serenely as before, in the domestic circle of Count Lauvenheilm.

But how different was the truth from the seeming! the scorpions of fear and remorse were in the breast of the Count; dismay and grief in that of Ellesif.

On the memorable morning of Theodore's departure, Ellesif had been accidentally seized with a fainting fit as she was rising, and Anastasia had hastened across the vestibule to her sister's boudoir for some drops she was accustomed to take upon such occasions.

She was seeking them in a closet at one end of the room, when Theodore entered. The single ray of light, through the window-shutter discovered him to her, but though she had opened the blinds of the closet, she screened herself from observation, by quickly closing the door: and as her only covering was a silk night-gown, she kept perfectly still for fear of being perceived.

His appearance at that hour in her sister's apartment, certainly did surprise her, and perhaps the curiosity was pardonable which prompted her to peep through the crevice of the door, and watch his actions. She saw him lay down the letter, and kiss Ellesif's glove; and she heard his heavy sighs as he departed.

Never before had Anastasia felt such astonishment and indignation; she could not mistake the meaning of what she saw; and she had been so habituated to consider an unequal attachment as an impossibility, and Theodore, from his doubtful situa-

tion, so much her sister's inferior, that although daily witnessing looks and expressions that betrayed their secret to every domestic in the house, she had never, till now, had the slightest suspicion of any particular intelligence between them.

She paused for a moment to consider how she was to act. As Ellesif's elder sister, she stood in the light of a mother to her; it was her duty, therefore, to save her from an improper connexion. Without further scruples she took up the letter, returned to her sister, gave her the drops, saw her quite recovered, and then retired to her own room to begin her toilet.

Whilst her maids were laying out her clothes and ornaments, she read the letter. Her offended dignity was soothed by the certainty that this was Theodore's first declaration, that so far from presuming upon a return of attachment, he ventured only to ask at present for the continuance of Ellesif's friendship.

But in the trinket enclosed, she saw a snare for her sister's honor; that accepted, she must hereafter admit his pretensions. It was better, then, to silence Theodore's presumptuous hopes by returning this *gage d'amour;* and to conceal the whole affair from Ellesif, lest she might be brought on to love the man she could not but pity.

Having arrived at this conclusion by the time her toilet was finished, Anastasia calmly folded up the pretty bauble in several envelopes, and directing it to Senor Guevara, instructed one of the grooms to ride after him on the road to Gran, and deliver it from Countess Ellesif.

"It is something the Senor has forgotten," she said, carelessly: no further instructions were necessary, and the servant departed.

There was little chance of Theodore's discovering that the letter was not indeed sent from Ellesif, for both sisters wrote so exactly alike, that even to themselves no difference in any of the characters was perceptible.

Anastasia had rather a kind than a hard heart, and could she have guessed the sterling value of Theodore's attachment, or known the wretchedness she was entailing on her sister, even her severity against uncertain engagements would have been softened, and she would have left the event of this letter to Providence; but judging of love by what she felt rather than by what she inspired, she knew it was very conquerable when pride and interest and worldly blame were opposed to its progress. "Romantic passions are all in idea," she heard said continually by persons who sought pleasurable impressions from so many objects that none could make a profound one; she now sincerely believed that, *according* to this doctrine, Ellesif would forget

Theodore's existence in less than three months, and that Theodore would fancy himself in love with somebody else.

By his own confession, he had offended her father; that circumstance was an additional reason for preventing Ellesif from forming a rash engagement with him. Yet on this point Anastasia's good nature was visible. As he had displeased her father, she determined not to heighten the Count's anger by telling him of this last indiscretion; and having thus settled the whole business amicably with her conscience, she went (looking like an angel) to join her sister.

Ellesif was disappointed that Theodore did not appear to hand them to their carriage. The scrupulous politeness of that age always demanded this attention from the gentlemen in every family, and it was one of Theodore's most delicious offices to supply the place of Count Lauvenheilm on occasions like the present. She was depressed for a while, as she coupled this neglect with his strange emotion the preceding evening; but as her father was also absent, she concluded that some important business occupied them both, and that perhaps it was concern for some political anxiety of the Count's that caused Theodore's discomposure. Consoling herself, therefore, with the prospect of seeing him quietly in the evening, she rallied her spirits, and strove to suit herself to the festivity of a heartless marriage.

The tedious ceremony, and still more formidable ceremonial of the bride's introduction to all the bridegroom's kindred and friends, with the other *et cœtera* of health's compliments, salutes, and presents, reminded Ellesif of her gay friend Gaston's remark, that a wedding was either as dismal as a funeral, or as ridiculous as a puppet-show; and that he would never marry until he could be married unawares, as men are killed in battle.

Wearied with a tedious morning and a tiresome dinner, Ellesif gladly obeyed the signal for roturn; and leaving Madame la Baronne to her new dignity and her coxcombical husband, she sprung into the carriage that was to convey her to home and Theodore.

The sisters reached the government-house, they alighted from the carriage, they entered the drawing-room; still Theodore appeared not. In passing through the hall, one of the servants told them that Count Lauvenheilm had dined out, and would not return to supper.

Ellesif hoped Theodore was in his company; but a vague apprehension of something distressful (which she afterwards called a *presentiment*) now seized on her spirits. She looked round the spacious saloon; "How forlorn the place looks to-

night!" she remarked. Anastasia calmly replied, "Yes, we shall miss Madame Sauveur's vivacity."

Ellesif was not thinking of the void Madame Sauveur had left, and chilled into silence by her sister's apparent insensibility to the absence of her father and of Theodore, she sunk into silence.

Anastasia went up to her harpsichord and began playing while Ellesif, unable to occupy herself, opened the glass doors of a balcony in which were some flowering plants, and appeared busy in altering their arrangement. But nothing in reality gave steadiness to her thoughts: they had taken alarm, and were now fluttering like frightened birds, from conjecture to conjecture, unknowing where to rest. She recollected Theodore's unusual melancholy the preceding evening; the agitations with which he had broken away soon after her father's entrance; and the extraordinary tone in which he bade them good night.

Was it possible he had been confessing his attachment for her to the Count, and that he had forbidden him to indulge it. After his ardent action in the beginning of the evening, the supposition was too likely, and sufficiently explained his protracted absence from her society.

Yet, it was possible—and O! how the thought distressed her; that his nicely-delicate character might have been shocked by her passiveness when he dared to kiss her hand; he might have attributed that forbearance to general levity, which was in reality the effect of love for him alone.

Pierced to the heart with this imagination, the tears stole down her cheeks, and she unconsciously repeated to herself those lovely lines from Shakspeare's Juliet:

> "In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,
> And therefore thou mayst think my 'havieur light;
> But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true,
> Than those who have more cunning to be strange."

She now loitered in the balcony, that she might give way to her tears unobserved, for still as she wiped them off, fresh streams flowed from her oppressed heart. But Anastasia's repeated warnings of taking cold, made her at length return into the room.

As her sister remained at her instrument, Ellesif took refuge in the appearance of reading. When the usual hour of rest arrived, Anastasia rose from her harpsichord. "My father means to be very late, I suppose," she said, "so we had better not wait for him. I am quite sleepy after our tedious day at Baron Hoffendal's."

Ellesif was too timid to oppose this motion, though she knew that unless she saw Theodore before she went to rest, there would be no sleep for her. Hurrying away her book, she rose from her seat, and lighted her night-candle with an unsteady hand. Anastasia was at the same moment ringing for their attendants, and did not observe her sister's dejected looks. They said good night to each other, at the drawing-room door, and turning different ways, went to their separate chambers.

Ellesif dismissed her women almost immediately, and was undressing herself, when she heard the opening gates announce the return of her father. "Only another ten minutes and I should have seen him," she said. She listened at the door, and fancied she heard the voice of Theodore mingling with that of the Count.

Happiness is so invariably associated with the presence or expected presence of the person we love, that even our bitterest feelings lose their force when we see or hear them. That voice which was indeed never again to sound in the house of her father,—that voice which only imagination heard, acted like a charm on the perturbed spirit of Ellesif; it is true she melted afresh into tears, but these were tears of tenderness and pleasure.

Consoling dreams sweetened her sleep, and she awoke on the following morning, with serenity of mind. She came the first into the breakfast room. Theodore was an early riser like herself, and devoted all those hours to study which others wasted on their pillow; it was probable, therefore, that she might have an opportunity of asking him, when alone, the reason of that sadness which had caused her so much concern.

Again she was disappointed. Anastasia and her father joined her, but not Theodore. Breakfast was made and finished; the Count professed himself overwhelmed with business: he was going to receive a number of persons in the audience-hall, and should not be released till dinner, when several of them were to dine with him.

His countenance and manner were so disturbed while he said this, that Ellesif could not fail to remark it. Again her heart died within her, and the color left her cheek. As her father rose and rang the bell for the servants to clear the table, she was on the point of asking if the breakfast were not to remain for Senor Guevara, but her voice sunk back at every attempt to raise it; and yielding to the impulse of her father's hand, who led her and Anastasia through the gallery, she walked silently into a sitting-room.

Here the party separated: the Count and his eldest daughter went to walk in the garden, and Ellesif remained solitary.

If Theodore had accidentally breakfasted alone, (as he sometimes did when much occupied with business,) and did not purposely shun her, he would come into this room, where he knew the family were always to be found in a morning She therefore resolved to stay where she was.

But the hours passed, Anastasia returned, morning visitors arrived; Ellesif was talked to, and called upon to talk, and to sing, and to exhibit whatever her boudoir contained that was curious; and still Theodore came not.

When we are much interested in a question, and wish to conceal that interest, we seem to find either a shelter or a support from the presence of numbers. Ellesif had not ventured to mention Guevara while alone with Anastasia, but in the present circle she seized the opportunity of showing one of the ladies Theodore's Laplander, and turning to Anastasia, said, almost inarticulately, "By the way, I wonder what has become of Senor Guevara."

The lady who held the Laplander ran away to exhibit it to another, and Anastasia took advantage of her retreat, to answer, "Senor Guevara is not in the house: he and my father have had some sort of quarrel, and he went yesterday morning I don't know where—but certainly not to come back again. My father told me this just now in the garden, and requests that the Senor's name may never again be mentioned to him."

To chill any imprudent display of feeling, if Ellesif's feelings should chance to be too deeply interested, Anastasia threw an unusual degree of coldness into her manner as she spoke. Ellesif's face took the hue of death, and she trembled so that the slightest touch would have made her fall; but frozen at first by the glance of her sister, she had thrown down her eyes, and now kept them fixed on the ground.

At this evident emotion, Anastasia's displeasure equalled her concern: she blamed, yet pitied her sister's infatuation, and rejoiced now, that she had kept back Theodore's letter. She became sensible that her policy was to maintain such a reserve on the subject of Guevara, as might effectually prevent Ellesif from ever making her the confidant of her indiscreet attachment. Anastasia shrewdly thought, that what a woman is made ashamed of confessing, she will try to repress: but she forgot that no such effect will follow in a generous mind, when that shame is not produced by the conviction of meriting disapprobation, but solely from one of our associates' prejudices.

Having struck the cruel, yet necessary blow, she joined a

group of her visitors, and Ellesif was left to recover her palsied powers.

She remained standing where Anastasia had left her. None of the surrounding objects where visible to her eyes, and but one sound rung in her ears—"he is gone certainly not to come back."

Such a fall from happiness to misery, stunned her almost into insensibility; and she moved not, till the appearance of fresh company roused her into consciousness. She then took advantage of the momentary bustle produced by their entrance, and hurrying out by another door, ran to lock herself into her bedroom.

For a long time all her thoughts were wild, all her feelings desperate. Theodore's attachment had then been decisively silenced by her father; nay, they had parted in wrath! And how unkindly must he have been treated, for his mild nature to go in anger! After this, what could she look forward to but eternal separation? Her whole life must pass without communication with him, without sight of him, without even the knowledge of his fate! No, it was impossible for her to endure such privation and to live.

How merciful is Providence! That misery which, when we first plunge into it, seems all darkness, is gradually enlightened by some divine ray however feeble. There is no sorrow in the midst of which we do not watch and wait for some consolation: alas, how often do we not mistake hope for resignation, and find our error only when that hope is removed!

Ellesif's wretched heart could no longer, indeed, support the present agony, and it therefore sought a balm in the certainty that Theodore loved her; hope followed that conviction. "No, he cannot live and be for ever separated from me!" she said, weeping more than before: "if his love be like mine, nothing will separate us for ever."

Determination is almost omnipotence: woman can only wish, but man may resolve; and Ellesif was right in believing that no earthly power could part them for life, if Theodore's heart urged his will to the contrary.

Then she thought of his Spanish prospects, and re-assured herself by supposing that when once these were ascertained, her father would not refuse his consent to an union that must exalt instead of degrading her.

Probably Count Lauvenheilm had been offended at Theodore's precipitateness before this necessary event were accomplished, had expressed himself with a severity unusual with him, and had provoked the meek spirit of Theodore into a retort too full of *modest self-respect.*

If this were all, however displeased the Count were at present, reflection must soften him; and she doubted not that a perfect reconciliation would take place the moment Theodore could seek her in his new character.

Ellesif was convinced that as the heir of the Conde Roncevalles, he would cheerfully make concessions which he would have spurned in the doubtful situation of her father's protege.

Fortified by these ideas, after passing the whole morning alone, she was able to dress for the dinner party, and to appear with forced composure.

Never before had Ellesif turned away her eyes from her father; but now when he took his seat at table she looked another way, and felt a sudden faintness come over her.

Her calmness gradually disappeared; for a variety of incidents made the absence of Theodore almost visible; such as the regular return of those little services at table, which people who are domesticated together naturally fall into; his own peculiar habits, and his watchful attention to her's. In the drawing-room she felt his absence still more: she missed him at his accustomed place near the harp; she missed the little work-table his hand always placed for her; at every moment she missed his meeting and approving eyes.

Plunged again into dejection, Ellesif was no longer able to take any share in Anastasia's task of making the evening pass pleasantly; but pleading a torturing head-ache as an excuse for sitting nearly silent, she waited with impatience for the moment that was to release her from society.

Amongst the visionary hopes with which Ellesif sought to support herself, was that of hearing from Theodore. In his place, she knew she would not suffer the person most dear to remain the prey of doubt and anxiety: he would write to her then! But day succeeded to day, and no letter arrived.

Another had taken the office of Theodore, happily without being admitted into the family circle; her father's business appeared to go on as formerly; Theodore's name was never mentioned, and Ellesif sometimes wildly asked herself if he had ever been.

Such an entire oblivion had, indeed, gone over his remembrance, at least in outward appearance, that even a less frenzied grief than her's might have been excused for believing it had all been a deceiving dream.

Before this utter desolation, Ellesif's fortitude completely gave way. She seemed left alone in a desert, with no one to succor, or even to hear her lamentations; for Anastasia's studied coldness chilled the confession of her grief whenever it was on the point

of bursting from her, and the altered manner of her father frightened her into silence.

The Count meanwhile was at war with himself: Theodore had convinced him of his guilt, yet that conviction had not been followed by the magnanimous resolution of abandoning his projects. He was therefore irritated, not grateful to the hand which had thus opened his unwilling eyes; angry at Theodore for necessarily ceasing to esteem him; angry that he had forced him to disesteem himself.

Scarcely confessing it to his own thoughts, even Count Lauvenheilm felt the loss of Theodore at every moment of the day; his talents were so useful to him, his society so soothing, his evident attachment so gratifying. When he conversed with his present secretary, he seemed directing a machine, perfectly qualified to do all it was intended for, but to do no more; with a person who saw in him only a master, who came into his presence without joy, and left it without regret; who would, in short, go on as tranquilly in the same routine with his successor, and be perfectly indifferent whether his first employer's head were destined for a diadem or a scaffold.

The Count's natural love of virtue made him anxious to excuse himself to his own heart, for a continuance in "that path that leads down to hell;" he therefore cloaked one bad passion under another and disguised treason with the name of revenge.

Wretched self-deception! As if revenge were not as much forbidden to Christians as the indulgence of ambition! But it was a nobler plea for the world; it was less abhorrent to himself, (since his conscience secretly absolved him from it;) and it would find far more apologists amongst his erring fellow-creatures.

He had besides gone too far to recede. He was in the main ocean, and would in vain look back for the smooth shore he had left,—he must proceed and dare the rocks of another. To repent now would be to betray a second time; if he would save himself, he must use the detestable artifice of at once declaring the whole plot to his monarch, as a scheme for discovering the administrator's real inclinations towards Denmark; and he must consequently give that prince up to obloquy, and tare Anastasia from her destined husband.

What miserable sophistry can in a moment persuade, when inclination lends itself to the arguments! Count Lauvenheilm almost believed, that in adhering to his fatal engagements he was yielding to a principle of honor, and of parental affection; yet by the same act he was falsifying all his oaths to his lawful master, *and passing* the sentence of a blighted life on his other child.

He had suspected Ellesif's attachment before Theodore's departure, and since then, observation had made him certain of it. In vain did he try to dissipate the cruel self-reproach this certainty occasioned, by fancying that her gay character would soon shake off the unusual burthen of sorrow. Whether the reign of her grief were to be long or short, still it was now a substantial, piercing grief, which by its very uncomplainingness, called more forcibly for compassion.

And could he blame her for loving, for lamenting such an one as Theodore? The deepest sigh Count Lauvenheilm had ever drawn, followed this question; he confessed that he could not blame her.

But it was in vain to think of her girlish griefs. Had Theodore consented to become like his patron, they might have spent their lives together; but remaining firm to what he first had been (the other having swerved,) there could no longer be union between them.

"Ellesif must forget him," he said to himself; "till I am dead," he added; and a horrid thought crossed his brain like lightning. It was now in Theodore's power to accelerate that moment. It is true, he had disavowed such an intention, in the tumult of agonized feelings; but with his scrupulous integrity, might he not believe it his duty to immolate private reluctance to public service?

Yet, he had given his address to Aardal; but who was to assure the Count that it was not a stratagem? Who was to assure him that Theodore was not already on his way to denounce him in the face of the world?

A cold dew covered the brow of Lauvenheilm, as the terrific death that awaits a traitor presented itself to his imagination. He was in the same room with Ellesif at that moment, and the convulsive groan he uttered unconsciously, brought her to his side. At her approach, he rose hastily, but completely unnerved, staggered, and fell back again.

"Father! dear father!" cried Ellesif, in wild alarm, throwing her trembling arms round him as she spoke.

"I am not well, Ellesif,—only a sudden giddiness—go away—I want air—you oppress me—there, there, I am quite well again."

Ellesif had opened a window, and now retired towards it with a sorrowful air; her tearful eyes, anxiously bent upon her father's horror-struck features, seemed gently to question and to reproach his unkind repulse.

"Ellesif, my child, come hither," said the Count, stretching out his arms, and melting into his better self. She flew into his

embrace, and as the tears gushed from her eyes, she was surprised to feel those of her father moistening the lawn that covered the neck on which his head now rested. The wild throbs of that easily-agitated bosom became full of Theodore; she fancied her father was grieving for the grief he had caused her, and she waited in trembling silence for the sound of Theodore's name.

But Count Lauvenheilm's heart was relieved and self-appeased by this burst of tenderness; and during the flow of those salutary tears, he had reflected that Theodore had nothing but assertion to produce in support of any accusation he might prefer against his patron. He neither possessed nor had seen any certain proof of his communication with the enemies of Denmark. Besides which, if he loved the tender, duteous creature, who now wept upon his shoulder, dare he believe she would bestow herself on the man who had imbrued his hands in her father's blood?

Count Lauvenheilm had lost that generous enthusiasm which enables us to rely confidently upon that of another, or he might have dissipated his fears at once by recollecting the character of Theodore.

"You are surely worse than ill, my dear father," said Ellesif, timidly, "your spirits are more altered than your looks. I wish, I wish ——"

"What do you wish, Ellesif?" asked the Count, guessing her thoughts, and assuming an awful air of reserve.

Again the apprehensive Ellesif was chilled into silence, and she cast down her swimming eyes, without the power to add, she wished for his sake it had not been necessary to part with Guevara, who knew so well how to soothe all his pains. Her heart longed to confess its regret with its attachment, and to discover from her father's answer what she might hope in future, and how Theodore had spoken of her.

But though no language could make her feelings more distinctly known to her father than her very embarrassment, she had neither courage to frame a sentence, nor breath to utter it. In all strong emotions, Ellesif's voice was literally lost; and at times, when it imported her the most to express herself, this natural obstacle prevented her from doing so.

She now stood unable to speak, while her father gently freeing her from his arms, rose from his seat. "You wish that you could make me well, I dare say," he said, "and so I shall be, when I can get over the vexation of knowing that I have been lavishing kindness upon an ungrateful object. No, not ungrateful," he added, while a pang of remorse for the strong expression quivered through his breast. "Guevara has only proved himself a romantic, *selfish* visionary, as all these exaggerators of our social duties

never fail to prove. Every thing gives way to the preservation of their fantastic systems. Whatever he has been to me, I will do him the justice to say, his general character is unexceptionable; but he and I can never meet again as friends. I should not have mentioned his name to you, did I not wish to explain my late seriousness. It makes a man serious, Ellesif, to be deceived in a person whose heart he once fancied he knew thoroughly."

Lauvenheilm saw by her violently-changing cheek, and quickened breathing, that she was preparing to confess the secret he sought to avoid knowing; he therefore stifled it, by adding hastily, "Enough of this unpleasant subject; I must leave you;" and without waiting for an answer, he left Ellesif alone.

Nothing repels confidence so completely as any contemptuous allusion to the subject of our thoughts. Ellesif would have had the courage to stay her father, and to pour out her whole heart, had he spoken of Theodore with warmth; but this disdainful carelessness was more than she dared combat with, and she was left, therefore, to weep afresh over her dreary fate.

Count Lauvenheilm hurried into business, but he could not go from himself. Conscience, like a spectre, viewless to all save himself, followed him from the private circle to the public audience, from loneliness into crowds, from thought into action.

He reproached himself with the unmerited blame he was tacitly casting upon Theodore, by leaving the causes of their separation to general conjecture, and by vaguely stigmatizing him in private as selfish. Yet, how else was he to check that affection in Ellesif which he could never allow her to indulge? How else could he silence the curious remarks of their mutual acquaintance?

It was in vain that he tried to think Theodore's scruples ought to have yielded to his affection. All that the most romantic devotedness can display for friendship, and with honor, Lauvenheilm was conscious that Theodore would joyfully have shown for him; nay, that he would have leaped into a fiery gulph at his command; but to violate his principles, even to gain Ellesif, was impossible to his unalterable character.

"Would to heaven I could live over the last six months!" exclaimed the Count, in an agony of compunction; "but now it is too late; I am in the toils."

The time was indeed nigh at hand when he would be called upon for the fulfilment of his fatal promises to Sweden: troops were silently marching towards the frontier, to occupy the fortresses at the same moment in which their different garrisons were to be withdrawn by a pretence sufficiently plausible to prevent any suspicion in their commandants.

Count Lauvenheilm was not indeed under the serious appre-

hensions he had expressed to Theodore; but he knew that the court of Denmark began to look on his conduct with a suspicious eye; and he had reason to suppose that it meant to arrest him for contempt of its commands with respect to some inferior officers whom he persisted in retaining because of their devotion to his will.

He knew also, that the neutrality of Holstein was about to be invaded on a frivolous plea, though with just cause in fact. With serious alarm for Holstein, therefore, but little for his own safety, he had urged Theodore to an act which was to afford him an opportunity of magnifying his own danger, of avowing his revenge, and of seizing the proper moment to strike his blow at Denmark.

The alarm he had then feigned was now real: Theodore had awakened his conscience, and, with the consciousness of guilt, came the fear of punishment. Count Lauvenheilm would have met death bravely in the field, and calmly on a sick-bed, had the remembrance of a well-spent life been there to cheer him; but death in any shape, coupled with the intolerable pangs of self-accusation, was horrible to contemplate.

The contumely of his fellow man had its terrors, but the wrath of his Creator was assuredly more awful; for, during many days after his discourse with Ellesif, his thoughts were often turned with longing desire towards his former loyalty.

Sometimes he wished for Theodore, and believed that, fortified by his godlike integrity, he could find courage for abjuring his meditated crime; but there was none else at hand to exhort him to the act, and he was still hesitating between ruin and honor, when an order from the court fell on him like a thunderbolt.

It was not aimed at himself, but at his power; and he saw in it the certain sign of having been betrayed.

The order was to remove every person holding an office of trust, whose nomination to places had not first originated in the Danish court. A new set were substituted; and with a single stroke of the pen, Count Lauvenheilm saw himself at once deprived of the credit of repentance, and the power of profiting by his guilt.

If this blow were dealt by the hand of Theodore after his solemn assurance of doing otherwise, then indeed he merited the indignant abhorrence of his patron; then indeed Count Lauvenheilm was privileged to think virtue an empty name, and his own transgressions less monstrous than they were.

There was now no path for him to take: he was suspected, known—repentance now would seem cowardice: he must stand and wait the event. To fly into Sweden would be avowing guilt *that might yet be only surmised, and which, if known only from*

Theodore's assertions, could not be proved. It would be to devote himself to poverty, and his daughters to disgrace; for as Denmark had evidently got the start of Sweden, Sleswick would be lost, and his estates confiscated.

Such an event as the last might cool even the administrator's passion: for Count Lauvenheilm admitted the possibility of Anastasia's present possessions and future expectations having some weight even with a prince in his deciding to marry her.

Nothing was left, therefore, but a resolute stand, either to bear the blow that was to crush him, or to stagger opinion with a show of innocence.

Although the real sentiment of the Danish court was visible in the act of withdrawing all the governor's dependants from places of trust, it was cloaked under a specious excuse, leaving the Count no ground for demanding a distinct declaration either against or in favor of his own conduct.

He felt, however, that he was now a state prisoner; and although he had a kingdom for his prison, it still was one.

The new officers were so many spies on his actions, which rendered it impossible for him either to cross the frontier, or to hazard even a letter in cipher to the administrator.

It was evident that the King was now anxious to obtain some specific proof against Lauvenheilm, that he might be justified in the face of the world for treating him with rigor; and this circumstance fixed the Count in the belief that his present danger arose from Theodore's information.

Embracing this cruel opinion, and nearly maddened by it, he learned almost to hate that virtue which Theodore had inculcated. "Hypocrisy! base hypocrisy!" burst often from his lips; and feeling as much aversion to himself as to the rest of his fellow-creatures, this man, that had so lately been the gentlest and kindest of human beings, suddenly became a fierce and gloomy misanthropist.

Ellesif contemplated the change in her father with a horror that nearly unsettled her intellects; his stern reserve, and her own timidity, stifled the many inquiries her heart longed to make; and her restless imagination, left to itself without check or guide, filled every hour with intolerable phantoms.

Theodore's departure had acted like the breaking of a blessed spell; nothing but doubt and dismay followed it. Anastasia, for the first time in her life, was become thoughtful. Visitors were indeed admitted as usual, yet nothing could be more sombre than their once gay parties. Their dinners passed in silence; and in the evenings a regular return of music and waltzing, and walk-

ing and conversation, was performed by each with mechanical exactness, yet without any appearance of enjoyment.

Ellesif could not be ignorant, from some accidental expressions of her father's, that he laboured under the King's anger; yet why she knew not, or what he had to fear beyond the loss of an employment he had so often wished to resign; but she could not account for Anastasia's changed manner, nor for the share Theodore appeared to have in her father's exasperated feelings.

It is true, the Count never mentioned Theodore; but if any thing he had left, came accidentally in the way, or if the Count took up a book in which his pencil had written remarks, he would throw them away with a violent action of aversion.

These observations, joined to the disappointed expectation of receiving some letter from Theodore, wasted the very life of Ellesif. Her health altered, her spirits entirely forsook her, and her nightly dreams became even more frightful than her waking imaginations.

In these visions she continually fancied Theodore pursued by the hatred of her father. Sometimes she saw him assassinated by hired murderers: sometimes he fell by the hand of the Count himself; his blood drenched her garments, and she felt its horrid warmth soaking through them to her heart. She would then wake with a piercing shriek, and either leaping from her bed, pass the remainder of the night in traversing her chamber; or if she remained, and slept again, would sleep only to dream of some new horror.

What we call a presentiment, is assuredly nothing more than a fine tact, by which one spirit, unconsciously divining the secret affections or antipathies of another, decides upon the probability of its future actions. It was this tact, perhaps, which invariably gave one direction to Ellesif's thoughts during sleep, though in the day these troubled thoughts wandered into, and forsook a hundred different tracks.

Pascal has justly said, "Si nous revions toutes les nuits la meme chose, elle nous affecterait peut-etre autant que les objets que nous voyons tous les jours.——Si nous revions toutes les nuits que nous sommes poursuivis par des ennemis, et agites par des fantomes penibles——on souffrirait presqu' autant que si cela etoit veritable, et on apprehenderait de dormir, comme on apprehende la reveil, quand on craint d'entrer eu effet dans de tels malheurs; en effet, ces reves seroient a peu pres les memes maux que le realite."

Ellesif was a sad proof of this truth; for her dreams, by their uniformity and continuity, produced all the effect of reality, and *their events* haunted her waking hours, as those of reality in gen-

eral haunt the dreams of others. Without any ascertained disorder she became visibly ill: no exertion of mind could any longer enable her to contend against the weakness of her body. If she walked ten minutes, when she sat down again she dissolved into tears: If suddenly addressed, she would start and tremble, and betray all the signs of causeless yet distressing terror. Always tremulous, always weeping, she daily grew worse, by an ineffectual struggle to be better.

Absorbed in his own reflections, the Count was some time before he observed this change in her looks and character; but when he did so, his alarm was equal to his self-reproach; yet it no longer depended upon him to restore her to life; for if Theodore were, as he believed, his betrayer, he was no longer worthy to be recalled or regretted.

Unwilling that his daughters should share his fate, if it must be disastrous, the Count had of late meditated sending them out of Norway; and he now took advantage of Ellesif's illness to effect his purpose, without exciting their surprise.

Anastasia understood the court displeasure to arise solely from her father's indiscreet ardor in pressing for the King's consent to her marriage; and she believed the consent was still withheld, coupled with the threat of revoking the grant of her property in case she should contumaciously persist in forming an alliance with the administrator. This grant had always been considered as an illegal act of the late King's, and had remained unrevised by the present, solely from consideration for her father.

With the Lauvenheilm estates in prospect, she would not unwillingly have sacrificed those of her mother for the acquisition of princely honors, but it did not appear that her lover's advisers permitted him to take a wife with only a spurious relationship to a royal house, unless she brought an equivalent in fortune.

In some ill humor at this worldliness, she heard her father's proposal of sending her and Ellesif into Sleswick, with the secret determination of at once breaking with the administrator, if, on an interview at the house of Madame Rothestein, (which she concluded he would seek) she should find him less ardent than formerly.

Ellesif was indifferent whither she went; yet she felt that sickly desire of change which arises from a vague hope of finding relief in different situations. Estranged as her father now was from her Theodore, in any other place she was more likely to meet him than where she now was; and though nothing but the preposterous fancy of love (which expects miracles) could hope to find him in Sleswick, in consenting to go there, she

wildly thought that perhaps she was yielding to a Providence that was about to restore her lost happiness.

As the sisters could not undertake so long a sea and land journey without protection, Count Lauvenheilm tempted the necessitous Baron Hoffendal to become their escort, with his wife for their companion. The Count offered him the agency of his estates, and those of Anastasia, with the liberal addition of the use of the noble houses he would find there, together with servants, equipages, &c.

The young man was easily induced to relinquish the unprofitable profession of arms for this lucrative employment; and Madame Hoffendal's honey-moon having been for some time on the wane, led her to give a joyful consent to the whole plan. She was therefore very active in preparing for their voyage, and seemed absolutely to have forgotten that seas could drown, and ships sink.

The night before the party were to set out, Ellesif lingered long at the window of her boudoir, to take a farewell look of a prospect once so dear to her.

It was now October; Theodore had been gone two dreary months. Happiness and summer had terminated together, and the melancholy foliage of the country over which she looked, seemed assumed in sympathy with her grief.

The moon gleamed faintly through a showery sky, partially enlightening the objects on which it rested. Ellesif's trickling tears flowed in silence. Behind those mountains, perhaps, Theodore was now thinking of her with the same tenderness and the same despondency, or, perhaps, he was far distant, on his way to Spain, with the loftier heights of power and honors before him, and casting off his temporary partiality for her, as he would have done the toys of childhood.

She leaned in hopeless dejection against the window, still gazing towards the first residence of Theodore, and bitterly recalling many a moonlight hour enjoyed with him at this very window.

Alas! what desolation had followed those rapturous moments! How had she deserved this complete oblivion? If her father had unkindly repulsed him, why did Theodore leave her in dreary ignorance of his fate, and of his sentiments? Was it to be ever thus? Had he indeed made up his resolution to an eternal separation?

Man in the vigor of youth and sensation, imagines with as much difficulty his change from life to death, as the attached heart does the possibility of existing entirely separated from the *object of its* fondest wishes. Yet Theodore's noiseless depar-

ture, and steady silence, seemed to sanction the suspicion that he had indeed given her up for ever.

That idea once admitted, the next transition was to that of his attachment having been throughout the creature of her own fancy.

Sickening at a thought which, if true, laid the axe at once to all her future hopes, she turned from the view of those peaceful objects that had conjured up so many painful recollections, exclaiming to herself, "O let me go, then—go, never to return! let me forget every thing that has passed under this once happy roof! In the grave all is forgotten. O no!—but in another state I shall learn the mysteries of this."

Ellesif secretly thought that her loss would not be deeply felt by those she left behind. Doubtful of Theodore's affection, that affection which seemed incorporated with his very soul, despondency deepened into injustice. If it were so easy for such a love as his to forget its object, or if mere good-will wore such an air of devotedness, why should she imagine that the calmer affection of a parent, a sister, and friends, would suffer longer? Why was she to believe that their hearts were susceptible of a deeper impression than his?

This brief injustice was the infirmity of a diseased imagination, and it melted away in the parting embrace of her father.

Count Lauvenheilm appeared much agitated the morning his daughters were to set sail, and he begged to take leave of them separately. Anastasia had the first audience; she came from it in tears, but they were only the natural, moderate expression of regret for a temporary separation from a parent by whom she knew herself idolized.

Ellesif entered her father's study in such emotion, that every object seemed to swim before her sight. The Count's internal agitation was far greater, though more powerfully repressed. He felt that he was in the toils of his enemies, and that nothing but a miracle could set him free. If but one of his inferior agents should betray him; if but one of his communications with Sweden should fall into the hands of the Danish cabinet, his life must be the forfeit. Nay, it was possible, that the monarch was even now in possession of this fatal document, and was suspending the blow, from irresolution when to strike.

Should this indeed be the case, he might now be embracing his children for the last time. At that thought his heart was wrung with anguish, and unable to speak, he held out his arms to his daughter.

She too had come to the interview with the melancholy foreboding that it would be their last; for she believed herself fast

descending to the grave. Under so sad an impression, she yielded to an excess of grief, and with sobs and tears, kissed her father's hands and garments, sunk on his neck, and rose from it to cover him again with kisses and tears. In broken accents she faltered out a prayer and a blessing.

"What means this stormy grief, my Ellesif?" asked her father, appalled by the fear that it prophesied his own destruction; "Do you not think we shall meet again?"

"Yes, in Heaven," was her suffocated answer; and she burst afresh into a passion of tears.

The Count continued to hold her in his arms, while he suffered the torrent to flow and exhaust itself. He looked at her convulsed features in silent agony, till the tears ceased to overwhelm them, and her low sobs were only audible now and then, like the fitful blasts of melancholy night.

He then bore her to a sofa, where he sat down with her. "Tell me, my child, why do you think we are not to meet again in this world?" He stopped, then added, in a hurried voice, "What do you know? what is it you suspect?"

The unusual expressions of his face and voice disordered the reason of Ellesif; she repeated the imprudent words, exclaiming, "O, my God! then there is something to know—something to suspect!"

Her tearless eyes glanced with an air of madness round the apartment, and she put her hand on her forehead. "No, I cannot bear these wild thoughts; I can but die. Tell me, my father," she cried franticly, throwing herself at his feet, and forcibly holding him, "tell me, for the love of God, what you mean. What has been done to Guevara?—is he alive?"

The horrid phantoms of her sleep were now before her; and with a shriek of momentary delirium, she fancied she beheld her lover's blood trickling over the hands of her father; with a convulsive shudder she buried her face in her robe, and sunk on the ground.

The Count saw that her intellects were unsettling; all his fears then centered in her person; and anxious to soothe her, he gently restrained her struggling figure, as she was going to break away she knew not whither. "Be calm, my Ellesif," he said, tenderly; "as you love your unhappy father, command this dangerous sensibility. You surely cannot imagine that I would level myself with my secretary, and meet him in a duel?" At that moment the broad light of Ellesif's indignant eyes, as she turned them on him, brought a blush to his cheek, and really ashamed of the illiberal sentiment, he added, "While I believed him excellent, I *considered* him as my equal, often my superior; but now that I

suspect, nay almost am assured, that his ungenerous return for my confidence, brings me under the wrath of my King, I try to think of him with contempt. I believe he is now in Copenhagen, with more prospect of living thirty years to come than either you or I. Am I to suppose, Ellesif, that he has deepened his ingratitude, by seeking to destroy your peace?"

"O never!" exclaimed Ellesif, with agony, "never has Senor Guevara, by word or by letter, sought my affections; never has he breathed a sentiment that went beyond friendship," (she sighed as she spoke:) "if it was under that false idea you discarded him from ——"

The Count gravely interrupted her: "It was not, Ellesif; the subject of our eternal separation was of a very different nature; it imports not you to know what. Suffice it that Guevara is unworthy the compassion you feel for him. I rejoice that it is no more than compassion; and that he has not been quite the villain your emotion made me fear."

Ellesif sat weeping violently. Her father's last speech had destroyed every hope coupled with the idea that his separation from Theodore had taken place in consequence of the latter having avowed an attachment to herself.

Theodore had not, then, avowed such an attachment. He had acted dishonorably and ungratefully to her father: he had gone without an attempt to justify or explain his conduct to her. What did all this argue? That she had been as much deceived in his character as in his love.

The bitterest shame sunk that confession back to her heart, which she was before on the point of making to her father; and a momentary throb of indignation against him who had thus cheated her out of esteem as well as tenderness, enabled her to answer the Count with a firm voice.

"Pardon my feeble spirits as you do my feeble health, dearest father; this sad nervous complaint sometimes make me fear I shall lose my senses, I think such strange things! But I will try to be myself again, for your sake,—only for your dear sake."

She accompanied the last emphatic words with an eager kiss of her father's hand. So wild, so hurried, so violent was that kiss, so unlike the tender and lingering pressure her lips were wont to press on it, that the Count too well understood the nature of her feelings.

Compassion, parental love, and sincere regret for having forced the object of her partiality into the revengeful act that now placed an insuperable bar between them, were struggling in his breast.

"Live then for your father, my Ellesif," he said, straining her to his heart; "for never were you dearer to me than at this sad

moment. If heaven averts the storm that now gathers over my head, I will live only for my children; I will renounce the phantom I have been pursuing all my life; and I will make up to you by more than a father's love, for all that you suffer now."

"O, my father!" cried Ellesif, "what evil hangs over you? Tell me, for heaven's sake; no reality can be half so dreadful as my imagination will fancy. What action of your's can any one report that is not to your honor? And he above all, that best knew ——" She stopped, and averted her face, as a faint blush followed this allusion to Theodore.

Count Lauvenheilm saw that he had been indiscreet: her natural question was truly answered by his conscience, but his lips were forced to equivocate.

"There are some state secrets," he said, "which we should not reveal to our trustiest friend; but I, like an idiot, poured out my whole soul to Guevara, and he has betrayed me."

"No—no, my father!" interrupted Ellesif with vehemence: "I would stake my life on his honor. Whatever be his fault to you,—I cannot, will not believe that he has betrayed a trust."

"You may be fatally—horribly undeceived, Ellesif," said the Count, turning ghastly pale; and as he spoke, his under lip quivered with a convulsive motion.

Ellesif was about to burst forth again into a wild entreaty that he would cease to speak thus darkly, but foreseeing her question, he hastily added, "Come—I must not prolong this parting. I cannot see you on board; my feelings would not be controlled, and we should never expose our feelings to public curiosity. God bless you, my Ellesif,—my beloved child! we will meet again—somewhere."

The Count tried to varnish the agony of that moment by one of his former smiles, but it only served to light observation more certainly to the distraction visible in his countenance.

Ellesif repeatedly embraced him; and had Heaven heard the vehement prayer she uttered as she sunk into his arms, she would have escaped then from life and suffering.

More desolate than ever, and with wilder longing for a removal from this scene of past happiness and present sorrow, she finally quitted her father, and joining Anastasia, hurried through a crowd of weeping domestics to the carriage.

Madame Hoffendal and her husband were already waiting for them. A short drive brought them to the quay; they embarked, and Ellesif found herself once more upon the fearful ocean she had crossed eight months before with Theodore, but now without him, without happiness, without hope!

CHAPTER XV.

And what had been the history of Theodore during these dismal two months?

He had purposely chosen to make his journey across the country, rather than go round by Bergen; and he did so from the wish of being roused by bodily exertion out of the maddening recollection of past events.

Leaving his little property to follow by the usual tedious mode of conveyance, and provided with only one change of apparel, with his mother's casket, and one or two memorials of Ellesif, he set out alone, in the direction of the File-fialle.

Already well acquainted with the country, he required no guide; but aware of the difficulties he must encounter, provided against them as well as he was able.

As he turned his back upon Christiana, it would have been hard to determine what feeling was predominant in his breast. Was it tenderness, sorrow, indignation, or self-blame? Each ruled by turns, and possessed him wholly.

Resentment urged that Count Lauvenheilm was not worthy of regret; yet the habit of affectionately admiring him was so interwoven with all his other habits, and had been so delightful to him, that he remembered their former hours of confidence and mutual esteem with an anguish his better judgment condemned.

Then as he thought of the unkind, the unjust treatment he had received from the Count in their last private interview, and the ignominious privacy with which he had been allowed to leave the government-house, his heart swelled with indignation. He blamed himself for not having challenged the Count, in the presence of his family, to confess that their parting was not the consequence of unworthy conduct on his part.

Never had the feelings of Theodore had so much of the irritable, and so little of the tender in them: he could almost have chidden Ellesif for not having divined a transaction, of which he knew she must be ignorant; and so exacting is the suffering and impassioned heart, that he felt her non-appearance during that short morning of his departure, as a crime against her consistency.

"I deceived myself in her father," he said, gloomily; "how can I be sure that I am not deceived in her? O, Ellesif, if you are but a seeming perfection, farewell to every fond and trusting thought."

When Theodore uttered these words, he was in a sort of inn at the little village of Gran; and as part of his journey was to be performed on horseback, part across waters, part on foot, he was now waiting for a horse to carry him further.

Plunged into actual despair by this frightful suspicion, he was sitting with his head resting on his clasped hands, wondering that he had ever thought any thing in this worthless world worthy of a moment's struggle, when some one passed, singing the Norwegian ballad which Ellesif had first sung to him.

The notes acted like magic,—his heart melted at once; again he heard the tender voice of Ellesif "warbling the varied heart;" again he lived over the first transporting moments of their acquaintance, when love in its loveliest form was already stealing upon his soul.

He saw her soft and youthful face smiling like unclouded Heaven, (that face which would not let her heart be false;) he met her eyes glowing with kindness and goodness; and he followed in idea the sportive grace of a figure that might have passed for embodied innocence.

"No, Ellesif, thou art not like thy father!" he exclaimed; "I am a wretch to doubt thee; perhaps I may never hear from thine own lips that I was dear to thee; perhaps we may never meet again on this side eternity: but what thine eyes have told me I will trust to; and in another state of being, my soul will claim from thine the promises it has made me in this."

Is there a calamity in life that cannot be charmed into forgetfulness by the consciousness of being dearest to the person that is dearest to ourselves? The frightfullest calumnies, the sharpest griefs lose their sting in that balmy thought. Theodore suffered it to extract the poison from his heart's wound, and to spread over his future prospects the soothing balsam of hope.

It was the consolation of a few short moments. The arrival of the servant whom Anastasia had ordered to follow him, at once terminated his musings and his hopes.

He was mounting his horse at the instant this man rode up: his appearance itself foreboded ill: Theodore removed his foot from the stirrup, and waited his approach.

The servant did not dismount.—"A packet from Countess Ellesif, sir," was his short address as he held out the paper. "I wish you a good journey, sir, and a safe return to us."

He bowed as he spoke, and turning his horse, was out of hearing before Theodore had presence of mind to stay him with a single question.

Trembling between the forlorn hope of its containing a letter *from Ellesif*, and the fear that it returned his own, yet blaming

himself for this injurious fear, he left his horse, and returned into the room he had quitted.

The touch of the packet prepared him for the blow he was to receive from its contents: on opening it, he saw only a blank cover enveloping the trinket he had enclosed in his letter.

Prepared as he had thought himself, the blow was yet stunning. Either Count Lauvenheilm was the most cruel and insincere of men, or Ellesif the lightest and vainest of women. If she had ever loved him what must have been the ungenerous falsehoods that could so soon steel her heart against him? and if she had never felt what he once fondly thought she did, how systematic and unfeeling had been her attack upon his affections?

He balanced long between these cruel ideas; but love pleaded for Ellesif; and he gradually won himself to think that there was more justice in suspecting the Count who had so lately outraged him, than her whose words and actions had so long and so faithfully replied to each other. "But what avails it?" he said, gloomily, "so hated, so pursued by Count Lauvenheilm, how can I expect that any change of fortune will bring me the nearer to her?—how can I vainly reckon upon her continuing to love me in spite of time, absence, and calumny?—every thing will tend to drive me from her remembrance—every thing will make it her interest to forget me; but every thing will force me to remember her. I shall never again see one like her, fitted to adorn the proudest and to solace the humblest lot. She will every day see men that pass before me in outward accomplishments; what signifies a fond and faithful heart? she cannot know that mine is better or truer than others. She has been brought up amongst people who are educated to get rid of sorrow as fast as possible; what then am I, that I should fancy she alone will cherish sadness for my sake? —No; she will seek to console herself for my absence, in pleasure,—the very effort will be itself a cure, and she will forget that I have ever been."

Well might the wretched Theodore shrink from what is called the world, since even his character had not escaped its baneful influence.

Could a mirror have been held up before him, capable of reflecting, not the features of the face, but those of the mind, how would he have started at the alteration a few short months had made in himself!

Alas, time not only robs our persons of their youth and beauty, but too often carries with him the nobler youth and beauty of our souls! The loss of the first we can neither avert, nor need we lament; but the latter is always in our own power to retain; the latter is to be our *portion* in the world to come; and wo be to

him who suffers "The thief of this world" to rob him of that which is to exalt or degrade him throughout eternity.

Naturally inclined, and long habituated to think the best of every person, Theodore was now wretchedly suspicious of the woman he loved dearest. Her father's moral apostacy had unsettled all his judgments, and he now distrusted most where he most wished to find excellence.

In this frame of mind he resumed his journey, hurrying on with feverish rapidity, though he never thought of meeting Dofrestom and Catherine without an acute pang. He could not explain to them the reason of his return, yet, neither would he deceive them into the belief that he was still cherished by the Count's friendship.

Theodore abhorred deceit, and equally revolted from displaying the misdeeds of persons once dear to him. He had, therefore, a difficult task in prospect, when he purposed confessing that he had parted eternally from Count Lauvenheilm, yet hoped to shelter that cruel benefactor from the animadversions of his truer friends.

And this was the man Count Lauvenheilm injuriously suspected as his accuser at Copenhagen!—Theodore would rather have perished. He rejoiced that the circumstance of his being born the subject of another prince, absolved him from the hard duty of carrying the information of his patron's treasonable intentions to the Danish throne.

Tenderness for Ellesif, and lingering attachment to her father, made him hope that the latter would either provide immediately for his safety, or be induced to abandon those pernicious counsels, which having confided to one that shrunk from them, might easily be traversed.

The summer heats were excessive: and as Theodore wandered over the long line of downs or steppe formed by the chain of mountains he was crossing, he was often obliged to rest through the whole noon to recover his strength.

On these sequestered pastures he saw only a few herds with their herdsman at distant intervals; or he roused a solitary bear from her bed of mosses. Neither tree nor habitation altered the long level of those mountainous tracks; not even the song of a bird, or the hum of an insect broke that stillness which sometimes shocked him with its profoundness and continuity.

In the day he ate his frugal meal alone by the side of the spring, that quenched his thirst; but at night, descending lower on the mountains, he sought shelter with some shepherd under his temporary wooden shed.

The society of those guileless people soothed his exasperated

feelings for a few short moments; but when he thought that perhaps this freedom from evil was only an effect of the absence of temptation, he sighed over human nature and Count Lauvenheilm's destiny.

Solitude and company were now alike painful to him: for in solitude he could no longer heal his heart's wounds, by dwelling on the dear conviction of Ellesif's affection; and in the society of the peasants, he was perpetually led to contrast their happy ignorance of vice and sorrow, with his sufferings from both.

If Ellesif were agonized every hour by the sight of numberless objects, and the return of various occupations that repeated again and again, *Theodore is gone*,—Theodore endured equal anguish from the very reverse of her situation.

His whole existence was changed so suddenly, that he could have fancied himself transported into another world. He saw nothing, heard nothing, did nothing that he had been accustomed to do, hear, or see with her. The country itself appeared different from what it had been when he last passed over it; for though he purposely made a round, to avoid going by the same road as he had gone with Count Lauvenheilm, he went so exactly parallel with it, that the grand features of the landscape were still the same.

But to Theodore's distempered fancy the mountains looked more savage, and the vallies less beautiful. Where he had formerly seen sublimity, he now saw horror; where peace, only an image of death.

Used to the refined manners of Count Lauvenheilm's circle, the mirth of the peasantry shocked him with its coarseness, and it required the full exertion of his former indulgent kindness, to bear with the rough jest that was meant to amuse the sadness it shocked instead of softened.

At length, in descending the File-fialle, and entering the government of Bergen, he felt the breath of home. It produced, by association with former scenes, a sensation, rather than an emotion of gladness; but that soon vanished, and he continued to prosecute his journey over the fiords, and across the second range of mountains, with restless, yet aimless impatience.

Theodore felt that he was now supporting himself by an effort, and that when he should reach the shelter of the stone cottage, the springs of life would at once give way under the weight of anguish by which they were oppressed.

September was begun when he reached Aardal, and the peasants were getting in an unusually early harvest.

To the inhabitants of a country dependent for "the staff of life" upon the provident care of its governors, and the superfluity of

other countries, even a handful of corn is more precious than one of silver. What these contented people call a plentiful year is therefore a source of joy to them, and they gather the treasures of their little fields with transport and gratitude.

The sight of the cottage, where dwelt one that had passed his youth in the world, yet retired from it with an unspotted conscience, softened the feelings of Theodore, and he now looked at the cheerful scene with an emotion of tender sadness.

He contemplated the active young peasants as he would have eyed so many children, innocent in fact, yet carrying in their bosoms the seeds of all those good or evil passions which are ripened in society. As he did so, he lamented that circumstances should ever call them from their present obscurity; forgetting that it is only in the world our nobler faculties are called into action; that we must all struggle there, and many sink under the conflict; but he who conquers, earns the immortal crown which is laid up for "those who overcome the world."

Unwilling to be recognized first by the villagers, Theodore turned away, taking a less frequented path to the stone cottage. He entered at the back of the garden;—the scene was very different from what it had been when he returned from Copenhagen after the flight of Heinreich; yet he was still, as then, coming to bring sorrow to its dear inhabitants.

The meridian sun was flaming over the little orchard now ruddy with fruit: the late flowers were all in bloom; and the base of the sun-dial, which he had constructed in his boyish days, was prettily twisted with various ivies.

The garden looked neat, the cottage cheerful. All its windows were open, and through one of the lower ones he heard Magdalen singing to her wheel. No other person seemed to be in the house: Theodore was relieved by this supposition, for he required a few moments to compose his spirits, before he encountered fresh emotion.

At the time he first attached himself to Count Lauvenheilm, he obtained his promise of being annually permitted to visit Aardal; and although Dofrestom's arrival in Christiana had rendered such a visit less the object of his old friend's expectations, his present appearance might easily be mistaken for a voluntary one. His entrance, therefore, did not much surprise, though it overjoyed Magdalen.

She hastily removed her wheel and her little girl, who was playing at its foot, and advanced to welcome him.

Theodore repeatedly and kindly shook her hand. Sterling goodness spoke in the open sunshine of her healthful countenance, and gave comfort to Theodore. Indeed, whatever helped

to restore his confidence in human nature, was consolation to him.

Magdalen admired the more manly decision of his figure and features, not allowing herself to think that he looked less mild and calm than formerly. If he were really less mild, he was more earnest; if less calm, more impressive. She could not but feel proud and grateful for the many kind words he addressed to her; and maternal gratification, perhaps heightened her interests in him, when he caressed her child, and praying heaven to perserve it from sorrow, suffered a tear to glide from his cheek to that of the little girl.

In answer to his questions about the family, Magdalen told him that Dofrestom and Catherine were at the harvest feasts of the pastor, Eric at the mill, and she was staying to keep house. "I will run and tell them you are come," she said, and waiting not a reply flew like a lapwing down the valley.

Theodore employed the short interval of her absence, in fortifying his mind against the chance of being surprised out of the reserve and caution with which he meant to speak of his own situation. It was no consolation to his miseries to speak bitterly of the man who caused them, and he knew that he could not bear to hear him harshly spoken of by others.

A few moments brought Dofrestom and his sister. Believing, as Magdalen did, that his visit was a free and happy one, they hurried to meet him with such an expression of gladness in their faces, and with such joyful gratulations, that although Theodore's heart swelled almost to bursting with the difference between his feelings and theirs, he commanded himself sufficiently to appear as purely joyful as themselves.

Dofrestom was already apprised, by Theodore's letters, of all which had been agitated in Spain, and he naturally concluded that the present was a farewell visit, preparatory to his departure for that country.

Theodore did not destroy the idea. He acknowledged that he daily expected a summons, either direct from his grandfather, or through the medium of the Chevalier de Roye; nay, that he must, if one did not arrive, go at once into Spain, after he had been awhile at Aardel.

The subject was then broken off, by Catherine's ardent inquiries after every member of that family which her brother had faithfully described. Anastasia's beauty, the Count's condescension and goodness; but above all, the winning sweetness of Ellesif, were the themes of her discourse.

Each of these was torture to Theodore; but a strong motive enabled him to make a strong exertion. He was no longer

alone, or amongst strangers, as he was on his journey, when it mattered not whether he seemed sad or joyous; the happy faces he now looked at were animated by the belief of his happiness, and he would not break the charm till hard necessity should force him.

In various descriptions of the amusements he had witnessed, and the great personages he had seen, he contrived to please his auditors, without being drawn into assertions he must afterwards disprove; but the effort cost him much, and when every one was gone to bed except Dofrestom and himself, he felt indisposition growing on him so fast, that he was aware he had no time to lose in declaring his real situation to Dofrestom, lest fever and delirium should seize him ere he did so, and some unforseen accident bring the information by other means to the cottage.

Dofrestom led the way to confidence, by remarking that although he did not care to observe it before Catherine, he was far from liking the feverish brightness of Theodore's complexion. "You are right, dear father," replied Theodore, in a low, interrupted voice: "I am not well—and I am sorry to add, not so happy as when you saw me last."

A glow of alarm flushed the cheek of Dofrestom; he uttered an exclamation of surprise. Theodore hesitated, and then began again. "I seem fated to afflict you, dearest father, yet God knows not willingly, but, I hope, never by my own act. Oh! I see you are thinking of Heinreich; and, indeed, it is not of him that I have any thing to tell;—none of my endeavors have yet been able to discover his retreat ——"

"Well then—go on," said Dofrestom, and he listened with the air of one who might have borrowed Shakspeare's words, and said,

> "I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief,
> That the first face of neither, on the start,
> Can woman me unto 't."

Theodore began: "I have had the misfortune to displease my benefactor; he misunderstood the principle of my conduct on one important occasion, and the consequence has been our total separation. He and I have parted for ever."

Theodore's voice faltered as he concluded, and he was obliged to walk to the other end of the chamber to recover himself.

Dofrestom meanwhile sat in deep thought, revolving the possible reasons for this painful reverse. After all that he had heard and seen of Count Lauvenheilm, he was incapable of believing him capricious, or Theodore faulty; he therefore attributed their

disunion to a cause from which he had recently expected a very different result.

"Is it fair to ask what you and the Count disagreed upon?" asked Dofrestom, advancing to Theodore.

"I had rather you would not urge the question," was the tremulous reply.

"But you will let me guess," resumed Dofrestom, kindly; Ah! my dear boy, I forsaw either much good or much harm to you when I was at Christiana. Though I am now old, I have not forgot what my heart was in my youth, nor what my poor Nannette's was. That sweet young lady was too fond of hearing you talked of, and too kind to such a poor old man as me, not to make me sure that she loved you better than all the fine gentlemen of the court."

"No, no, sir," exclaimed Theodore, coloring and breathless, struggling against the delightful throbs of love and hope, which Dofrestom's observation had caused. The tender disorder of his hastily averted eyes, convinced Dofrestom that he was right.

"I don't ask to know more: it would be a base thing in you to tell me the lady loved you, seeing that the Count cannot consent to give her to the young man he has raised; but I would rather know that both of you were unhappy, than that you had left the Count because he proved as fickle as the professor."

Theodore smothered an agonized sigh without attempting to answer.

"She is a sweet young lady!" said Dofrestom, taking up the theme again after a pause; "in my mind, more lovely-like than her sister, though that fine young Countess's bright face well nigh blinded these old eyes; but the Countess Ellesif looked so good as well as handsome, so kind, so cheering, so true! I think if I had wanted relief, and in a crowd, I should have gone and asked it of her from her countenance."

"She is all that you think her, my dear father," said Theodore, with a dissolving heart; no longer able to resist the delight of hearing her praised, his despair and his caution gave way at once; he turned his glowing eyes on Dofrestom, repeating, with a tenderness that invited more discourse on the same dear theme, "she is all that you think her."

In the conversation that followed, he lived over again the happy days which Dofrestom had shared with him at Christiana: and so eagerly does drowning love catch at the slightest reed, that although in possession of a proof that Ellesif slighted the avowal of his attachment, he once more hugged the deceiver, Hope, to his heart.

By *degrees Dofrestom* imparted all his observations upon the

manner of Ellesif, and for the time certainly succeeded in making his hearer a proselyte to his opinion. Every circumstance he noticed, every peculiar word he remembered, seemed indicative of that deep interest which really possessed her, and Theodore fondly cherished the belief, that what unprejudiced observers remark must have foundation in truth.

Yet, though both spoke of Ellesif, Theodore was unconcious that they talked of her so long; and because he did not exactly avow the secret of his heart, he fancied it still hidden.

Dofrestom, on the other hand, satisfied that his conjecture was right, consoled himself by thinking, that in separating from Theodore, the Count was rather yielding to the proprieties of his high station, than following the caprice of a selfish spirit.

Under this impression he neither sought nor gained more information; secretly indulging the unworldly expectation of seeing his adopted son finally united to Countess Ellesif, when his Spanish relations should acknowledge him, and Count Lauvenheilm be no longer in fear of public censure for bestowing on him his daughter's hand.

Calmed by this fortunate and specious delusion, Dofrestom felt no more for Theodore's estrangement from his patron, than what afterwards arose from observing the effect it had taken upon his health.

Catherine was the only one that shared her brother's secret, the rest of the neighbors simply considering Theodore's present residence amongst them, as a farewell visit preparatory to his going for Spain.

Luckily for Theodore's aversion to be an object of curiosity and conjecture, the violent illness which seized him immediately on his arrival, by leaving a deplorable train of weakness and depression behind it, prevented any surprise at his altered looks and spirits.

He was attacked by a fever on the nerves, and as this was not the period for their only medical man's abode in the neighborhood, he was left to nature and tender nursing.

At the end of three weeks the doubtful question of life or death was decided; and the melancholy resignation with which he had looked forward to a removal from that world which contained Ellesif—a removal unknown to her, unsoothed by her last adieu, —changed to a stonger feeling. As the passions returned, his soul was again agitated by the racking fluctuations of hope and despair, of fond confidence, and gloomy despondency.

But the long and sleepless nights of his illness had given opportunities for steady reflections, that gradually dissolved the mists

of resentment, and with a juster view of Count Lauvenheilm's character, had restored much of Theodore's former partiality.

In the first tumultuous surprise of his feelings, he had hastily concluded, that the man who was capable of betraying a sacred trust, and tempting another to betray his, was wholly vile; and that all his supposed virtues had been nothing more than the angel mask of a demon.

But as memory reviewed the Count's actions and sentiments, at moments when he was unguarded,—as it bore testimony to numberless acts of spontaneous goodness and genuine feeling; as it reminded him of the crowds his parental care daily ministered to in privacy, and labored for in public,—as it added the esteem of so many eminent persons of all countries, and above all, as it registered disinterested kindness to himself, long ere the Count had held the fatal post which tempted him into guilt,—he could not forbear to own that Lauvenheilm was not less "than archangel fallen."

The heart often weeps blood, when the eyes will no longer shed tears. Theodore had forbidden himself the indulgence of romantic sorrow upon this subject; but now whenever he thought of his unjust abhorrence of a man he had once loved so fondly, his regret rose to agony.

Perhaps his heart returned to him with double force, from being so long and so strongly withheld. Certain it is, the separation from the Count, which virtuous indignation had hitherto prevented him from feeling, became as often the theme of his melancholy musings, as the alienation of Ellesif herself.

Pity had taken place of resentment, coupled with passionate longing for the restoration of such a soul to its original dignity. If that noble structure were now in ruins, the great materials still remained, and there was an Almighty hand capable of building it up again in strength and beauty.

Theodore indeed looked solely to Heaven for the renovation of such a character as Count Lauvenheilm's, and in every orison he breathed for himself, was mixed a fervent prayer for his alienated friend. With all this tenderness, and contrition for precipitate judgment, Theodore mingled no weakness: he was still abhorrent of the acts that would have allured him into a crime; and could he have recalled the past he would again have rejected the temptation of Ellesif's hand. Had the alternative been offered to him, of silent and merely passive acquiescence, coupled with the continuance of the Count's friendship; and his protest against perfidity, joined to the abandonment of all his soul held dear, still would he have adhered firmly to the last.

Through the gloom of thoughts like these, a faint gleam of light

occasionally pierced. If Ellesif's unkindness proceeded from any prejudice instilled by her father, and if juster feelings ever again possessed the Count, with his opinion her's also might change, and the future restore what the present ravished from him. Yet still as this idea came to console him, the unanswerable proof of her indifference which every day confirmed, served to destroy it.

Letters were forwarded to him from Spain and from Copenhagen, yet not one line of inquiry or of friendship accompanied them; his baggage had arrived, and nothing that he had purposely left was added by the officious hand of love.

This sterility of feeling towards him blighted his hopes at once; for it was impossible that Ellesif could show such steady indifference to his fate, if any thing like a wish to preserve his affcetion was in her breast.

Though he had not settled a single correspondence in Christiana, it seemed to him that he ought to have heard of her from some one, and that the silence which was observed to him, was the effect of a determination to mortify his presumptuous desires. In short, he saw nothing unclouded by passion and grief.

The letters from Copenhagen were from Mr. Coperstad, and another literary friend; and those from Spain, were two from Gaston de Roye, nearly of the same date.

The latest of these was "of mingled yarn, good and ill together." He spoke with more confidence than ever in the success of the Austrian party, as the Archduke was himself advancing with Staremberg, towards the Ebro, and his Queen was keeping the spirit of the Catalans undiminished.

Every thing on the other hand, was distress and confusion in the camp and the councils of Philip. If the event answered present expectations and Charles were successful, De Roye feared that the estates of the Conde Roncevalles would be severely drawn upon, if not entirely forfeited, by his zeal in the adverse cause.

This was the disagreeable part of his letter; that which he believed the pleasant part, was some information he had obtained from Don Julian Casilio, a distinguished officer in the army of Philip, who had lately been taken prisoner in a skirmish.

From Casilio's representations it was evident that the Conde Roncevalles was greatly irritated at the conduct of his grandson Don Jasper, who was, (either from passion, or the determination of following no will but his own,) obstinately pursuing an amour with a lady devoted to the Austrian cause, and he was himself daily expected to revolt to the standard of the Archduke.

De Roye generously supposed, that if Theodore took advan-

tage of this circumstance, to ensure his own cause a favorable hearing from the Conde, it would rather be with a desire of healing than of widening the breach between them.

On one part of Don Julian's information Gaston dwelt with a pleasure amounting to the romantic; it was the existence and the widowhood of Donna Elvira. He warned Theodore to be prepared for his falling in love with any sister of his, the very first moment they should meet. In short, though he wrote with levity, it was plain that he thought with seriousness of this connexion; and as Theodore dwelt on the idea, he acknowledged of all men existing, there was none he could embrace so gladly for a brother as Gaston de Roye.

A strain of unabated friendship ran through the whole of this letter, enlivened by a thousand entertaining follies, peculiar to his eccentric manner of seeing passing events. Many were the allusions to former days; and once or twice he charged Theodore with the delivery of some ridiculous message to the ladies of the family he still imagined him a member of.

A sentence following one of these messages oppressed his correspondent's heart with all its late despondency. It ran thus: "But how I bubble myself with believing that any of the party, except your primitive self, think about me! Anastasia and Ellesif are too much accustomed to make the agreeable every day of their lives, to ninety-nine thousand dozen of men, women, and children, to feel much in reality for any of them. They pass before their eyes, like figures in a magic lantern, leaving just as profound an impression. I wonder what new madcap supplies my place in the show? If he makes them laugh as I did, *tant mieux!* If he does not, still *tant mieux!* I may have a chance then of being remembered; for people of *our cast*, you know, Guevara, (you see I don't forget our ancient disputes,) are deucedly inclined never to miss any thing but their amusement."

What the Chevalier wrote in a spirit of gay railery, only to mock the early prejudices of his correspondent, appeared at this inauspicious moment the very oracle of truth.

Theodore fell into a mournful reverie after reading it; and brooding over the conduct of Ellesif to himself, could not help exclaiming mentally. "Is thy nature, Ellesif, of this light, worthless sort? Is it only the present object that can interest thee? Are the absent as soon forgotten by thee, as by the rest of thy pleasure-seeking tribe? Yes.—Gay, delighting, and delighted, thou art now perhaps such as I have seen thee, at the brilliant table of thy father; thine eyes and thy lips smile on some other deluded wretch; he thinks perhaps as I did, that the heart speaks

in that smile. O no; 'tis but graciousness, habitual graciousness, and indifference."

Of all the pains which Count Lauvenheilm's fatal friendship had entailed upon Theodore, there was none more acute than that which accompanied the consciousness of being no longer like his former self. That serene confidence with which he was wont to repose on the seeming of all mankind was entirely destroyed. A troubled imagination now clouded every one of his judgments; and that unforced pleasure with which he had formally contemplated the enjoyments of others, even when his own situation was distressing, had given place to an inward shuddering at the sight of any thing like happiness.

This cruel change in his character, absorbed, and at last roused him. He justly believed, that while our own hearts bear testimony to the existence of virtue, no disappointment in the character of others can justify us in flying mankind.

Society must at once disunite, and each individual bury himself in a desert, if every one that is betrayed, or bereaved, has the privilege of abandoning his duties.

The same destiny is common to all the children of Adam; from the prince to the peasant, all his descendants, at some period of their lives, have had their Paradise, from which they have been driven like their sad forefather, by divine command; and wretched indeed is he that carries with him the consciousness of having "wrought his own wo."

In losing all dependence upon the constancy or sincerity of Ellesif, Theodore had lost his strongest motive for exertion; but he saw that unless he courageously plunged again into the bustle and cares of life, his despondency would end in the most deplorable of human maladies. He therefore resolved to go at once into Spain, and present himself, unsupported by court favor, before the Conde Roncevalles.

Amongst the few faint hopes that were left to him, was that of finding in his sister a consolation, and a source of interest: if she were indeed all he fondly fancied, her society might in some measure atone for the loss of Ellesif; and in trying to soothe her sorrows, he might alleviate his own.

Under these impressions, he communicated his intention to Dofrestom and Catherine, when he read to them part of Gaston de Roye's letter.

Neither of his old friends could suggest a single reason for delay; neither of them seriously wished it; yet they grieved to think they were so soon to lose him again.

It is true, Dofrestom had never received so little enjoyment *from* Theodore; on the contrary, he had been hourly afflicted by

the sight of his uncomplaining dejection, and his altered health; and Catherine secretly thought the world had somewhat spoiled him.

It was evident that he constrained his inclinations, when he staid in their little circle of homely neighbors. He frequently fell into such deep fits of thought, that they might rather have been called trances than reveries; and from Magdalen's marvellous stories, he rarely failed to absent himself.

In fact, Magdalen sometimes touched his heart's wound to agony. Struck by Dofrestom's description of the supernatural beauty of Countess Anastasia, and hearing from distant rumor its wonderful effects, her lively imagination had made this fair wonder the subject of a fairy tale.

She had naturally brought Theodore into the romance; and though the lady she bestowed upon him, after many adventures, was Anastasia, for whom he cared not, so many of the fancied traits had a resemblance to the character of Ellesif, and so many of the incidents to the circumstances of his attachment, that he could not hear the fantastic recital unmoved.

Whenever, Magdalen, therefore, was called upon for a tale, he dreaded this, and abruptly made his retreat before it was begun.

Yet though the good Catherine, who had never been in love, attributed much of his langor in their rustic parties to an acquired relish for higher-seasoned entertainment, her honest heart still glowed with the consciousness of being as dear to him as ever.

Whether sick or sad, Theodore was not only always ready to do whatever she asked of him, but eager to prevent her wishes. His books, his reveries, his very solitude he would abandon the moment she appeared to want him. And if he saw a tear of concern in her eye as she looked at him in one of his fits of dejection, he would force a transient brightness into his countenance, and as brief a liveliness into his manner, till he had given a new direction to her thoughts.

Catherine knew so little of the world, that she could not excuse Count Lauvenheilm for his supposed disapprobation of Theodore's passion for his daughter. To her simple comprehension it seemed that person, knowledge, integrity, and affection all united, were sufficient claims on the heart of a Queen; and as Theodore's right to high rank, was now as little doubted by her as any article of her creed, she could not imagine why the Count, who was so rich, should wait till Theodore were rich also.

Dofrestom had charged her never to breath a hint on this sub-

ject to Theodore, and Catherine punctually obeyed him; but she recompensed herself by venting her ill-will at the Count's pride to her brother at every opportunity.

Dofrestom had some trouble in bringing her to reason. He could not make her understand that unequal matches are so many interruptions to the harmony of the social order; that it is the difference of habits, springing out of the difference of ranks, which makes a disproportionate union to be dreaded, as leading to mutual disagreement; that there are wholesome prejudices, which, if we destroy, we destroy so many bulwarks erected for the preservation of general comfort.

Theodore had been known so long only as the secretary of Count Lauvenheilm, that unless he re-appeared, vested with the absolute power and dignity of the rank he claimed, the Count would feel as much ashamed to bestow his daughter upon him "as the pastor would do," said Dofrestom, "were he asked to marry his daughter to that cow-boy yonder, who can neither *write* nor read."

Catherine had some just arguments to advance against the resemblance in this particular instance, for Theodore was eminently superior to most men, in natural and acquired talent.

Dofrestom, not unwillingly, let her go off with her victory.

As Denmark took no active part in the succession war, though hostile to France, the harbors of Spain were still open to her ships, and the usual exports were frequently made from her ports in Norway.

Theodore determined to sail at once from Bergen, in one of the vessels bound for Galicia. He therefore hastened his preparations, and wrote to his friends.

In the letter to Mr. Coperstad, he briefly acknowledged having quitted the family of Count Lauvenheilm, from a private misunderstanding: said many kind things of his patron; conjuring Mr. Coperstad to transmit him every account he might hear, that had any relation to the Count or his daughters.

Uncertain where he should be, or how to obtain letters from his absent friends, he was obliged to give his address to Gaston de Roye, certain that the Chevalier would be a safe depository for them, and must know, sooner than any other friend, the place of his abode.

Languishing to hear some tidings of the Lauvenheilm family, perhaps it was with the double hope of obtaining such news from Mr. Coperstad's correspondence, and from De Roye's conversation, that Theodore determined to make his first essay in Spain a visit to the latter. He was not sorry, therefore, to find that he *could only* get a passage in a neutral ship to Bayonne: for by

landing in France, he could enter Spain either by Navarre, Arragon, or Catalonia, as information might direct him to the Austrian camp.

The year was drawing to a close: it was now October, and, most likely, ere he reached the shore of his native land, the eventful campaign would be over, and the dispute finally settled.

It was probable that he might find his gay friend at Madrid, in the suite of Charles! and be presented by him to the justice of the Austrian sovereign. Theodore's naturally peaceful spirit shrunk from the painful prospect of family contests, yet, unless the Conde Roncevalles willingly admitted, and voluntarily enforced his rights, they could not be substantiated without recourse to the King and the laws.

Theodore would peculiarly require the royal countenance, therefore, because he had not the means of supporting a tedious and expensive process.

Shrinking from the thought of obligation from a friend of Count Lauvenheilm's, he determined rather to lose every thing than to gain any thing by an application to Princesse Ursins.

In the midst of these clouded views, he prepared for his departure. He sought and obtained a promise from his venerable friends, that they would follow his fortunes, if Providence should enable him to settle on the patrimony of his father. Neither Dofrestom nor Catherine had any thing to bind them to their country, except the aversion to change which is peculiar to age; but their love for Theodore conquered that without difficulty.

Every day their hope of seeing Heinreich again grew fainter, till now scarcely one spark of it remained. He had, most likely, ended his follies with his life, in some distant place, and no other tie remained but that which bound them to Theodore.

Heinreich's name had long ceased to be mentioned amongst them, yet not one of the trio suspected the others of indifference to the memory of their once equally-dear Heinreich.

One short week had yet to pass, and Theodore would be again a wanderer, seeking new scenes, and a new destiny. Could he have hoped to find also a new heart—could he have hoped to throw off his present one, with its load of recollections and regrets, and weaknesses, he would have sprung through every form of danger with joyful eagerness.

But alas! under the glittering titles of his family, in their palaces and pomps, he would carry the same being; the same dreary void would be left unfilled in his bosom; the same wail of anguish would be heard throughout his desolated soul.

It seemed as if, in loving Ellesif and her father too intensely, he *had exhausted his* power of loving others; for when he thought

of his kindred, but a languid pulse of affection throbbed in his breast.

In short, frequent disappointment had chilled his confidence in human nature; except the two first friends of his infancy, every one had failed him. Heinreich, the Professor, Count Lauvenheilm, even Ellesif!

De Roye, indeed, was kind and zealous, but he had never pledged himself to that sort of attachment which defies time and accident; (though he certainly testified it by his actions, while professing only to like Theodore as he liked half the world.) Mr. Coperstad's unvaried friendship alone, had gone evenly with his professions. It had made little noise and show, but had grown in strength and usefulness with time.

Theodore remembered many proofs of this, with a sigh, and he condemned himself for often remaining absent from the quiet society and important advice he received from this excellent man, for the sake of still being in the enchanted circle of the Count and Ellesif: of persons who had now forgotten him—persons whose affection had not been worth the price he paid for it. As he contrasted Mr. Coperstad's calm yet tried regard with their's, that seemed so ardent and so delicate, he blushed to have been so ungrateful; and he decided that it is not on the attachment which charms us most, that we can place the most dependance.

"Perhaps," he thought, "shining qualities, by surrounding their possessor with admiration, nourish selfishness, and therefore spoil the character; while persons who cannot win the heart by fascination, seek to gain it by real worth and steadiness."

As these reflections were passing through Theodore's mind, Dofrestom was busy in settling some accounts at another corner of their parlor. Catherine was gone for a night seven miles down the fiord, to visit a family in distress; Eric was working in the garden, and Magdalen about the household affairs.

Theodore had the semblance of being occupied with a book, which lay open on the table, and his eyes were indeed fixed upon it, but Dofrestom saw that neither did his eyes move, nor his hand turn the page. "Alas! alas!" said the old man, wistfully observing him; Theodore did not hear the ejaculation.

Dofrestom contemplated him awhile with silent concern, striving to hope that the events of this important journey might give a new color to his destiny and his feelings. "If not," he thought, "I hope God will take me to himself, and spare me the sight of this best of human creatures, as miserable as he seems now. Why did I ever consent to let him leave me!"

"And yet," he thought, "it was by not consenting to Hein-

reich's wishes, that I drove him into the desperate act of going unknown to me."

This recollection of his son, joined to the melancholy ideas suggested by the doubtful fate of Theodore, quite overcame the excellent man, and he gently left the chamber, to give a moment's way to his regrets.

He went into the open air to recover himself.

The short autumnal day was just closing. A cold vapor, ascending from the little stream by the mill, hung amongst the dark umbrage overshadowing its banks, and floated slowly down the valley.

Not a living object, not even a leaf stirred; nothing had sound but the moaning water; nothing motion, save the pale and twinkling star of evening.

Dofrestom sat down on a bench, under a cornel tree, near the house, fogetful of the gathering dews and increasing cold. He was sadly revolving past events, and trying to foresee what had yet to come, when his attention was arrested by something waving through an opposite grove of elders. He looked steadfastly forward, and saw a figure emerging into the open space before him; the next moment it suddenly retreated, and was lost among the trees.

Whoever it was, evidently shunned observation; it could not be one of the inhabitants of the valley, for their step and dress was familiar to Dofrestom; and strangers in general come to explore both the people and the country, not to shun them.

Some large mass of dark drapery enveloped this figure, but Dofrestom thought he saw a child in the person's arms. As he continued gazing, again it advanced, and hovered on the verge of the grove; and again it sunk into the gloom.

This second view strangely affected him; he knew not exactly why his heart should beat, and his eyes grow dim; nor why, on its second retreat, he should hasten to Theodore. Troubled and anxious, and hardly conscious of what he did, he returned to the parlor and sat down.

Theodore was still hanging over his book. "My son," said Dofrestom, "I have seen so strange a figure in the valley!——"

Absorbed in his thoughts, Theodore mechanically replied, "Have you, Sir!" without noticing the faint sound of the old man's voice.

A few moments passed, and again Dofrestom spoke; "He looked, methought—" His voice was so indistinct that Theodore neither knew when he spoke nor when he broke off. Another short interval followed; once more Dofrestom resumed, and rose as he did so.

"I must see if that person is there yet." There was something in his hurried motion as he left the room, that forcibly roused Theodore's attention; he pushed away his book, and tried to recollect what his old friend had been saying. Unable to do so, he rose and followed him.

As he entered the little passage that ended in the open porch, he saw Dofrestom pale and tottering upon the threshold; convinced that something unusual occasioned this, Theodore sprang forward.

"Hold me, my son!" the old man exclaimed, wildly; "I—I hardly know what ails me,—but that figure,—it wasn't a vision surely,—it was here just now. Support me, good God! I thought—follow it my son, among the elders there. O my heart, my heart!"

Theodore called loudly upon Eric, whilst Dofrestom continued to knock his breast, and to close and open his tearless eyes, as if his sensations and emotions were alike insupportable.

Eric came running at the cry, and received his master in his arms. Released from his burthen, Theodore nearly took the space between the house and the elders at a single spring; he stopped at the entrance of the thicket to observe the object he sought.

The man was leaning against one of the trees, with his face towards him, but bent over the child he held upon his breast.

Through the obscurity of the bushes, and the twilight, he looked like one of those mournful shades which the ancients imagined wandering on the shores of Styx.

Theodore's limbs faultered as much as his voice, while he faintly called out, "Are you in distress, brother?"

Though long accustomed to the more distant forms of address practised in cities, he now purposely chose the Norwegian phrase of brother, to mark the kindness of his intention.

The man did not answer; he only moved tremulously, and averted his head.

That indistinct view was enough; Theodore advanced swiftly, and stretching out his arms, felt the poor wanderer within them. Still he spoke not, but hiding his face on the shoulder of Theodore, drew a deep sigh.

"Heinreich! Is it Heinreich?" asked Theodore. The silence of the pale sufferer, his wretched appearance, and the care with which, even in this agitation, he guarded the sleeping child, pierced Theodore to the soul; his arms slackened their hold, and he was obliged to catch at the tree to support himself.

"Was not that my father I saw?" asked Heinreich, shaking *convulsively*, but not shedding a tear. Theodore faltered out an

affirmative; he tried to say something more, to add a welcome oblivion of the past, but he could not; his agitation spoke for him.

Heinreich sighed again, more heavily than before, and a deep, hollow cough succeeded; it lasted for many minutes; the noise and the motion waked the little boy, he raised his head and looked round.

Sickliness and famine were in that look; it wrung the heart of Theodore yet more than the altered person of its father. The innocent thus suffering for the guilty!—a helpless babe! He could not endure the sight; fresh emotion gave new strength, and he caught the arm of Heinreich. "Come with me,—come home, Heinreich."

"Home!—have I a home after all?" A sort of wild, hysteric laugh burst out with his words, and a violent gush of tears succeeding, he dropt his head upon the shoulder of Theodore, and rested there till his heart was relieved.

After this stormy emotion, in which Theodore shared, both were better able to approach the house.

They saw Dofrestom in the porch, feebly struggling against Eric, who sought to detain him. "Give me the child," cried Theodore, seeing Heinreich on the point of springing foward. Heinreich yielded it, and was rushing into the porch, when the sight of Eric checked him, and he turned away with a mixture of shame and pride.

Guessing the reason of this action, Eric retreated. Heinreich looked again, saw only his father, and running towards him, threw himself at his feet.

The old man was now fixed to the spot; his hands trembled over the bent head of his poor prodigal. "Bless you my son!" he said at last; "I shall now die in peace!"

Heinreich's groans were again interrupted by the cough, that to Theodore's ear too truly rung his funeral knell; but the bewildered father heard nothing, saw nothing, save his son's anguish and repentance.

Theodore was now standing beside them with the haggard infant in his arms. "Whose child is that?" asked Dofrestom, hastily.

"My child, my father!" replied Heinreich, rising and taking it; "do not ask about his mother. Can you bear to look at him?"

"Aye, and cherish him too, poor innocent!" said Dofrestom, receiving him in his turn. As the old man pressed the little one's face against his, a smile of more tenderness than had ever before embellished the face of Heinreich, gleamed over his pale features.

"I hope God will forgive me!" he exclaimed, stifling a still deeper sigh than before.

"Is not God your father also, my poor boy?" asked Dofrestom; "and have I not forgiven you?"

There was something divine in the old man's countenance as he uttered this sentence, lifting his eyes to Heaven. Heinreich again fell at his feet. Theodore could not resist the impulse of his softened heart, but hurrying forward, he too cast himself on the ground, and gasped out, "Both your children once more,—dear father,—bless us again, together."

Dofrestom fell upon their necks, and sobbed out the blessing he asked.

CHAPTER XVI.

Heinreich's story was brief and instructive. His infatuation to Stephanie Richmar had blinded him to the ruin her extravagance was hurrying him into. Though her talents and his secured them a large income wherever they went, her fantastic desires always went beyond it; and her declining fondness was incessantly to be fed or purchased by repeated indulgences.

Wishing to discharge his debts at Copenhagen, and intending to send money to his father to repay him for all he had wrung out of him, Heinreich still found himself as incapable as ever of doing either. He was ashamed, therefore, to address his parent, conscious that he had no apology to offer for adhering to an attachment at once so criminal and destructive.

But Stephanie's constancy was not to be bought, even at this high price. Heinreich was attacked by a disorder on his lungs, which injuring his voice, diminished his means of gratifying her boundless capricies and gradually destroyed his professional reputation. His malady made it impossible for him to join the festive suppers at which Stephanie presided with an unbridled licentiousness worthy a Bacchante.

He could no longer amuse, and not one of such a set as that which encircles the tables of the dissolute, thought it worth their while to amuse him.

Abandoned by her for whom he had abandoned honor and peace, he sunk into a ferocious gloom, which repaid her moments of assumed or capricious attention with savageness and repulse. Stephanie accepted this as the signal for retaliation, and gave loose to a new inclination for a richer and gayer lover.

Heinreich's passion was unabated, though too little tenderness was mixed with it for control of temper; he therefore surrendered himself up to the wildest rage. He loaded her with reproaches,

expostulations, defiance; and concluded by madly quitting her with the infant she had borne to him in the first year of their intercourse.

With the same headlong indulgence of all his impulses, that had marked his character in early youth, he had gone from Dresden without knowing what he meant to do, or whither to go. But his creditors soon determined the question for him; he was arrested at a neighboring town and thrown into prison.

For some time Heinreich bore his fate with sullen uncomplainingness, but at last his proud spirit gave way before the wants of the poor infant he had taken with him: he wrote, therefore, to Stephanie, bitterly reproaching her with his misfortunes and her perfidy, but offering to restore the child, which must otherwise perish with him in a dungeon.

No heart is so inaccessible to pity as a dissolute one; Stephanie never replied to his letter. The same profligate habits had rendered her heart as hard as those of some men who leave their offspring in every country they visit, and never remember they are accountable for the moral and temporal welfare of all those beings to whom they have given life.

The poor babe was then left solely to its unfortunate father, and to casual charity.

Its prattle sometimes soothed, but oftener exasperated his remorse: he traced in its features those of his father; and the resemblance which at first seemed intended to torture him, proved the ultimate means of restoring him to peace of mind.

By constantly reminding him of Dofrestom, the child's countenance forced him to revolve his ingratitude to that excellent parent, to imagine the variety of evils his misconduct must have brought upon him, and to wish that he might once more be at liberty to seek his forgiveness.

The image of Theodore also, like that of a guardian angel, often visited his dreams, animating him to repentance and hope.

Under this silent self-examination, Heinreich's nature gradually softened, the "heart of flesh" was given to replace "the heart of stone," and he regained in solitude even more than he had lost in the world.

By one of those miracles which sometimes operate upon our body, when our mental sufferings are at their extremity, his disorder gradually abated, relieving him from the horrible idea of breathing his last sigh in a prison.

After two years confinement, a fortunate occurrence at length delivered him.

The duke of Holstein-beck, before whom he had often sung

at Berlin, when that prince was governor to the Prince of Prussia, was passing through the town in which Heinreich was detained. The sad prisoner hazarded a petition to him.

He confessed his former thoughtlessness, but he drew so just and touching a picture of his present situation, that his memorial was answered by an immediate discharge of the debt for which he was confined.

The courtier who was commissioned to perform this charitable office, had been ordered to grant further aid, if necessary, and to learn whether Heinreich's powers still qualified him to sing in public; but this worthy almoner deputed his task to another, and that other to the keeper of the prison; so that Heinreich found himself released, and heard the Duke was gone, without leaving him the means of flying beyond the reach of his other creditors.

The goaler was sufficiently touched with compunction to give him five out of fifty ducats which had been left with him for his prisoner's use, and too grateful for this seasonable supply to inquire into its origin, Heinreich hastened to take the road that led towards Denmark. Sufficiently disguised by sickness and suffering he travelled securely on foot through many places where Stephanie's profusion had left him a host of claimants. Fatigue, and the casualties of motion, joined to the unwholesome food on which necessity obliged him to live, brought back his cruel disorder with more than its former violence. Still he went on, anxiously fixing his eye on the haven of his father's house, yet uncertain whether he should not find that house deserted, in consequence of his own misconduct. For himself he now only asked forgiveness of God and his father, but for his child he hoped to obtain succor and kindness.

An old violin which had amused some heavy hours in prison, served to ensure him a shelter under the homely roof which its sounds exhilarated. His voice was quite gone; not a note of that once exquisite instrument remained to give the listening ear an idea of angel's strains.

Sometimes Heinreich sighed over its loss, and sighed the heavier when conscience told him that loss was a slight punishment for all the faults that voice had made him commit.

At Keil some unfeeling wretches robbed him of his violin, and from that time he had literally to beg his way to Norway.

Exhausted with fatigue, and struggling against disease, and sorely pressed by famine, he reached the valley on the afternoon of that day in which Dofrestom discovered him; he lingered upon the woody falls of the stream, longing to seek the interview

he dreaded; uncertain whether his father yet lived and would receive him, and afraid to inquire.

During the course of his often-interrupted narrative, Dofrestom had remained clasping his son's hand fast in his, as if afraid to lose him again, the moment they should be disunited; and Theodore had sat caressing the little boy, whispering him now and then into silence.

Theodore loved children, and was used to the delightful feeling of trust and pleasure, which their innocent playfulness awakens; but the emotion caused by Heinreich's child was quite new to him.

Want, and the early observance of suffering in his father, had given to the infant's face that look of care which in general, is peculiar to middle age. His complexion had none of the roses of childhood; and his hollow eyes wandered about with an expression of habitual anxiety. Yet under this cruel disguise, the brightness of a naturally gay character, and the ardor of an affectionate one, occasionally broke out.

When the tame elk played over her amusing tricks, his pleasure amounted to transport; and whenever his father's dismal cough interrupted the discourse, he would spring away from Theodore, and run towards him with ineffectual yet touching endearments.

"Is suffering the soil of the affections, as well of the virtues?" asked Theodore of himself, looking with a melting heart on the child; "if so, poor babe! your father's misfortunes will prove blessings to you."

In the days of their boyish attachment, never had Theodore felt such oppressive tenderness for Heinreich as he did now, while listening to the story of his faults and his distresses. The repentance of the poor wanderer was so deep, his sufferings so great, and his care of his child so watchful, that it was impossible to regard him without emotion.

Heinreich was often obliged to stop in the midst of his long detail, till his cough had exhausted itself, and the acute pain that transfixed him, had passed away. But at these times, while Theodore's eyes hung on him with piercing commiseration, and his father's with agony, the altered Heinreich would carry their joined hands to his lips, with a smile of such grateful gladness, and a cheek so brightly red, that less interested eyes might have mistaken them for the signs of health and hope.

Theodore could not be deceived; in the grove of elders, as Heinreich rested on his shoulder and drew a heavy sigh, the hot breath that came with it across his cheek, had assured him that destruction was within; he now suggested the necessity of rest

both for the father and child, and went himself to talk to Magdalen about the best apartment for them.

When Heinreich had cooled his feverish lips with a draught of butter-milk, and the little boy had eaten a more substantial supper, Theodore assisted his sad companion to his chamber, where he left him with the promise of occupying a bed close beside him.

On returning to the parlor where he had left Dofrestom, he found the old man sitting with his hands clasped, and his eyes raised to heaven; his countenance had the fixture of earnest, rather than sorrowful prayer.

Theodore hesitated on the threshold; Dofrestom perceived him, and called on him to advance. "Theodore!" he said, laying his hand upon his, "I have been thanking God for the great mercy of this evening, and preparing myself for the blow that is to follow it. My son is restored to me—but I see that I am not to keep him long."

At the last words the afflicted father's voice faltered into tears and he fell upon Theodore's neck, to conceal their excess.

Theodore gently pressed his venerable figure to his breast, answering by a deep-drawn sigh. The silence between them was long and awful; for Theodore ventured not to insinuate a hope that must be destroyed, and Dofrestom's thoughts were all centered in the future grave of his son. At length Dofrestom feebly raised himself; "You shall never see me so overcome again, Theodore," he said gratefully; "I am too thankful to the Almighty for permitting me to see my son once more, and to see him so blessedly repentant, not to bear all the rest as a Christian ought. I am old; my time after him cannot be long; and after that I shall be with him through all eternity. Had he died three years ago, before heaven had touched him, what might have been his fate in the other world! Perhaps our separation had been eternal."

"If we must lose our dear Heinreich," replied Theodore much affected, "his child will remain—." His last words were so inarticulate, that it was rather Dofrestom's heart than his ear, that caught them. He answered by a tearful smile.

After a short silence, he resumed the subject of his son's disorder, with which he was unhappily well acquainted, from attending the last illness of his wife; and he spoke with anxiety of the effect this agitating surprise might take upon Catherine.

Theodore undertook the task of going the next day to bring her home. Dofrestom warned him to prepare her from the very first for the alteration she would see in Heinreich, and the event that was likely to happen so soon: after which, they must all

bend their attention to alleviating Heinreich's pains, setting him at rest for the future fate of his child, and strengthening in him those pious sentiments that would speak peace to his departing soul.

Time, and the habit of considering Heinreich as no more, weakened the shock to Catherine, when she heard that although he was restored to his family, his final removal from them and from the world was near at hand. With Dofrestom, she acknowledged the mercy that accompanied this affliction: too thankful for the first to murmur at the second.

Heinreich was now the centre of general attention and kindness: every one seemed to have forgotten that he had ever wilfully caused them a heartache; and though he never forgot it himself, there were times when the pleasant feeling of home and comfort, called forth a flash of its original gaiety.

Amongst the persons that rejoiced in the return of Heinreich, none were more sincere in their joy, or more guarded in its display, than Magdalen. She knew that every service she might render him would be so many daggers to his now awakened conscience, and she therefore nobly suffered him to think her less assiduous about his comfort than she really was.

Whatever could be done without his knowledge, for him or for his child; whatever she could facilitate or prompt others to do, she never failed to do; but she put a force upon her natural inclination, and left every personal attention about the invalid to the good Catherine.

Yet what she retreated from, her amiable husband was forward to perform: and Heinreich, by degrees, learned the extent of her invisible services. He said nothing, but he thought deeply: he contrasted her generous conduct with that of the woman for whom he had abandoned her, and regret was soon added to repentance.

One day he said to her, "Magdalen, if I thought my poor boy would ever be the husband of your little Catherine, and that they would live here when we are all gone, I should die happy. Would you let her marry a son of mine?"

"I love him already as if he were my own child," said Magdalen earnestly; "and if it were right to dictate to Providence, I should pray that my Catherine may one day be his wife."

There was nothing in the heart of the wedded Magdalen that could color her cheek; she now saw in Heinreich only a suffering, repentant friend, and she held out her hand to him with fearless confidence.

A tear dropped on it from Heinreich's eye as he gave that hand a kiss; but in his tear there was nothing beyond affectionate

gratitude for a respectable and generous woman, and regret that he should not live to witness the union of their children.

Eric entered at the moment, and being told what had passed, gave his warm assent to the compact.

Heinreich had been told Theodore's story by Dofrestom; who naturally gave it the sanguine aspect of his own hopes, so that Heinreich looked forward to Theodore's aggrandizement and future union with the daughter of Count Lauvenheilm as certain events. This prospect for one whom he now loved in proportion to his merits, gave him disinterested pleasure; for experience had taught him not to desire for his child the life of display he had himself sought; and he secretly prayed Theodore to have him educated (when he should be no more), not in vain accomplishments, but in plain, practical knowledge, befitting his moderate station.

At first, Theodore gave up the project of going to Spain, till he had fulfilled the last duties to his early companion, and administered all the comfort his presence could bestow upon Dofrestom and Catherine. But he dared not urge this reason to any of them; and though they each guessed it, none of them would allow him thus to make a useless sacrifice of his prosperity.

Indeed three or four days of happiness and tender nursing produced such a wonderful alteration for the better in poor Heinreich, that if his father's hopes of ultimate recovery were not raised by it, the amendment made him believe that Providence would at least suspend the hour.

Much argument and more entreaty were necessary, before Theodore consented to renew the preparation for his journey: at length they prevailed, and, for the third time, he left the valley of Aardal.

Why should we detail again the bitterness of a parting hour? It was sad and solemn to all: for he that went was going either to become the member of another family; to indentify himself with all its cares, gratifications, honors, and disgraces; or to lose at once every expectation from the future: and they that remained were fearful they might not live to learn the triumph of his hopes, or to succor him under the crush of disappointment.

But each individual had his peculiar source of comfort. Theodore was grateful to Providence for having ordained the return of Heinreich before his departure, since now, as Dofrestom's little income was unincumbered, he left his paternal friends free from anxiety about money, and eased of fears for their prodigal.

Dofrestom rejoiced more in Heinreich's altered frame of mind, than he lamented for the fatal change in his health. Catherine *thanked* heaven that if he were to be taken from them, they would *at least have* the melancholy satisfaction of administering to his

sickness: and Heinreich himself ventured not to ask for longer life, since he was permitted to leave his child in the hands of such tender and judicious friends.

Long after Theodore had left the cottage—long after the very mountains above the valley had become "far off and undistinguishable," did he seem still to see the bursting tears of poor Catherine, to hear the deep suppressed sigh of Dofrestom, to feel the eager kiss of Heinreich's little boy, and the damp, cold grasp of its father.

When he recollected Heinreich in the bloomy pride of youth, and the arrogant reign of the passions, and contrasted that image with what he was now, dying, humbled, grateful, he acknowledged with awe the power and the goodness of that beneficient Being who can thus turn afflictions into blessings, and make our very sins sow the seeds of additional piety.

From this spontaneous review of his early companion's transgressions, he turned his thoughts upon his own past life, carefully reviewing its events, scrutinizing his actions, and rigorously examining their good or evil.

The result of this self-examination was much self-blame: though unable to find his intentions guilty, he could not entirely absolve his conduct. During his late connexion with Count Lauvenheilm, he had been oftener guided by inclination than by sound morality. At the time, he certainly believed he was acting right, for his heart had corrupted his judgment; but he now saw his error and sincerely deplored it.

From the moment he became conscious of his affection for the daughter of his benefacter, no plea should have induced him to remain under the same roof with her: he should have conquered his natural reserve, and have told the Count why he renounced his protection.

By this act, at that period, he would most likely have sealed his eternal separation from Ellesif, but he would have carried with him the respect of her father; he would have carried with him the delightful privilege of still loving his benefactor; and had fortune afterwards raised him to rank and wealth, he would still have been authorized to seek the hand of Ellesif without dreading a prohibition from her family.

Now, he was eternally divided from her as from them, and all these hopes and consolations were gone.

Whatever resolution he had formed to conceal his attachment from its object, and however magnanimously he had kept it, still he ought to have remembered, that "a murderous guilt shows not itself more soon, than love that would seem hid;" and that perhaps no purposed wooing, wins a heart so surely, as the ob-

servance of a passion struggling against an honorable desire of self-conquest.

In this way he certainly wooed Ellesif, though not intentionally, and by that act deviated from the strict line of duty; perhaps from this very deviation the Count was led to hope he might be tempted into larger ones, by larger gratifications; and Theodore might therefore date the temptation and the shock of their last interview from his own error.

Whatever splendid fate might now await him, could scarcely avail to make him happy; for the Count's consciousness of guilt would lead him to shun the person that knew its secret, and Ellesif was not likely to give her hand unsanctioned by her father; the track of rectitude, therefore, would then have been the road of interest.

It is ever so; our sins against truth and integrity have but partial success; the result is always in favor of virtue; and the heart that swerves from that onward path is left not only to lament its transgression, but its disappointment.

Theodore lamented his fault even more than its consequences; and believing his present desolation of mind only a just punishment, he strove to quell that spirit of murmuring which had of late warred strongly against the natural submission of his character.

With these impressions he proceeded on his journey. At Bergen he took ship for the coast of France. After a long and stormy voyage, he found himself on the confines of a kingdom which held all that was to color his future fate. He chid himself for the sad passiveness that yet possessed him; he strove to rouse himself by the sweet thought of his widowed sister; by the vision of making her happiness with De Roye: by the certainty of possessing, in a high station, the power of diffusing comfort and improvement over a great extent of population.

And as our best intentions are to have some alloy of weakness in them, he loved to think that when Ellesif might have forgotten his very existence, the rumor of his patriotic exertions would revive his image in her heart.

A soldier might have said with Antiochus,

> "Ou qu' au moins jusqu' a vous porte par mille exploits,
> Mon nom pourroit parler, au defaut de ma voix;"

but Theodore hoped to speak to her tender spirit by less sounding claims—by the blessings of the poor he had relieved, the oppressed that he had defended, the ignorant that he had enlightened, by a mass of dependent, depressed tenants, made respectable and happy.

His benevolently-romantic heart formed a Utopia of his grandfather's estates, and the repetition of the same reveries soon kindled this spark of enthusiasm into a blaze.

For the sake of expedition and economy, he had left every thing behind him in Norway that was not absolutely necessary for his journey. His treasures consisted of his little hoard of money, and the casket which contained all the testimonials of his birth, and the few memorials he still hoarded of Ellesif. With this casket always about his person, and well armed, he feared to lose it only with his life.

The information he received on the French coast directed his course in Spain, and he passed at the foot of the Pyrenees through Bearn, Gascony, and Languedoc, into Roussillon, and thence into Catalonia.

The political changes of the campaign had been as eventful as various. In the month of July the Archduke had crossed the Ebro, and advanced upon Saragossa, driving the small force of Philip from every post between that city and Madrid; in August Philip had been forced to abandon his capital, removing the offices of state to Valladolid; and in September Charles had entered Madrid in triumph.

Having staid only three days to be formally proclaimed, the Austrian Prince had followed the flying Philip to Valladolid; again the supreme courts were removed further, to Vittoria, while the young Queen sought shelter in a frontier town.

At this moment every thing seemed lost, except the Monarch's resolution and his people's attachment; but a wretched remnant of old men, women, and children had waited the entrance of Charles into the capital; all its inhabitants voluntarily following the steps of their Monarch.

Endeared by his struggles against the tutelage of his royal grandfather, and his evident attachment to Spain, Philip had now become the king of its choice; and nothing but the superior force of Charles, swelled by the troops of England and of Portugal, was likely to conquer the general resolution of refusing the Austrian yoke.

Though called upon by the court of France to resign the contest; nay, even forced to believe France would abandon him to the mercy of his opponent, Philip persisted in the determination of falling, if he were to fall, faithful to his people.

His Queen animated his courage, by spontaneously offering rather to transfer with him the seat of empire to their dominions in the new world, than basely to give up their rights in the old.

Unable to resist so much heroism, France consented to afford

a few more troops, and two of her best generals, Vendome and Noailles were sent to counterpoise Staremberg and Stanhope.

The military reputation of Vendome stimulated the loyal Spaniards to new exertions. The leading nobles organized their peasantry, and brought their own revenues to the public treasury. Amongst these, the name of the Conde Roncevalles was pre-eminent for liberality and activity.

Vendome thus strengthened and ably seconded by the predatory war of the various partizan corps, rapidly advanced through Salamanca and Placentia to the momentous bridge of Almarez; he succeeded thus, in preventing a junction between the allies and the Portuguese.

Meanwhile, Noailles was boldly pushing forward from Roussillon to Catalonia, with the avowed purpose of attacking Girona.

Alarmed for the safety of his Queen, whom he had left behind in Barcelona, Charles had hastily abandoned Madrid, and retreated into Arrogan. Philip had in his turn advanced; and when Theodore was listening to these details from a French smuggler on the borders of Catalonia, the grandson of Losis XIVth was once more triumphant in his capital.

Uncertain of the fate of his friend De Roye, Theodore scarcely knew how to act; if he should have fallen during this fierce campaign, or be taken prisoner, his progress to the Austrian court at Barcelona would be useless, and perhaps detrimental to his views in Madrid. Yet, situated as he was, a stranger as much to the wishes as to the local interests of his country, he could not be said at present to embrace either party. He was merely seeking either a welcome from his family, or justice from the King of Spain.

Had he still enjoyed the friendship of Count Lauvenheilm, he would at once have given up the idea of entering a rival camp, and have sought the protection of Philip through the Princess's interference; but as it was, delicacy, and a just pride, prevailed over other considerations.

If he could learn from De Roye any thing further of his grandfather's sentiments, and his cousin's conduct, and where he might hope to find the former, he would then go and present himself boldly before the Conde.

Agreeable to this resolution, having got information that a body of Austrian and English troops were in the neighborhood of Urgel, and hoping to find De Roye amongst them, he proceeded no further in France, but at once entered Spain, by one of the romantic passes of the Pyrenees.

In a less anxious state of mind, the treasures which philosophic *curiosity* may find in these mountains, and the wild beauties

which at every step court the eye of taste, would have charmed Theodore into lingering and delight. But now he scarcely paused to remark a phenomenon or a grace, hastening forward with anxiety to know the fate of his friend, and to ascertain his own prospects in the future.

In defiance of every despondent thought, the hope of obtaining Ellesif was yet mixed with the desire of being publicly proclaimed the heir of the Conde Roncevalles, and to this fond, fantastic hope, might be attributed the new impulse which was given to his spirits by the sight of the vallies of Spain.

Upon entering Catalonia, he found the Austrian troops in the utmost disorder. Barcelona and Tarragona were both menaced by the French; and Vendome, with the whole Spanish force, was rapidly pursuing the retreat of Charles.

The battle of Villaviciosa had determined the fate of the war; and the preceding capture of the British troops under General Stanhope at Brihuega, had crushed the Archduke's expectations of owing his crown to British valor.

Gaston de Roye was then either a prisoner, or no longer in life. He commanded a regiment under General Stanhope; and Theodore dared not hope that a miracle had been worked for his friend on that disastrous day.

Providence deals kindly with the heart that sorrows too much over one dear object, when its out-stretched arm threatens another. Recalled to the sense of having something still to lose, therefore something still to be grateful for, that erring heart learns to check its lamentations.

Theodore had never before known the extent of his affection for De Roye. The moment he had just cause for apprehending his death, his thoughts, which had till then hung over but one dear image, the image of Ellesif, now took a new direction, and were almost solely occupied with prayers and wishes for his generous friend.

The Chevalier's careless, unpretending goodness, had increased in value since Theodore had learned to distrust that which united sentiment to action; and he had looked forward to repose upon his generous nature, with a security he could not hope to experience from any new connexion.

Apprehensions for his own safety, soon forced him to think less of this harassing subject.

In attempting to reach an Austrian out-post, he fell in with a Spanish miquelet, who was taking advantage of the disturbed state of the country, and attacking two unarmed travelers, for the purpose of plundering them. At their first cry for help, Theodore and his guide ran to their assistance.

The guide had pistols, and Theodore a short cutlass, with which he struck the harquebuss out of the fellow's hand, before he had time to level it; but in throwing off his cloak, to leave his body more freedom of action, while he sprung upon him, and pinioned down his arms, he discovered to those around, his mother's casket slung round his body by a leathern girdle.

At that moment, the combatants were surrounded by a small party of Spanish cavalry; one of them, leaning from his horse, dexterously cut the belt with his sabre, and, leaping to the ground seized it as it fell.

No sooner did Theodore behold this precious memorial in the soldier's hand, than calling aloud to the commander, he avowed himself a Guevara, demanding the immediate restoration of the box. The officer, taking it from the soldier, refused to restore it, alleging that as he found him in the act of assaulting a soldier of Philip's he must consider this assertion as a fabrication, and detain him a prisoner.

Contest was now hopeless, for the troop hemmed him round; besides which, if his casket remained in their hands, liberty would be a vain benefit; he therefore yielded his sword, lamenting to the travelers that it had been used so ineffectually for their service.

Upon examining the strangers' passports and papers, the Spanish officer was convinced that they were peaceable tradesmen going on business; he therefore released them; but Theodore had no passport, and having confessed that he came last from Roussillon, he was marched, together with his guide, to an adjacent town, where the former was placed for security in an empty magazine for arms, and the latter taken aside and closely questioned.

Theodore's meditations were of a very different character from any he had yet given way to, when he found himself deprived of his liberty, and closely imprisoned with several unfortunates like himself.

The casket, that precious deposit of all he loved and valued, was taken from him, and neither intreaties nor remonstrances, nor all the vehemence of unfeigned anguish, could obtain its restoration.

It was in vain that on the officer's return, he continued to assert his relationship to the powerful house of Roncevalles, appealing to the contents of the casket for proofs of his truth. The subaltern officer, by whose party he had been taken, persisted in treating him as a spy, since the guide had confessed that their ultimate destination was to the camp of the enemy.

"*Who is* the commandant of the town?" asked Theodore

impatiently: "take me before him. I am ready to meet the consequence of falsehood, if falsehood be found in me. But do not for God's sake separate me from this box, which contains every thing that is valuable to me upon earth."

"We are not robbers, sir" replied the angry officer; if your box contained the Indies, it would be safe in the hands of a Spaniard; but if one treasonable paper be found in it your box and yourself will share the same fate—destruction."

"It is not plunder I fear, sir," replied Theodore, with his usual forbearance, "but accident. If but one of those papers were lost! I entreat you, sir, as you start at a degrading suspicion, when you fancy it leveled at yourself, respect my desire to be cleared from the infamous imputation of a spy. I am willing to tell all that concerns me, to any person vested with legal authority, and as willing to stand the event of his investigation."

"We shall see, Sir," was the only reply he received from the morose lieutenant, who disappeared the next moment with the casket.

Theodore remained walking up and down a long unfurnished place, paved with stone, and although the middle of December, without a stove to warm it. Most of the other prisoners were standing in groups, each group having its own declaimer in the centre.

Theodore alone walked apart, submitting to his fate with dignified composure, though painfully anxious for the event. If his casket were never restored, with it would go every claim upon the family of his father; with it would go his fond hopes of Ellesif, and his sanguine expectation of one day returning to the child of Heinreich the obligations he owed its grandfather; with it would go his proud views of extensive and splendid usefulness; and losing all these he must either begin life afresh, or return to the obscurity of Aardal.

Begin life afresh! Theodore, even now well nigh weary of the world, shuddered at the idea. He stopped in his agitated walk, and drew so profound a sigh, that it made the various speakers pause in their harangues, and their hearers turn their eyes from them to him.

Sensible of the notice he had attracted, he hastened to prevent any inquiries, by redoubling the quickness of his steps to and fro. But one of the prisoners advancing with a look of interest, courteously inquired the particulars of his capture.

There was something so engaging in the ardent countenance of the speaker, that Theodore perused it more attentively after he had spoken; then frankly answered him; "I suppose my misfortune is an every day occurrence. I am simply a traveler,

journeying in search of the Conde Roncevalles; but having imprudently sought to ascertain the fate of a very near friend, in the English army, have fallen under the suspicion of being a spy."

"If you have been plundered of your purse, by your captors, sir," replied the Spaniard, "I have fortunately preserved mine, and its whole contents are at your service."

Theodore's heart glowed at this disinterested kindness, which made him forget that he had often been deceived by sudden liking. "I am grateful for your generous offer, sir," he replied; "all my wealth was one small casket, which has indeed been taken from me; and if I lose that, it will be of little consequence how the remainder of my life is wasted."

The cloud that shaded his features interested the stranger, and brought an answering cloud on his; but fire flashed from it, as he exclaimed, "All you possess, sir!" and you have been robbed of it! I am ashamed of my countrymen. Do me the favor to describe the casket, and the sum it contained, I may then assist in recovering it, for I shall be liberated in a few hours: I have nothing to fear for myself."

"My treasure did not consist in money, sir," replied Theodore, with a pensive smile; "the most precious contents of that box are some memorials of friends I am eternally separated from—(he sighed as he spoke,) and some documents with which I hoped to establish my claim upon a noble inheritance in Navarre."

"In Navarre!" repeated the Spaniard, earnestly eyeing him; "you said you were seeking the Conde Roncevalles;—surely—but no. May I ask the favor of your name?"

"Theodore Guevara," was the frank answer.

"Santa Maria! And the friend you were about to seek with General Stanhope ——"

"Was the Chevalier de Roye," added Theodore, roused to an indistinct expectation by the stranger's manner.

The next moment he found himself warmly embraced after the fashion of the country, by his new acquaintance. "Pardon my joy, sir," cried the animated stranger, "I am transported with this opportunity of returning the kindness I have experienced from the Chevalier, to a person for whom I know he has such an attachment. My name is, perhaps, not unknown to you,—Don Julian Casilio."

At such a time any one that had merely seen de Roye, would have been cordially greeted by Theodore: he was therefore overjoyed to meet a person who knew him intimately, eagerly inquiring *what* had been his fate.

"I should perhaps say, I am sorry to tell you he is a prisoner in Castile; but I have wished him out of this useless struggle, and as I shall soon be in a condition to soften his captivity, I am selfish enough not to regret it."

"I do not understand why you are here, sir?" observed Theodore, looking around the prison; "all these persons are prisoners to your own party; and you ——"

"A prisoner also," interrupted Don Julian, with vivacity. "Through the Chevalier's exertions, I obtained permission to go freely about in Catalonia, upon my parole. When an Austrian corps, with which I happened to be by accident, was surprised by a detachment of our partizans; I was seized among the rest and brought hither, not two hours ago. No one happened to know my person, and neither my own testimony, nor that of the Austrains, could persuade the commandant that I was really Don Julian Casilio. He looked upon the assertion as a scheme to get me released, and he has shut me up here, till some one comes from the next garrison that can identify my person."

Theodore's pleasure shone in his expressive eye. This meeting with a person not only qualified to inform him of de Roye, but of his family, seemed little else than providential; and if the contents of his casket were not already dispersed, he might recover it by his means. He expressed these feelings with that interesting mixture of truth and delicate self-restraint, which was peculiar to him; then proceeded to question Don Julian about his relatives.

Don Julian could not add much to the information he had formerly given de Roye, for his captivity in Catalonia left him without certain intercourse with his friends; but he was able to assure Theodore, that the Conde Roncevalles was living, and at open war with his grandson, who persisting in his intrigue with the Marchioness Santa Clara, had given her a dishonorable proof of his complaisance, by resigning his commission under Philip.

This species of neutrality between the two parties, it was augured, would end in Don Jasper's finally adopting the cause of the Archduke: yet in the present declining state of the Austrian interest, many persons justly supposed he would not madly take a step that must forfeit his rank and estates.

Don Julian painted the headstrong, selfish, licentious character of Don Jasper in such lively colors, that it lessened Theodore's repugnance to strip him of a power he thus shamefully abused. He was glad that his claim had not been urged before, for now the indignation of his grandfather would temper his regret for the destruction of his favorite's prospects, and a few

months ago he would have yielded Theodore his rights, with reluctance, and perhaps dislike.

The light reputation of the Marchioness Santa Clara appeared to justify the Conde Roncevalles in his displeasure at her connexion with his grandson. She was a German in the service of the Queen Dowager; she married the Marquis Santa Clara, and during his life was more than suspected of infidelity to her marriage vows. He fell in the cause of Philip; his widow, therefore, challenged that prince's protection, even while she secretly caballed in favor of the Archduke.

In hopes of alarming Don Jasper into his duty, the Conde Roncevalles had invited his grand-daughter from her retirement in Arragon; and Theodore heard with a thrill of joy that his widowed sister was now for the first time a resident with her grandfather, at Saragossa, where the court were *pro tempore*.

How many eager questions did he put to Don Julian! Her character, her appearance, her habits of life. On each of these subjects he had numberless inquiries to make; but Don Julian had never seen her, and knew only by report that she was handsome.

This dawn of kindness in the Conde to the offspring of his son Balthazar, animated Theodore with the hope that whatever legal obstacles he might have to encounter, he need no longer apprehend any from the head of his house.

Could he but recover the momentous casket! It was painful to think that perhaps all those papers which if seen, would at once place him in the rank he was entitled to claim, were now scattered, defaced, irrecoverable! and it was maddening to imagine that each dear memorial of Ellesif, which had so often lived on his heart, were contemptuously destroyed by brutal plunderers.

It was not possible for Theodore to conceal this torturing anxiety from his sensitive companion; for though he spoke not of it, his saddened eyes were full of his heart, and his frequent sighs perpetually excited the attention of Don Julian.

The possibility of being recognized too late to assist in the restoration of Theodore's property, drew forth all Don Julian's characteristic impetuosity. To have heard his impatient exclamations, and seen his anxious observance of every voice or step that approached the room they were in, it might have been supposed that he was the person most interested.

The rest of the prisoners catching at what he said to Theodore crowded round him, with representations of their various cases, and petitions for his help. Every one that had not been actually taken with arms in his hands, or in a military dress, had *something to urge* in favor of release; and Don Julian promised his

good offices to all, if their different statements should prove correct.

The day wore away; and though a guard now and then opened the door and looked round the room, as if counting the number of the prisoners, no one arrived either to summon Theodore, or to challenge Casilio.

The former sat patient and thoughtful, wondering at the fruitless passion of his companion, who raved like a madman, and thundered unheard-of vengeance upon every one concerned, in detaining him thus long from serving his friend Gaston de Roye.

Violent as his expressions were, there was nothing shocking in them; for there was no malignity in them—nothing selfish (except that generous wish could be called so) mixed with his impatience. He seemed disdainfully careless of all that was unpleasant to himself, and purely anxious to recover his liberty for the sake of others.

Though he exhaled every sort of imprecation against his detainers, Theodore could have staked his life, that the moment he should be set at liberty, he would forget every thing but the suits he had taken in hand. He therefore listened to him without disgust, almost admiring the varied lightnings of his keenly-bright physiognomy.

At night they rolled themselves up in their cloaks, and lay down on the stone floor. Theodore did not expect to sleep, but hoped that his stormy companion would for awhile forget his indignation, and leave him time to collect his scattered thoughts.

If no tidings arrived in the morning, he determined to try the good nature of the guard, and request him to convey a message from him to the commandant: his ability of exertion was so cramped by his situation, that he could not hope much from his own unassisted efforts. Yet, it was his duty to try every method for that purpose.

While he mused, his meditations were perpetually interrupted, either by Don Julian's calling out in his sleep, or by his suddenly starting up and "unp[illegible] his heart" of its choler. At these times, Theodore co[illegible]t refrain from a compassionate smile, and Don Julian [illegible]self [illegible]uld prologue another hasty burst by a frank avowal of shame [illegible] one that had preceded it.

"I sho[illegible]l have kno[illegible] you any where by your enviable mildness," he said kindly: "your friend De Roye never saw me in one of these fits of passion, without drawing me your portrait. But, on my soul, my heart is better than my temper!—if you displease me, I shall rail at you as I do at every thing that vexes me, from my mule to my prince; but when I recover my senses, I shall know I have been in the wrong, and confess it."

"Your anger is not wrong just now," replied Theodore, smiling, "only it is quite useless, and that is all the argument I should urge against it."

The day had dawned some time, when he was saying this, and the sound of persons approaching the door, broke off Don Julian's answer. It was the commandant himself, accompanied by his attendants, and by an officer from Miravel.

The instant Don Julian was recognized respectfully by the latter, he broke out into no gentle *tirade* against the delay there had been in identifying him. The commandant apologized and lamented, and ran through all his reasons for believing him not to be Don Julian Casilio, protesting that he had sent off directly to Miravel, but that Colonel Hircar (who was the only officer in the garrison acquainted with his person,) was out on a foraging party, and did not return till the middle of the night.

"Well, Sir," said Don Julian haughtily, "I shall make no representation against you, on my own account; but if I find this gentleman (turning to Theodore) has not been better treated, I shall think it my duty to have you removed from your situation. What have you done with the ivory box that was taken from him? Why has he not been called upon to witness his examination? It was your duty, sir, to have made such examination directly in his presence; and having ascertained that he was not a spy, permitted him to go on his business to the Conde Roncevalles. By the blessed Virgin, if but a single syllable be missing in one of his papers, I will carry the complaint myself to his sacred Majesty ——"

"Nay, nay," cried Theodore, gently interrupting the torrent of his companion's anger, "do not take it for granted that any accident has happened to my papers. This gentleman has only acted as he believed right. I suppose it is better to be too cautious than not, in cases like ours."

The commandant immediately took shelter under the mildness of Theodore; and with more confidence than his awed manner at first promised, informed Don Julian, that not believing himself justified in examining the contents of the box found on a supposed spy, he had forwarded it to the general, Count D'Aguilar.

At this information, Don Julian rose the apartment with his exclamations of disappointment and vexation; but recovering himself at the repeated intreaties of Theodore, he asked the commandant to give him a proof of his regret for the culpable neglect and want of respect to himself, by releasing Theodore, and taking his word for his loyalty to Philip.

The commandant was either hurried or frightened into acqui-

escence; and in less than a quarter of an hour afterwards, Theodore and his new friend were on their way to head quarters.

CHAPTER XVII.

NOTHING could exceed Theodore's admiration of the adventurous generosity of Don Julian. In thus pledging himself for a stranger, he was exposing himself to the chance of disgrace and future suspicion; for he had no proof of Theodore's being really the friend of Gaston de Roye. It was true, that the mode in which they became acquainted took away all motive for deception on Theodore's part, yet deception was possible; and Theodore, who had so lately had his heart chilled by disappointment in the characters he loved dearest, was penetrated with Don Julian's ardent benevolence and fearless confidence.

The moment Don Julian mounted his horse, his wrath disappeared. The certainty of being free to go in pursuit of what was of so much consequence to another, cleared his looks at once. Such bright good humor beamed over his whole countenance, and such joyous exhilaration was in the sound of his voice, that Theodore had some difficulty in believing that it was the same voice and face, which had not, an instant before, unsuccessfully imitated the thunder and lightning of heaven.

Assured that the contents of the casket would be safe in such hands as those of the Count D' Aguilar, Don Julian dismissed every fear for it; and though he continued to spur his poor steed without relaxation, he contrived to exhaust a variety of agreeable and enlivening subjects of discourse.

Theodore's spirits had risen with the prospect of regaining his treasures; and so animated was he by gratitude to Providence and Don Julian, that more than once a cheerful remark was chastised by a deep sigh; and something like remorse for being sensible to any pleasure when separated perhaps for ever from Ellesif, pierced his breast with an insufferable pang.

Yet what was his pleasure!—not treason against his love.—The few hopes that still lingered round his soul were so entirely dependent upon the acquisition of power and title, that in pursuing his present object, he might have satisfied himself with thinking he was in pursuit of Ellesif herself.

Don Julian's reception at the head-quarters bore testimony to the *reputation he enjoyed* amongst his brothers in arms. The *Count D'Aguilar had already* received and examined Theodore's

casket, and was on the point of returning it to the commandant, with instructions to return it to its owner, and to liberate him immediately, when Theodore himself was introduced.

The Count, having known Don Balthazar, was instantly struck by Theodore's resemblance to his father; he accompanied this observation by so warm an eulogium on Don Balthazar's character, that it made Theodore's face sparkle with pleasure.

After a short interval given to rest, refreshment, and conversation, the travelers took leave of the brave general, and resumed their journey to Saragossa; for they had learned from D'Aguilar, that the Conde Roncevalles was there, in quality of his post, being one of the *Universal Despacho.*

During this part of their journey together, Don Julian had reason to remark that although his companion's temper was unalterable, his heart was sadly susceptible of agitation.

The expectation of seeing or hearing of Gaston de Roye was a source of great emotion; and many feelings Don Julian could not guess at, contributed to heighten to painful excess the deep interest Theodore naturally took in his possible reception by his grandfather.

Had he followed the habitual bent of his character, it is likely that he would have kept much of this anxiety to himself, and revolved in silence the best mode of securing the protection of his grandfather; but he felt that candor and confidence were due to the man who had taken so warm an interest in his welfare, and he therefore freely discussed with Don Julian his future intentions.

After many plans of proceeding arranged, resolved upon, then dismissed for others, it was finally settled that Don Julian should take the liberty of intimate acquaintance with the Conde Roncevalles, and visit him without previous preparation, accompanied by Theodore.

However disinclined the Conde was to the persuasion of this being indeed the son of Balthazar, Casilio fancied it would be impossible for him to retain his prejudice, after conversing with his interesting grandson. In the very look of Theodore there was indeed "a prone and speechless dialect, such as moves men."

Conformable to this plan, the travelers no sooner reached Saragossa, than Don Julian left Theodore to compose his thoughts alone, while he hastened to go through the usual formalities of presenting himself to the war minister, and giving his report of the honorable treatment he had received at Barcelona, through the mediation of the Chevalier de Roye.

In consequence of such report, Don Julian obtained the permission he earnestly solicited as the sole reward for all his military services, the permission of returning De Roye's kindness, by

procuring him leave to go about on his parole, and by himself becoming responsible for the Chevalier's observance of its laws.

He brought back the intelligence of this fortunate grace, and the information that an order for their friend's release would be immediately forwarded to one of the fortresses in Castile. And as he told it to Theodore, with the vivacity of the most extravagant joy, the latter was powerfully struck by the nobleness of character which was evident in this anxiety to repay kindness with kindness.

That tincture of romance which was apparent in Don Julian's facility of believing every one worthy that he could by any means succor, was peculiarly delightful to Theodore: it realized the proudest days of Spanish chivalry; and as he looked admiringly on the dark yet bright aspect, the stately mein, and martial figure of his companion, he fancied he saw the prototype of those gallant Spaniards who appeared as the champions of a Moorish princess in the court of her royal accuser, and their deadliest foe.

Don Julian had not forgotten his promises to his fellow-prisoners in Salsona, and he did not suffer Theodore's interest to remain neglected: he proposed their visit to the Conde Roncevalles, and with a strongly-throbbing heart, Theodore acceded to the proposal.

It was late in the evening of a January day, and though the winter was only perceptible by a little gloom, and a slight degree of frost, Theodore's extreme agitation made him shiver as if pierced with intense cold. The benevolent ardor of Don Julian, on the contrary, made his countenance glow like his feelings.

They traversed the streets of Saragossa almost in silence; for Theodore was too thoughtful for speech, and Don Julian delicately forbore to disturb his meditations.

As Saragossa was only an accidental residence of the Conde Roncevalles, he lodged in the house of an exiled grandee. Don Julian led the way to the square it stood in.

In one of the outward courts they passed a sumptuous equipage, remarkable for its cumbrous decorations, for the beauty and rich trappings of its mules, and the number and gilded liveries of its attendants.

"'Tis the Conde's," whispered Don Julian, quickening his steps, "I hope he is not going out."

At the top of the principal stair-case they met two of his pages, and immediately afterwards the Conde himself, leaning upon his master of the horse.

While Don Julian ran forward to salute him, Theodore drew back under the shade of an arch on the landing-place, and looked at his grandfather.

He saw a tall and dignified person, with a severe, but very composed countenance; yet that composure seemed rather the result of a proud dislike of sympathy, than of inward peace. He was superbly drest, in a suit of black velvet, with the badges of various orders in diamonds upon his breast. His hat was in his hand, displaying a brow deeply furrowed, and hair quite white with age.

Instead of springing towards him, Theodore's heart sunk back. Where was the inviting sweetness, the welcoming graciousness, the soft command of Count Lauvenheilm's appearance? How different! how powerfully different! "No, I shall never again see any thing like him!" said Theodore inwardly, and sighing heavily.

The Conde, who was returning into his apartment with Don Julian, now courteously invited Theodore to accompany them. Don Julian slightly introduced him as one that had been a fellow-prisoner with him, and motioning to Theodore to obey, proceeded with the Conde.

A very large and heavily-decorated room, dimly lighted by a few wax candles at one end, and not one at the other, afforded Theodore the means he wished for, of escaping observation, while he observed others. He was obliged to take off the large Spanish hat, that till now had covered his face; but the shade of a dark purple curtain, under which he sat down, supplied its place.

A spirited conversation then ensued between Don Julian and the Conde; the latter spoke with less fire than his younger associate, but with full as much irritability; and Theodore failed not to draw a bad omen of their future agreement, from the asperity with which the old Noble spoke of all the adherents of Charles.

Whenever Don Julian attempted to utter one liberal sentiment, in gratitude for the generous treatment he had received, or in praise of the conduct of individuals, while lamenting their different politics, the Conde interrupted him with some remark indicative of a narrow and prejudiced mind.

The name of his refractory grandson was never mentioned; although that of the Marchioness Santa Clara escaped him, with the hope that she would soon be removed from the power of doing mischief. A decree had just been issued, banishing the families of every Spaniard who had followed, or borne arms for the Archduke; and it was hoped, that as some of the Marchioness's German relations were in the enemy's camp, she might be included in the list of proscription.

While the Conde was speaking, the door of an inner apartment opened, and a young lady, closely veiled, and covered with a

black mantilla, appeared; she curtesied to the gentleman, telling the Conde she was going to vespers; and crossing to the first entrance, left them again to themselves.

"My grand-daughter, Donna Elvira Haro," said the Conde: then resumed the conversation her entrance had interrupted.

Theodore nearly started from his seat, to follow and embrace his sister. His heart, so painfully repelled by the severe manners, and still harsher sentiments of his grandfather, melted at the sight of her departing figure. But she was gone, and he remained in such a confusion of thoughts, and with such an oppression of heart, as he had seldom known.

To feel so much for persons perfectly unknown to him, to feel emotions so new as well as violent, was in itself distressing. Incapable as he felt conscious he was, of being strongly moved to joy by any thing except Ellesif, how was it that he was yet so susceptible of pain from various other objects?

He could not answer the question to himself; and as he gazed round the large, sombre saloon, noted its cumbrous magnificence, remembered the pompous equipage he had passed in the court, then looked at the gorgeous appearance of his grandfather, the contrast with all his past life was so striking, and so little pleasurable, that he could not check one of his heavy sighs.

"Were you long a prisoner, sir?" asked the Conde, directing his attention towards him. "May I inquire where you were taken?"

"I was traveling alone, my lord, and surprised by a foraging party," replied Theodore, scarcely able to breathe.

"Who was it that spoke?" exclaimed the Conde, starting on his feet, and looking round with the air of a person suddenly disordered in his intellects.

"I spoke, my lord," replied Theodore, involuntarily hastening towards him; "I did myself the honor of ——"

He was again stopped by a vehement exclamation of the Conde's, for at that moment, as Theodore advanced, he came directly under the blaze of the only branch of lights that hung from the ceiling. His cloak was thrown half off his shoulder, displaying nearly the whole of his perfect figure, and being without his hat, the complete contour of his head and neck was visible.

"Who are you, sir?" asked the Conde, still standing, yet supporting himself by the arm of the chair he had started from. He spoke in a tone of alarm, unmixed with kindness; yet Theodore could not resist one affectionate impulse; the only surviving parent of his father was now addressing him. Tenderness, awe, bitterness of spirit, nay, disregard of all his worldly expectations, overcame prudence, and unable to speak, he dropped upon one

knee before the Conde, covering his gushing eyes with his hand, as he did so.

The silence of the next few moments was not even broken by Don Julian. At length, the Conde repeating his question in a steadier tone, added, "Your voice and countenance, young man, remind me of my son Balthazar. When I last saw him, it was in the posture I now see you. But he humbled himself too late, and my curse—the curse of an offended father, was the last words he heard me utter. Heaven heard my prayer, and punished him for my sake."

Theodore was springing up, in horror and disgust; and had he done so, the inconsiderate action would have changed the color of his destiny; but Don Julian, divining his intention, forcibly held him down, while appearing to lean on his shoulder, and turned the tide of the Conde's feelings, by undertaking to explain the present scene.

A few words were sufficient to inform the Conde, that in the interesting person before him, he saw that young man of whom he had heard from Princesse Ursins.

Though a natural hostility of temper made the Conde feel averse to acknowledge it, he was sensible to an agreeable surprise in the appearance of his grandson. That air of nobleness and gentleness united, which harmonized with the simple, yet fine contour of Theodore's face and figure, was peculiarly gratifying to the Conde, whose pride demanded a look of nobility in his heir and whose temper required mildness. He had expected something very different in the nursling of a peasant.

During a short space, he stood silently observing him, then receding rather than advancing, he said, "Rise, sir; the courts of Castile must decide upon the validity of the testimonials, Don Julian says you bring with you. If they pronounce in your favor, I cannot prevent your succession to the inheritance of Roncevalles; but my hearty acknowledgment of you must depend upon your own conduct. It must be the reverse of the person's you suppose to have been your father,—the reverse of that disobedient youth, whom till now I have been proud to consider as my heir. I am not well pleased with this first act. More respect was due to the Conde Roncevalles, than to intrude thus upon him, without warning or application. There is a want of decorum in surprising a person of my age and station into unbecoming agitation."

Theodore was willing to believe that pride only made the Conde appear so repulsively unfeeling; and softened by that idea, he bent his head respectfully as he replied, "Pardon me, my lord, I see my fault. I have no apology to offer but the truth. My heart yearned for my kindred, and I could not endure to wait till

the tedious forms of justice had substantiated my right to bear the noble name of Guevara."

Particularly pleased with the latter part of this address, and a little touched by the sensibility with which it was uttered, the Conde condescended to give his hand to Theodore. "If your spirit is as like that of the Guevaras as your face, you will know how to set a just value upon the illustrious race from which you imagine yourself descended. But I must be certain that you are indeed the offspring of my son. Where are the documents that testify it?"

"A casket containing many letters of my father's," answered Theodore, "and some trinkets, is all I possess, with the legal attestations of persons in Norway, showing that I am really the same person who was brought there a child by my first humble friend. I have one of the letters, and one of these depositions about me. Will your lordship allow me to take them out?"

He held his hand upon his breast, where they were placed. The Conde was gratified by this delicate care not to surprise his feelings a second time. "I am prepared to see them," he said. Theodore then drew out the papers, and his grandfather receiving them with an unsteady hand, turned his back while he examined them.

Neither pride, nor the most implacable resentment, could entirely steel a parent's heart against one sharp pang, as he traced the faded characters formed by the hand of a once-loved son, now "bedded in ocean." The Conde was again obliged to grasp the arm of his chair for support, while he pushed the paper back into Theodore's hand, without letting him see his face.

"I have not leisure," he said, faultering, "to examine these papers now; restore them to the casket, and let me have them altogether at night. I would look at them alone; but perhaps you would not trust them in my possession."

"Not trust them with the Conde Roncevalles!" exclaimed Theodore. "Not trust them with a Spaniard!" echoed Don Julian.

The Conde's personal and national pride was gratified by both exclamations; and turning round to Theodore, with features again quite composed, though frightfully pale, he said, "I shall not be sorry, young man, to see your claims established. What is it you mean to do for that purpose?"

"I came to Spain, my lord," replied Theodore, "determined to make my first application to yourself; and if so fortunate as to be received by you, to be guided solely by your commands. There is a proud consciousness in my soul of deserving your kindness, and an inextinguishable desire of being acknowledged one

of an illustrious race. If the proofs of my authenticity do not go far enough to substantiate my claim on the patrimony of my family, might I but hope your lordship would avow me in the face of the world, from the internal evidence of my resemblance to my father, I should scarcely regret the loss of fortune. With the name and the blood of Guevara, I shall feel equal with the highest, and shall soon strike out for myself some honorable path to fortune."

The fire with which Theodore spoke transformed him, for the instant, into a different man. So sudden a blaze startled Don Julian, who had never till now seen him otherwise than sad, subdued, and self-restrained. So transported was he with his ardor, that he ran to embrace him, exclaiming, "I'll be sworn every drop of blood in your veins is true Castillian."

The Conde again surveyed his grandson with gratified pride. "You please me, sir," he said, "and I wish you may prove what you seem; let me have that casket to-night, and to-morrow you shall hear from me; at present I have a visit to pay. Don Julian, have the goodness to pardon my dismissing you."

The Conde called for his servants, and a page from the anti-room came in to conduct them down stairs. A stately obeisance from the Conde, and profounder ones from his younger visitors, accompanied their "good-nights;" and having silently followed the page through the halls and the outer courts, they returned towards their home.

Don Julian challenged his companion's admiration of his self-command; protesting that nothing except the fear of injuring his interests could have enabled him to control the wrath he felt at the Conde's cautious coldness.

Theodore confessed that he was occasionally shocked by the little show of natural feeling in his grandfather, yet he hoped that, under his pride and formality, there was more sensibility than they imagined.—"I longed to speak of my sister," he added "but I knew I could not do so, without an emotion that must have seemed monstrous to a man so bucklered by decorum. O Don Julian, you know not what an oppression there is here! (laying his hand on his breast;) this forced suppression of nature, so different, so very different to that I have been used to!" and at that moment Theodore not only thought of Aardal, but of the tender, imprudent Ellesif whom no rules of society could bind to this punctilious monotony of conduct.

Her tender image softened his feelings; and his eyes, as full of her as were his thoughts, became suffused with tears. Let what would rise to the surface of his heart, whether it were agitated into storm by other interests and other cares, still under all, in

the depths of that constant heart, lay the remembrance of Ellesif.

Sadly doubtful of her excellence; fearful that she had either sacrificed his peace to the indulgence of a criminal vanity, or weakly resigned him to the unsupported misrepresentations of others, still that doubt, that fear were not certainties; and while it was possible to doubt, it was impossible to cease to love.

Don Julian had kindly offered to be the bearer of the casket, as it was probable the Conde might not wish to see his grandson again before he should send to summons him, and the casket was too valuable to be trusted to a servant.

Theodore accepted the friendly offer, and late at night Don Julian personally delivered the precious deposit in the hands of the Conde.

The next morning Theodore received a message from his grandfather, requesting he would visit him immediately, and come to the interview alone.

He found the Conde by himself, in the same large apartment in which he had first seen him. He was less richly drest than at that time, and his countenance less constrained. Theodore could perceive then, that he had been handsome. The casket stood open before him.

"Come forward, sir," he said, pointing to a seat near him "I am glad you are alone. I have carefully examined the contents of this box, and I believe—" He hesitated; Theodore's soul hung on his lips. The Conde resumed; "I believe there is little doubt that you are the son of Don Balthazar, and of his wife Aurelia. If he had given you another mother, nothing of this would have occurred; but she is gone with him to her last account. He disobeyed a father, she broke her engagement with her Saviour; and both were punished. But I pray for Balthazar's soul daily; and ever since I heard of his wretched end, I have annually had five hundred masses said for his salvation."

Theodore shuddered to observe how little effect these religious acts had upon the inward man. The Conde went through a form of forgiveness, but remained as hard and merciless to his memory as he had been implacable during his life.

"I thought, sir," he said "that my mother had never been professed."

"No; but she was intended for the veil, and ought to have considered herself the spouse of God. Besides which, she was one of a family with which ours had not allied for centuries. In the 13th century a Duke of Montellano gave a Conde Roncevalles a blow, in the face of the whole court. It was an affront not *all the blood of* the Montellanos can ever wash out."

"Their blood flows then in my veins," said Theodore, with a sort of pensive playfulness, and gracefully bending his knee. "As a Montellano let me make a concession for the whole family. The insult was unmanly; without inquiring what was the provocation, I am ready to confess it was unworthy a gentleman."

The eyes of the Conde gleamed with sudden fire, while he embraced his grandson, with the assurance that this action should make him at least forget that he owed any part of his being to one of that hated race. He then proceeded to talk upon the direct object of their interview.

He stated his own incapacity to decide the important question; frankly confessing, that if his grandson Don Jasper, after being informed of Theodore's arrival, would break with the Marchioness, and resume his military rank under Philip, the Conde would feel bound in honor not to receive or acknowledge the man who was his competitor, till that person should be formally declared the lawful heir to the titles and estates of Roncevalles.

Ever inclined to look on the most favorable side of character, Theodore suffered himself to admire this hardy frankness of his grandfather. He thought it argued rectitude of soul; and that with such a love of truth, if that soul had great faults, they must rather be the effect of early prejudice than of natural obliquity.

A nature like his could not divine that the Conde scorned to disguise his intentions, only because he believed that whatever he thought or did, must command respect, and could not be censurable.

The Conde gave him clearly to understand that he meant to notify his appearance to Don Jasper, and observe what effect that had upon the young profligate's conduct; after which he would either take a decided part in favor of Theodore, or withdraw from him entirely till the legal decision was obtained.

He then turned his discourse upon the early habits of Theodore's life and education, and religious belief; not a little gratified that his grandson could converse fluently in his native language, and that he evinced a far wider information upon the laws and history of Spain than the Conde himself possessed.

Even in his most gracious moods, there was nothing in the Conde Roncevalles that tempted the heart into a momentary overflow. Theodore briefly detailed the leading incidents of his life, without entering into a description of those profound and active sentiments which gave these events all their importance.

On the subject of religion, it was fortunate that the Conde saw no medium between bigotry and infidelity; for hearing that Theodore had been brought up in the Catholic faith by Dofrestom, who professed the same, he never inquired how far their creeds might differ from his own.

When Dofrestom married, he was nominally a Lutheran, because it was the established religion of Denmank: but a sailor's life had not left him leisure for much knowledge of its peculiar doctrines and his wife therefore found it no difficult task to awaken his mind to a livelier sense of a Providence and a future state, by the splendid ceremonies of the Romish church.

During his voyage home, in company with Don Balthazar and Donna Aurelia, he had seen them strictly observant of the same religious worship, and diligent in habituating their little son to the same forms. He believed it his duty, therefore, when that child fell entirely under his care, to educate him in the faith of his parents; and Theodore had accordingly been brought up a Catholic.

The principles of Lutheranism in Norway have so many points of resemblance with those of Catholicism, that persons acquainted with both, can easily understand the possibility of a mind, even as investigating as that of Theodore's, remaining attached to the religious notions he had first imbibed.

The events of his life had naturally tended to confirm him in these principles: for the only person whose reasonings would have counterbalance his respect for whatever Dofrestom instilled (the Professor Sergendal,) was rather inclined to scepticism than to any species of belief; and the dearest part of the Lauvenheilm family was a Catholic like himself.

Ellesif had of course been brought up in her mother's faith, and though it was indeed a faith founded on error in many doctrinal points, her practice was truly Christian, and her sentiments liberal. Her mother had been a friend of Bourdaloue's and of Fenelon's; she had imbibed gentleness and purity from the one, and the zeal of Christian imitation from the other. Her spirit was transfused into the breast of Ellesif; and Theodore, accustomed to converse with her upon sacred subjects, knew their religion only as it existed in each other's excellent hearts; never being made sensible of the lamentable intolerance, and alternate sin and penance, in which too many Catholics pass their lives.

Perhaps a feeling unknown to himself mixed with his belief that the church of Rome was the real church of Christ; it was a prejudice in favor of whatever opinion had been held by his parents, and by Ellesif; be it what it might, the effect was fortu-

nate for his present peace and future prospects. Had he been educated in the reformed religion, or led to adopt its doctrines, not all the temptations of rank and wealth, not all the terrors of the inquisition, nor all the persuasions of her he loved as dearly as his soul, would have terrified or allured him into a desertion of the truth.

He was now able to answer with a serene countenance, and a prompt mind, to the few questions of his grandfather, who was hurried into observing, that heaven had worked a miracle for their house, in thus ordering circumstances so as to lead his possible heir into the true faith, even amongst a land of heretics.

In this interview, Theodore ventured to express his wish of seeing his sister, but to this the Conde gravely objected, observing, that it would be an act of extreme indecorum to introduce Donna Elvira to a person whom she must welcome as a brother, yet who might hereafter be pronounced a stranger to their blood. Even this meeting therefore was to depend upon a tedious law-process, and Theodore saw with vexation, that a long course of mortification and delay was before him. Patient and forbearing as he was, he was yet afraid that neither of these qualities would last through such an age of useless punctilio; and he found it necessary to fortify himself against possible irritation, by resignation to heaven's will, and respect for that of his grandfather. With these impressions he took leave of the Conde after a long audience, receiving his promise of being immediately informed of the issue of the projected attempt to rescue Don Jasper from a disgraceful connexion.

As Theodore walked pensively homewards, one reflection perpetually intruded. The reflection that his graadfather had not made one tender remark upon the letters of Don Balthazar. He had confidently believed that no resentment could stand against such proofs of respect and duty in a son; for though suffering from his father's implacability, Don Balthazar never forgot the filial obligation to indulgence for parental failings, and gratitude for former kindness, but mentioned his name with respect, and his severity with sorrow.

It was evident that this circumstance had softened the Conde's heart towards Theodore; but something more was wanting. Either the burst of tenderness to the memory of his amiable son, or a candid acknowledgment of error, in believing him utterly unworthy.

Neither of these appeared; and Theodore had again reason to think, that the future could never bestow on him a friend like the excellent Dofrestom.

He found Don Julian Casilio busily occupied in preparing for

another campaign. He was just appointed to the command of a division under the Marquis Bay; and as he was obliged to join immediately hoped to encounter Gaston De Roye on his way.

Don Julian was in despair at leaving Theodore's affairs unsettled; and the only consolation he seemed capable of receiving for this mortification, was the liberty of execrating all forms, laws, and cold-blooded grandfathers. Satisfied himself of Theodore's rights, he quarreled with every one that required more than assertion upon the occasion, and scolded Theodore himself, because he was so tolerant to the prejudices of the persons he had to deal with.

But nothing could make Theodore unjust, even when his dearest interests and tenderest feelings were distressed by the conduct of another. He had accustomed himself to go back to men's motives, from their actions; and this salutary habit, often reconciled him to his very enemies.

He saw that the Conde Roncevalles was unwilling to shut the door of reconciliation upon his grandson Jasper; that his inclination for this young man made him averse to receive another in his place; and that all this was so natural, (though not justifiable,) that it was impossible for a man who did not expect perfection in his fellow-creatures to act as if hostility were determined against himself.

Although the Conde had declared his intention of remaining quiescent while Theodore's claims were disputed in the courts, he had promised to receive him with all the honors due to his birth, whenever the cause should be decided in his favor.

Theodore repeated this to Don Julian, who, instead of making any gratifying remark, was on the point of bursting out into a just anathema against this specious neutrality. The Conde's influence was well known; and it could not be difficult to imagine how that would be exerted, should Don Jasper regain his favor. Indeed, unless Theodore found powerful friends and inexhaustible funds, his suit must drop for want of means to carry it on; so that the Conde would in reality be able to preserve the inheritance to his favorite, without the odium of active opposition to the orphan of his eldest son. "What with sending to Norway, sending to Cuba perhaps, examining documents and witnesses," he exclaimed, "the suit may last out your lifetime; and are you to remain so long without a home—a stranger in the country of your father! If the Guevaras are so ungracious, thank Heaven no other Spaniards are like them! Your injuries are the injuries of the whole order of nobility, and we shall consider ourselves bound to make up their deficiencies. I must be absent

with my regiment, so cannot perform the duties of hospitality in either of my houses; but there are two at your service and the Chevalier de Roye's, where you may live together, and do me the favor of employing a parcel of idle people and mules of mine, that are spoiling for want of use."

Penetrated with this generous kindness, Theodore could not forbear exclaiming, with a sigh and a smile together, "You will not allow me to quarrel with the world. In spite of myself, I must give way to new affections."

Don Julian gave him a cordial squeeze of the hand. "My house in Madrid," he said, "will just do for you, while you have to attend the prosecution of your suit, as the king will certainly return there very soon; and my little villa in Navarre, will bring you close to Corella, where the Queen is but just returned. I shall make the same offer to the Chevalier; so he and you must settle about your residence together, or apart as you please."

Theodore was somewhat reluctant to receive so much obligation from one he knew so little; yet he saw not how else he could continue the appearance necessary to command respect from the persons he must have transactions with; and he was sensible that his own slender finances would scarcely suffice for the commonest purposes of life.

Determining not to accept pecuniary assistance either from his friend De Roye, or his generous acquaintance Don Julian, he resolved rather to abandon his claims than to plunge them in a ruinous expense he might never be able to repay. If neither a memorial to the King nor to the grandees, demanding it as a right to have his claims discussed by their body, should produce the effect of his suit being carried on at the royal cost, he determined to withdraw from the fruitless contest, and resign this hope, with all those dearer ones of which it was the root.

His naturally affectionate heart found no burthen in gratitude; a sentiment which gives birth to affection; but he was too just not to admit that we ought firmly to reject those benefits which may injure the peace or prosperity of the obliger.

He now thanked Don Julian with noble humility, for all his kindness, accepting the temporary residence of his houses, as occasion might require, and charging him with a letter to his friend Gaston de Roye.

After Casilio's departure, Theodore was left singly to encounter all the anxieties of his situation; and they were many. Day succeeded to day, and he neither saw nor heard from the Conde Roncevalles. Entirely without society, he had leisure to tread back the thorny paths of his life, and to sigh over those bright

pleasures which angel's hands once planted around them. These were now withered; and their blasted beauties, gathered only by memory, served to form a maddening contrast with their former life and sweetness.

The further he advanced into the world, the more he became sensible that he should never again meet with such an assemblage of every thing that could delight his taste, satisfy his reason, and touch his heart, as what he had found in Ellesif and her father.

Don Julian had certainly gained his kindest regard; but it was not sympathy, it was not delight he caused. His heart was excellent, but his mind was sparingly cultivated; and his youth had been spent so entirely in prosperity, and amongst the same order of persons, that he was morally unable to comprehend one half of a character like Theodore's, which had been early matured by severe trials, and by perpetual vicissitudes of society and situation.

The Conde Roncevalles was evidently a mass of punctilio, pride, and prejudice; and with the air of a man who believed himself almost entitled to worship, was profoundly ignorant. How was Theodore to hope for sympathy with him?

The Spanish ladies he knew as yet only by report; but if Don Julian's adventures described them accurately, they were at best only charming children, pettish, pretty, and playful; and as little expected to share in the intellectual pursuits of their husbands, as the infants they reared.

Theodore thought with a sigh, that Ellesif, even shaded by the caprice, the facility of forgetting, and the timidity that had prompted her to abandon him, was perfection by comparison with women like these.

His heart still hung upon her; and there were times when he contemplated the few memorials he possessed of her, and recalled the looks and circumstances which had accompanied these gifts, that he felt his confidence both in her truth and her constancy, renewed and rapturously believed the future would at last reunite them.

He thought often of her father; painfully calculating the probable consequences of the fatal scheme in which he had embarked his honor. If he had persisted in it, perhaps he was at this moment either a public and triumphant traitor, or perishing under the horrid sentence of the law.

Theodore's blood froze at the image; and could the spilling of all that blood have purchased pardon for his benefactor, for *the father of Ellesif*, joyfully would he have bared his breast to *the sword*.

Only from De Roye could he hope to obtain any information of Count Lauvenheilm. He therefore anticipated the sight of him with double impatience, frequently tempted to wait no longer upon the Conde's slow measures, but to quit Saragossa and go in search of his friend.

A letter from the Chevalier put an end to these projects. It was written on the way to Corello, where he was hastening to pay his respects to the Princesse Ursin's: an attention she would expect from his grandmother's connexion with her family, and one which might be highly beneficial to Theodore's interests, if de Roye should succeed in getting her to espouse them.

His return to join Theodore, either at Saragossa or at Madrid, as circumstances might determine, would be guided solely by the answer of the latter.

The Chevalier expressed much eagerness to know the particulars of that cruel alienation from Count Lauvenheilm which Theodore had just mentioned in his letter by Don Julian; adding that in consequence of his own imprisonment, and the state of Catalonia, all communication with his correspondents, either in Spain or abroad, had been wholly cut off, so that he was ignorant of whatever related to them.

This information was a bitter disappointment to Theodore, who had supported his wearisome state of suspense by the expectation of hearing from De Roye of his former friends. Not only did he thus lose information of Ellesif, but news of persons whom he fancied more deserving his solicitude. Dofrestom's and Mr. Coperstad's letters were directed to be addressed to the care of the Chevalier, and they, of course, had shared the fate of the rest.

Many weeks must elapse before he could obtain an answer to those he had written to them, since his meeting with Don Julian Casilio.

Torn by anxiety for the event of Count Lauvenheilm's ambition, and with the apprehension that Heinreich's death might ere now have filled Aardal with mourning, Theodore found that even the heart most occupied by one unalterable regret has room for many others.

Ellesif was not the less fondly loved or profoundly lamented there; no image but her's agitated his soul; nay the very capacity of suffering seemed to increase with its wider exercise; each individual distress borrowed gloom from the others, and threw over his whole mind such a hue of desolation as he had never known till now.

Happily for Theodore, he was not long suffered to brood over feelings like these: an unexpected event produced such a com-

plete revolution in his circumstances, that it was not possible for his reflections to continue the same.

He was surprised by a summons from the Conde Roncevalles: and by the ceremonious respect of attendants and an equipage, to convey him to the interview.

CHAPTER XVIII.

In a glow of hope, faintly subdued by fear, Theodore obeyed the command, and was soon afterwards in his grandfather's presence.

The face of the Conde had not the portentuousness of a gathering storm, but it certainly showed that no moderate one had just subsided. He endeavored to clear it with a studied smile, as making a motion for his grandson to advance, he leaned forward and embraced him.

"You have reason to rejoice, Don Theodore," he said; "your rebellious cousin has just given the last blow to my hopes of him. I renounce him, I espouse your claims, I acknowledge you as my heir, and I will myself carry your pretensions to the foot of the throne."

Theodore bent his knee in silence; he could not reply to a man who believed it possible for him to rejoice at the misconduct of another. This silence, with the cold kiss he fixed upon the hand of the Conde, would have explained his mental disgust to any other person; but the Conde rather coveted respect than affection, and he received both the saluto and the silence as testimonies of reverence.

"Rise, Don Theodore!" he resumed; and as Theodore arose, he paused to note the gracefulness of his figure: "from this moment you must consider yourself the heir of the Conde Roncevalles, and act with the dignity becoming such a character."

"I have so often found my spirit painfully above my former situation," replied Theodore, smiling, "that I believe, my lord, there will be no task so easy to me as obedience on this subject."

"It is well where obedience is paid willingly," returned the Conde, severely; "but obedience at all times, and on every subject, is the duty of my grandchildren. Your cousin has roused my wrath by disobedience. By a mutual friend I sent to him after your first appearance here; I told him the terms upon which he might preserve my interest solely for himself: he temporised, he threatened, at last he had the audacity to ridicule my supposed

credulity. Such temerity extracted from me the last letter I shall write to him; it was what the Conde Roncevalles ought to have written. He answered it—by marrying the Marchioness Santa Clara."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Theodore. The horror and amazement of his looks, which arose principally from the doubtful reputation of the Marchioness, were attributed by the Conde to indignation at Don Jasper's disobedience: he looked almost cordially upon him, as he resumed:

"Your countenance promises me a very different return for the favors I mean to lavish upon you. That rebellious boy shall see how I can reward as well as punish. Thank the saints, I have still that vengeance in my power! Take warning, Don Theodore, by the fate of your father, and by the penury to which I will reduce your cousin; and let me never have a third degrading marriage to disgrace and exasperate me."

"Pardon me, my lord," said Theodore with modest firmness, though tears stood in his eyes; "but the Marchioness Santa Clara can bear no comparison with my mother:—my mother was virtuous, and of an illustrious race."

"Do you pretend to justify your father?"

Theodore did not shrink from the keen glance of his grandfather. "I do not justify him. If he were acquainted with your lordship's fixed aversion to the Montellanos, he ought to have broken off all intercourse with that family when he found his heart growing too much interested in one of them. This was his duty I confess: alas! which of us can pass through life with the consciousness of never having violated a duty?"

Reason and tenderness rarely fail of producing some effect; the Conde was mollified by this candor. "Well, sir," he said, "you will bear in mind your own remark. I tell you that I will never suffer any further connexion with that family. The moment I hear you have been with one of your mother's relatives, I renounce you. Give me your promise of disclaiming them."

Theodore drew back without answering.

"What! do you hesitate?" exclaimed the Conde; "take care, young man!"

"I never give a promise hastily," replied Theodore, somewhat proudly; "because I mean to keep every promise. I *do* promise, my lord."

That short pause had enabled Theodore to recollect that none of his mother's relations had showed her more kindness than his father's had done, except only that sister by whom Donna Elvira had been educated, and who Don Julian had told him was no *more*.

"I suspect you are not very manageable," observed the Conde, half pleased, and half awed by his firmness of principle. Theodore's countenance resumed its former sweetness, while he gently assured his grandfather that gratitude for his present voluntary adoption of him, joined to an habitual sense of the duties of a son, would always secure his obedience even to commands the most adverse to his own wishes.

"Your lordship has a right to control all my inclinations," he added; "my principles, of course, are only subordinate to Heaven."

The Conde did not quite understand this speech; but he fancied that it implied a devout submission to the rules of their holy church, and he was pleased, therefore, to express his perfect satisfaction with it.

He then proceeded to detail all the arrangements he intended to make for the suitable appearance of Theodore, in the character of his presumptive heir. He meant to petition the King for permission to carry the cause before a junta of the principal grandees, empowered by his sacred Majesty to decide on the validity of the proofs he could bring in support of Theodore's claims.

In the meanwhile he hoped to obtain from the King some mark of public favor for his grandson, to ensure his honorable reception in society.

Filled with anger against his former idol, the Conde was more solicitous, through all this, to mortify him than to gratify Theodore. To this point each of his exertions tended; and as an estate in Arragon was enjoyed by Don Jasper in quality of heir, he felt that while he retained this, and believed himself certain of succeeding to the whole possessions, he would care little for the anger that could neither straiten his means at present nor injure them in the future.

If the claims of Theodore were substantiated, this estate must immediately revert to him; but until then its revenues would be enjoyed by Don Jasper.

The Conde's master-stroke, therefore, was to obtain an order from the King for the sequestration of these revenues, to be held in trust for the rightful claimant, and delivered up when he should be declared.

It was fortunate for the present harmony between the grandfather and grandson, that the Conde did not mention this intention to Theodore, whose horror at such implacable revenge, and compassion for his faulty cousin, would have led into remonstrances, and an avowal of sentiments so different, that open war might perhaps have followed.

Luckily the Conde confined himself to an ostentatious display

of what he meant to do for him himself; by that means only calling forth the thanks of Theodore. The latter once more urged his wish to see his sister; the Conde said they should meet at dinner, where he meant formally to present him to a party of his relations and other distinguished nobles.

Theodore hesitated; "Surely, my Lord, you must imagine that such a meeting will be very agitating. If I might have your permission to see my sister first alone——"

"You must learn to command yourself, Don Theodore," said the Conde; "that gravity of deportment which becomes a Spanish nobleman, should never be altered by any visible agitation. I see you have much to learn; and as I would not have you appear in a trifling light before my friends, I will send Donna Elvira to you now."

The Conde retired; leaving Theodore to a short review of their strange discourse.

"I have indeed much to learn!" he repeated to himself; "I thought I knew already all the variety of human character, but I was mistaken." He sunk into a reverie, during which he thought only of what he had found his grandfather, and what he might find his sister.

His most sanguine expectations could not lead him to hope that he should be delighted by any of those intellectual graces, which rare culture had added to the natural beauty of Ellesif's mind; but he fondly, confidently trusted that the daughter of Don Balthazar and Donna Aurelia, a creature that had been brought up in suffering and obligation, like himself, must at least possess the same opinions and feelings.

Some pleasing visions, connected with Gaston de Roye's lively prediction that his heart was reserved for Donna Elvira, mixed with Theodore's anxious imagination of his sister's character.

He could not help observing also, how easily the Conde had got over his scruples, by allowing an interview now which he had refused so lately. The same argument against the meeting of the brother and sister still held good; but at one time the Conde was cool and cautious, and now every other consideration was lost in the evident desire of outraging Don Jasper by a marked espousal of Theodore's cause.

At length the light sound of a femal step made him rise, and hastily advanced towards the door; the next moment he receded, yet he knew not why.

Theodore heard the Conde pronounce the name of Donna Elvira, and felt himself embraced by her, without being able to recollect how he had himself received her, nor what was the first *impression* she made upon him. When he raised his head from

her shoulder, he found the Conde had left them; he then gazed at her with an excess of tenderness, whilst holding her a little off with a tremulous grasp.

He was looking for the features of his mother; but though it was a handsome and sparkling countenance he saw, there was no resemblance in it to their parents. Still, she was his sister; the living relic of his lost parents; most likely the dearest tie he should now have in this world.

"My dear sister!" he exclaimed, melting into tears, "do you permit me to call you so? Do you too acknowledge me?"

"The Conde tells me you are really my brother," replied Donna Elvira; "so of course I must think you so. I am very glad to see you are like my father's family. But why do you weep?"

"I fancy I have been so used to tears," said Theodore, coloring at his weakness, which his sister's moderate emotion made him believe one; "that I have no other way of showing joy."

The oppression at his heart increased as he spoke, and moving to a short distance from her, he held his handkerchief to his eyes for some minutes.

Donna Elvira was silent the whole time; but remained looking at him with more surprise than interest.

When Theodore recovered himself, he returned to his sister, and taking her hand, sat down by her side. A pensive smile brightened his yet moistened eyes, and a sigh accompanied the gentle kiss he gave the hand he had taken. He then proceeded to ask her several questions about her early years, and to answer the few she addressed to him.

He was grieved to hear that she had been the victim of caprice, if not neglect, in the family of her aunt; and that her marriage had not made her much happier, for Don Alvarez ruined himself by a passion for play, and broke their domestic peace by a captious temper.

Donna Elvira described her aunt's, her cousin's and her husband's treatment, with such force of expression, that Theodore felt assured her sensibility was very keen, and that the smallness of the portion she displayed towards him, must arise from a secret apprehension that he was not really entitled to claim her as a sister.

Time, therefore, would obtain for him that tenderness of affection, without which his heart could find no satisfaction in domestic intercourse.

The return of the Conde (who had been called away by one of the King's household,) interrupted their short *tete-a-tete*; after which the party separated, to prepare for the reception of the visitors expected at dinner.

Theodore had been desired by his grandfather to remove into

the same residence with himself; and the major-domo of his establishment had already allotted him an apartment.

Every thing in it was cumbrous and magnificent; nothing comfortable. The room was so large that it appeared only half furnished; the bed was high and gloomy; the hangings dark and dirty; the chairs were so heavy with gilding and carving, that Theodore had some difficulty in moving them; and whatever he wanted for use, he was obliged to ask for.

The cheerless grandeur by which he was now surrounded, formed a strong contrast to the cheerful neatness of his room at the stone cottage; and yet more to the elegant apartment he called his own at the villa of Count Lauvenheilm.

"I must not remember any thing, I fear," he said to himself; "if I would be grateful as I ought for my present situation."

But in spite of this wise resolution, each succeeding day and hour forced on him the recollection of other times. Yet to superficial observers never had he been so much an object for envy; for he was speedily invested with all the exteriors of happiness.

Splendid company, servants, equipages, and an unlimited command of money, were amongst the agreeable novelties of his new rank. The King had lent a gracious ear to the representations of the Conde, and had not only empowered a certain number of nobles to decide between the two claimants, but had placed the Aragonese estate in the hands of trustees; and had permitted Theodore meanwhile to assume the arms and name of Guevara.

Though court etiquette would not allow the sovereign to admit into his presence a person whose rank was not legally ascertained, he was graciously pleased to signify his satisfaction with the documents the Conde had exposed to him, and to express his conviction that Theodore was the son of the late Don Balthazar.

This declaration procured that consideration for Theodore, which might perhaps have been withheld by the nobility, and he was immediately received by such as were in Saragossa with the distinction due to the heir of Roncevalles.

But in the midst of all this pomp, there was much to pain and little to glad the heart of Theodore. He was shocked to learn from a third person, that Don Jasper was really reduced to beggary by the act which sequestrated the estate in Aragon; he was constrained by the unmeaning formalities with which the Conde's ideas of dignity surrounded his most unimportant actions; he was wearied with the monotonous society he daily mixed with; and he was disappointed in his sister. From suspecting her to be commonplace, he grew to know she was unamiable. On every occasion where himself or others were concerned, she appeared utterly *devoid of* feeling; but the moment her own interests or inclina-

tions were invaded, she suddenly displayed such active and selfish sensibility, that it convinced him she inherited the worst part of her grandfather's spirit.

Though she rarely broke out into violence; (susceptible as she was of injury,) a certain bitterness distilled from all her observations; she judged of characters and events with a hardness that shocked her brother; she was incredulous of every disinterested act, and ready to believe any story that tended to depreciate the conduct or motives of others.

Subservient, even to slavishness, to the Conde, her servants and her inferiors she treated with less consideration than she did domestic animals; and she ridiculed Theodore's honorable feeling of man's original equality with poignant derision.

When they conversed of their parents, she spoke of their unhappy catastrophe with scarcely any emotion, while she failed not to censure her father's want of spirit in not breasting the Conde's anger, (seeing he must always enjoy the Aragonese estate, and ultimately succeed to every thing,) rather than flying from it to a distant country; and leaving her to be brought up, as if by charity.

After their first few interviews she never showed any desire to learn the minutiæ of her brother's history. What the story of his heart had been from infancy to manhood, seemed to have no interest for her; and Theodore, who had till now fondly hoped to pour out his whole soul for the first time in his life, and into that of a sister, was obliged to confess with bitter sighs, that she would not understand either its joys or its sorrows.

A letter from Gaston de Roye renewed some pleasurable feelings. It was from Corella, where the Chevalier yet remained, by the advice of Princesse Ursins, who assured him his journey to Saragossa would be fruitless, as the King was expected by the Queen at Corella; that of course the Conde Roncevalles would accompany him; and that consequently the Chevalier had better stay where he was.

De Roye gaily swore, that he had gained the Princesse Ursins' heart at the first interview, for she had not only forgiven him in her own person for taking up arms against her master, but had promised to obtain for him the grace of their sacred majesties.

"As I am neither a native of Spain nor of France." added de Roye, with his usual levity; "Philip must be very much obliged to me, for giving my sanction to his kingly dignity. When we meet I will tell you why I sincerely think it right to declare for him though I am too much attached to the Archduke's person ever to bear arms against my former favorite. So by the time you arrive at Corella I hope, through the favor of the Princesse and the Queen, to have the *entree* of the court."

This information was welcome to Theodore, for the Conde had expressed such decided hostility to every adherent of the Archduke's that Theodore forbore to mention the name of his friend de Roye, though he revolved not the less anxiously how to reconcile his determination of never giving up a friend to whom he owed much, and his wish to shock the prejudices of the Conde as little as possible.

Theodore indeed found so many prejudices in his grandfather, that it would have been a chimerical attempt to have essayed conquering them all; he confined himself therefore to such as had the most influence upon the feelings of others.

Ever since his establishment under the roof of the Conde, he had felt the wish, rather than indulge the hope, of healing the breach between his grandfather and cousin. Family dissensions were, in his opinion, dishonorable to all parties, and although Don Jasper had certainly merited severe chastisement for his profligate, shameless rebellion, there was a line to be drawn between punishment and utter ruin.

Many persons had assured him that the young man was now entirely dependent upon his mother's relations, who were not very willing to support him, and so pressed by his creditors that he knew not where to hide his head. That, in short, if the Conde persisted in denying him the common means of existence, he must of necessity throw himself into the arms of the opposite party.

Theodore made the most of this last argument, whenever he ventured to introduce the subject to the Conde; for he soon saw that no effect was to be produced by pity, or hope of winning repentance by mercy.

But the Conde's resentment was too keen to be quickly softened. At first he sternly inquired whether Theodore were mad, or ignorant that if he were to be reconciled to Don Jasper, it would then be incumbent on him to provide for this grandson as liberally as the entail of his estates would allow, and that, consequently, the heir must suffer.

The language of people of the air could not have been less understood by the Conde than Theodore's noble and natural reply. A man that comprehended no action which was not prompted by pride, interest, or revenge, could not comprehend a heart, whose only errors arose from the excess or the misapplication of the gentler passions. Theodore resigned the hopes of being understood,—yet gently persisting in his intercessions, at length wrought upon the Conde to offer Don Jasper the revenues of the Aragonese estate during his life-time, and a suitable provision at

his death, provided he would come in person to ask his pardon, and to promise a perpetual separation from his wife.

This unqualified proposal produced a different effect from what Theodore wished to produce, yet what he feared would happen. Don Jasper's obstinate resolution of believing Theodore a person set up to frighten him by a show of claims that would not stand, or even wait investigation, was strengthened by this unsolicited act of grace. He knew his grandfather's unrelenting disposition too well to imagine that if he could set aside the rights of the grandson that had offended him, he would stoop to woo him back to obedience. He therefore returned a braving answer to this impolitic letter, treating the claims of Theodore with scorn, and threatening to cover the Conde himself with disgrace, by unveiling the whole transaction.

Backed by his mother's family, who were powerful at court, and eager to get the burthen of his support off their hands, he proclaimed himself confident of ultimate triumph.

All the wrath that he could not wreak on the insolent writer of this rash epistle, the Conde exhaled upon the blameless Theodore. His preposterous expectations, and wearying importunities had betrayed him into an act that invited this insult. He was pretending to dictate and give laws to his grandfather; he was audaciously holding up his own fantastic notions of right and wrong in opposition to those of a grandee of Spain.

In short, Theodore had nothing left but to bare his head to the storm while it raged over him.

Conscious of upright intentions, and too little attached to his grandfather to feel heart struck by any injustice from him, he bore all his invectives with a serenity of submission that finally disarmed wrath.

But he received a salutary lesson; and convinced that Don Jasper was a person who would not be saved—who would, on the contrary, sting the hand that succored him, he forebore to plead his cause.

A few days afterwards he heard that his headstrong cousin was arrested by a creditor on his road to Corella, where he was going to interest the Princesse Ursins and the Queen in the suit he meant to institute for the recovery of the Aragonese estate.

Theodore had the weakness of delighting in a noble revenge; and he lost not a moment in appropriating part of a large sum of money which his grandfather had presented to him, to the purpose of releasing his cousin.

The debt was paid, the prisoner set free, the benefactor unknown, and that very benefactor suspected by Don Jasper as the secret instigator of the alarming detention.

As Princesse Ursins had foretold, the King removed with his suite from Saragossa, and went to enjoy the spring with his Queen in Navarre.

The country seat of the Roncevalles family lay within two miles of this favorite place; the Conde therefore determined to reside in his own house, and to visit the royal residence only when the duties of the *Despacho* required his presence.

The enchanting beauty of the surrounding country, and the romantic appearance of the Mirador (for so the Conde's house was called,) gave the first unmixed feelings of delight to Theodore. That delight was not connected either with former associations or with future hopes; it was solely produced by agreeable sensations.

From the principal windows of the Mirador, the observer looked over a wide stretch of country, diversified with woods, rivers, orange groves, and pastures enameled with flowers.

Promontories crowded with monasteries, or antique fortifications falling into ruins, now and then started from the dark masses of the chestnut woods, catching the rays of the setting sun or rising moon, and forming interesting objects in the landscape.

On the lowlands, the tender green of the olive plantations, and the young corn, presented a lovely contrast with the darker shades of the walnut, the ever-green oak, and the wild pomegranite, which marked the enclosures; while every vale and hill glowed with some different color, produced by the predominance of different wild flowers growing above the grass.

The neighboring Pyrenees were seen in all their varied forms of picturesque wildness from every point of sight, resembling the Alps of Norway only in their height and their snowy peaks; but in all else, of verdure, variety, and beauty, transcending them as much as the visions of the poet do the reveries of ordinary men.

The gardens of the Mirador had originally been laid out with some taste, and more attention to the formal rules of French gardening; but neglect had allowed nature to work alone for several seasons, and her magic hand gently removing every artificial restraint, left the thick trees to overhang the canals in a thousand picturesque forms; the walks to become tangled and irregular, by the luxurient growth of the shrubs, and the cascades to fall over rocky steps, so overgrown with heaths, and so shaded by the mingled foliage of myrtles, aloes, and tamarisks, that even fancy could not add a beauty to the scene.

The house itself was large and stately, with more light than is common to Spanish houses, and a greater degree of comfort.

The rich furniture was somewhat tarnished by time, and the

old French hangings rather diminished the grandeur of the spacious saloons; but the principal rooms had decorations of so superior a kind that the eye of taste forgot every other deficiency.

These decorations consisted in an extensive collection of family portraits, painted by the best artists of the age in which the originals had lived. Some of the finest works of Velasquez and Morillio were in this collection; and Theodore felt the exultation of birth when he looked round upon these memorials of ancestors, all of whom had enjoyed the highest offices of their country —most of whom had deserved them.

He loved to hear the old steward tell the romantic legends attached to the warriors of his family, and the instances of disinterestedness and talent which had been given by such as were statesmen.

These details were incentives to imitation; these details were the sources of that respect for illustrious ancestry, which is a blind prejudice only when it pays the same homage to inactive greatness as to active goodness.

Amongst the many interesting personages he saw thus represented on canvas, Theodore looked in vain for the portrait of his father. The steward told him that every picture of Don Balthazar had been removed to the house in Aragon, where the Conde had never been, since that unfortunate son inhabited it.

For the first time since his residence with the Conde, Theodore thought of one solemn event which would enable him to restore these valuable portraits to their former situations; and he mentally vowed to do so, whenever that event should make him master of the Mirador. Every thing he heard of his father convinced him that his memory deserved the utmost respect that filial concern could offer. Such of the old domestics and peasants as remembered Don Balthazar, in the May-day of life, spoke of his amiable qualities with fond regret. They strove who should display the most zeal in the service of his orphan; and Theodore, when sourrounded by their blessings and attentions, felt he owed much of this affection to his personal resemblance to his father.

Immediately after their arrival at the Mirador, Theodore took advantage of his grandfather's necessity to present himself to the Queen, and prayed permission to visit the Chevalier de Roye. The Conde's severest frown accompanied the reply he made, (after persisting in silence, till his grandson had followed him to the very portico of the house.)

"I have told you, sir, that I dislike this connection: the Chevalier De Roye is a heretic, and has served with the Austrians. I know not what services he has rendered you, that demand so much gratitude; at the risk of my displeasure too."

"His intentions were to serve me, my lord," replied Theodore, gently; "your unexpected goodness rendered any further attempts unnecessary; yet even now, he would have interested the Princesse Ursins in my favor, had I not peremptorily forbidden him."

"You did right," returned the Conde; "that prohibition was due to my dignity. The Guevaras want no other interest with his sacred majesty, than their own sacrifices and services. I will speak to the Princesse about this Frenchman; and if he has really renounced the Archduke, I may perhaps allow you to receive him. Till then, sir, I expect you to refrain from seeing him."

Theodore bowed somewhat proudly, and retired into the house. There were moments when he almost felt duty a humiliation; when to submit in silence appeared betraying his principles. Yet to what purpose should he speak?

To reason with the Conde Roncevalles, was as idle an attempt as obliging the blind to see; the moral sense of the former was equally dark with the natural one of the sightless man.

Theodore had at first ventured to discuss every disputed point with his grandfather and sister; surprised that they had so few opinions in common with him, but far from imagining that neither of them could or would be enlightened.

He made this discovery by painful degrees; after which he ceased to urge sentiments that were ridiculed by Donna Elvira, and censured by the Conde; content to signify his dissent from opinions, by inflexible silence, and his refusal to act in conformity with their illiberal maxims, by perseverance in another course.

In all minor concerns he was as yielding as in this he was firm. Hateful as every species of parade and useless pomp was to his simple and solitary habits, and dear as was his favorite pursuit of deep study, he steadily sacrificed these inclinations to his grandfather's. He therefore rarely appeared in public without a retinue of servants; and he deferred his period of study till midnight, that he might give all the day to the cultivation of mere bodily accomplishments, and to attendance on the sudden whims of his new relations. Theodore smiled scornfully sometimes, when he was made more than usually sensible that he owed the Conde's consideration rather to his personal advantages than to the graces of his mind. All that had hitherto ennobled him in his own estimation, and had procured for him, under the roof of Count Lauvenheilm, respect and affection was now a dead letter.

The haughty ignorance of the Conde made him consider each accidental display of extensive information as an insult to *himself;* and Donna Elvira had so long fortified her own preju-

dices, by determining to rank talent amongst the attributes of the vulgar, that she considered her brother's variety of knowledge rather as a degrading proof that he had spent his youth in struggles with distress, than as an enviable distinction.

With such companions, therefore, Theodore "was walking in a vain show," without one enjoyment for his heart or his understanding. Yet, now and then, he fancied his example rather than his remonstrances insensibly wrought some change in them; and this idea reconciled him to a life of such apparent inutility, and such real self-sacrifice.

The Conde returned from a long visit to the royal personages and their favorite, in such good humor, and so convinced that the latter really *did* protect the Chevalier, that he condescended to tell Theodore, unasked, that he had his permission to visit the Chevalier de Roye next day, upon condition that he made a discreet use of this indulgence, and visited him at distant intervals.

Theodore gave the promise with as good a grace as he could assume, and the following morning went to see his friend.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Chevalier's residence was the villa of Don Julian Casillo, a pretty place, within a walk of Corella, on the Pampeluna road.

As Theodore proceeded to this long-desired meeting, he thought over so much of the period in which he first knew De Roye, that the sadness of his recollections entirely displaced the joyful anticipation of seeing one whom he had never yet seen without delight. He therefore entered the room where De Roye was standing, with an expression of such deep melancholy in his countenance, that the momentary flash of joy only left it in darker gloom. The ever-gay Chevalier ran to embrace him, pouring out as he did so, an absolute deluge of congratulations, questions, and remarks.

Theodore, though affectionately alive to such kindness, answered incoherently; for the sight of a face he had last seen by the side of Ellesif, roused such a throng of agonizing regrets, that for a few moments he believed a struggle against them was above his strength. "Why, man, this changing cheek of yours, and these unsteady hands, are not in character with happiness!" exclaimed the Chevalier, with more commiseration in his heart than in his manner.

Theodore *pressed his* hand, and tried to make up for his silence

by a faint smile. De Roye looked steadfastly at him for an instant, then returning his squeeze of the hand, said kindly, "I never pry into any man's heart, for I am not over fond of having my own stared at; but if I can serve you in any thing, I expect you will command me, Guevara: if not, I don't want to make either myself or you miserable, by a useless detail of grievances."

Theodore was too much oppressed, and always too averse to discover what peculiarly interested him, not to take advantage of this permission to master his feelings by silence; he therefore answered De Roye principally by an expressive glance, while (for the sake of entirely changing the subject,) he proceeded to ask if his friend were indeed a convert to the rights of Philip.

"His original right, if that is what you mean, I deny still," returned De Roye: "for I think the renunciation of the Infanta was binding on her descendants; and Charles II.'s will goes for nothing. Kingdoms are not to be transferred like vineyards."

"Then I suppose you place his right as I do," said Theodore, (yet scarcely knowing what he said,) "upon the choice of the people."

"Exactly!" returned De Roye. "I was brought up on the knees of half the patriots by whom the Prince of Orange was called to the British throne, and I am consequently very far from thinking that the voice of the nation does not decide between two claimants for a crown. When I accompanied the Archduke, in his triumphant march from Barcelona through Castile, and when I witnessed his entry into Madrid, the illusion I had made to myself vanished like smoke. The whole population of the country was either following Philip, or fighting for him. I saw that scarcely a Spaniard, except the Catalans, wished the success of Charles; and since being a prisoner, I have heard so much more of the general sentiment, that I really have from my heart asked grace for my transgressions."

"No one can suspect you of any interested views," returned Theodore, "except perhaps for my sake: but again I charge you, dear Gaston, leave my cause to justice and my grandfather; do not ask any think for me, from Princesse Ursins."

"Why, what is your aversion to the Camerara Mayor?" exclaimed De Roye; "I can tell you, that for her age she is the prettiest woman in Spain, and except the Queen, the most agreeable. To be sure, she is so admirably adroit at assuming the character of any person she addresses, that one is at a loss to know what her own character is. However, I believe it is naturally good and kind; and that her vanity is less flattered by the consciousness of governing every thing here, than her heart gratified

by the certainty of directing them to what is best for Spain. But why do you shrink from her friendship?"

A painful glow covered the face of Theodore. "Because she is the relation of Count Lauvenheilm's first wife," he replied, "and since he and I have parted in mutual dissatisfaction, I would avoid obligation from any one connected with him. You must not ask me any questions, my dear friend, about this separation. I sincerely pray that you may never have the means of guessing at the cause. This weakness that I am ashamed of showing, must convince you that it was not wished on my part; at least, not till ——" He broke off and turned away, afraid of being betrayed into saying more than he ought.

"Your riddle might vex a curious man," replied de Roye, gaily, "but I won't try to guess it, since you pray to the contrary. I must, however, give you a piece of advice by the way: take care to get your heart in disposable order, against your grandfather asks for it, to give it away; for I'll stake my existence, he'll be for marrying you as soon as ever you are legally named his heir, to secure against another clandestine marriage."

"God forbid!" exclaimed Theodore, turning pale.

"Amen!" added the Chevalier, with mock gravity. "Seriously, Guevara, I hope you have formed no engagement in Denmark, that will be an obstacle to your obliging your grandfather on this point? So long as you choose out of rich and noble houses, not at enmity with his, I dare say, the Conde would allow you to please yourself."

"No, I can never oblige him on this point," cried Theodore, vehemently; "if he will but let me live without marrying, I will promise—Oh, there needs no promise."

"Why, what the deuce!" cried De Roye, "have you only come here to cut off the race of the Guevaras in your own person! Not marry! What, 'die and leave the world no copy!' Pooh, pooh! your quarrel with the Count will be made up, take my word for it, and you will marry Ellesif."

Such a shiver of agony ran through the veins of Theodore, at this vain prophecy, that De Roye started. "I have inconsiderately pained you," he said; "pray pardon me; I would not have said this, had I not been quite sure that Ellesif was attached to you, and that the Count values you too sincerely to be long at variance with you."

"O do not think so; do not tell me so De Roye," exclaimed Theodore, rising in disorder, and putting his hand to his forehead. "Both, both, have disappointed me!"

"Then the devil take every thing that bears the shape of woman!" exclaimed De Roye.

"I have no right to complain," resumed Theodore; she, perhaps, thought that such presumption as mine was impossible; so the sweetness that beguiled me was not coquetry, not even pity." He stopped, and again became paler than before: but hastily recovering himself, added, "Be it how it will, whether she had loved me or scorned me, what has passed could not have been prevented, and after that, her father's consent was hopeless. No, no, let us talk of that no more."

"Let us talk of your sister, then," replied De Roye, endeavoring to speak gaily. "You remember my heart is vowed to her; yet if she is like the rest of her deceitful sex—"

"Better trust none of them," observed Theodore, with a repressed sigh.

"O faith, after all," cried De Roye, "an agreeable deceit is no bad substitute for a common-place truth; so if your sister is pretty and pleasant, and at all like your autumn-leaf-looking self, I'll think of her."

"I hope you will not think her in the least like an autumnal leaf," replied Theodore, languidly; "she is certainly handsome, but I believe you had better trust to your own observations upon her mind as well as her person."

"My dear Guevara!" exclaimed the Chevalier earnestly, "can that excellent heart of yours feel only one sentiment?"

"Alas! every sentiment that brings joy or sorrow to the human heart," returned Theodore, (sensible to the amiable reproach of his friend's eyes and voice,) "but you forget that I scarcely know my sister yet; and that I have just received a sad warning, never again to judge hastily of any one. I confess to you, that I do not yet understand Elvira."

De Roye fell into a few moments reverie, then recovering himself, with a smile, said, "I see I shall grow wise by your experience, so prithee never fail to impart it to me. And now let me ask if I may visit you at the Mirador, and be admitted to breathe the same air with your grim grandfather, who, by the way, is, I am told, the most disagreeable personage extant."

Theodore in his reply endeavored to mix candor with respect, and the natural desire of concealing the faults of our kindred; while de Roye, with penetration to discover all the other thought he concealed, had the dexterity to appear convinced that the Conde was much more amiable than he allowed people to think him.

The next topic of discourse was Don Julian Casilio, in whose praises each of them joined without reservation or distrust; and Theodore was rejoiced to hear that their mutual kind friend was in high favor with the generalissimo, and spoken of at court as *one of the* most gallant officers in the field.

From persons and events in Spain, the conversation insensibly changed its scene to Norway, and although each of them intended to confine it solely to Theodore's early friends at Aardal, they found themselves now and then in the midst of the dangerous remembrances connected with Count Lauvenheilm.

De Roye expressed some surprise that no communication whatever from any of the family had reached him since Theodore's departure from them, adding that the Princesse Ursins, of whom he had made an inquiry, expressed the same surprise on her own account, not having received a letter from her young kinswoman of a later date than five months back.

"So long!" exclaimed Theodore; and as he spoke, a crowd of horrors rushed through his mind. Perhaps Count Lauvenheilm's conspiracy had been detailed, and he had either been silently put to death, or had fallen by his own hand, in a fit of frantic desperation.

What then had become of Ellesif, of Ellesif so fondly attached to her father, so tremblingly alive to dishonor? De Roye saw so much agony in his countenance, that he falsely imagined Theodore knew what he had not chosen to mention, and imprudently added, "Oh! then you know it."

"Know what?" cried Theodore, grasping his arm and looking anxiously in his face.

"Her illness," returned de Roye, still thinking he thought of Ellesif; "but Madame Ursins concludes she is better."

"In the name of Heaven what do you mean?" cried Theodore, hurried out of himself; "you bewilder me, de Roye. My head is not quite clear just now;—who was ill?—Ellesif!—when was this?—Where was she?—What had happened to make her ill!"

"On my life, I know nothing more," returned the Chevalier, kindly constraining the wild gestures of his friend, and not able to guess why he was thus strangely affected: "Calm yourself, Guevara, and let me explain myself, as you don't seem to understand me. When Ellesif wrote last to Madame Ursins she was ill, and going with her sister for change of air into Sleswick; her letter was very short and low-spirited; and since then the Princesse has not heard from any of them." De Roye did not choose to add that he suspected the Princesse had received accounts either of them or from them, which she did not like to mention.

"Great God! then all my forebodings are true!" exclaimed Theodore, sitting down as if suddenly unnerved.

"What forebodings?" asked the Chevalier.

"Do not ask me," said Theodore hastily recollecting himself.

"I cannot tell you all I fear. But Ellesif ill,—she that I left in such blooming health? This is an unexpected blow!"

"And did you not know it?" asked de Roye. "I thought by your countenance you did, or I should not have spoken of it; indiscreet blunderer that I am! But had she been worse, had any thing more afflicting happened, Madame Ursins must have heard it from their mutual relations in France."

"Speak to Princesse Ursins again about this letter, I pray you, de Roye," said Theodore, recovering from his confusion of spirits, with some embarrassment; "bring me certain tidings of Ellesif and her father; and after that, when I know they are safe—that they are both in life—I will try to forget persons that have forgotten me."

Theodore said this with such bitterness of grief in his countenance and voice, that the amiable de Roye's looks reflected their expression. "If it is as you tell me," he said, "that Ellesif does not care for you, it is better never to speak of her. Yet I could have sworn—but no matter. I give you my word, however, that whenever I hear any thing particular of that family, I will impart it to you."

"My best friend!" exclaimed Theodore, pressing his hand; he stood for a few moments still holding that hand in his, then forcibly conquering himself, he turned to another subject.

In the course of the succeeding desultory conversation, Theodore saw that his friend's lively spirits were yet untamed; every object that fell short of interesting, amused him, and furnished him with the means of amusing others. His descriptions of persons and places were as whimsical as ever; and his caricature account of the solemn fopperies and petrifying ceremonials of the Spanish court, were given with the same acute spirit of good-humored ridicule which had so often, at the Villa of Count Lauvenheilm, betrayed Theodore into participation. But she was absent whose animated share in every gay discourse bestowed a charm upon each;—she was absent whose benevolent temper never allowed her keen perception of the ridiculous, to appear but in her eyes, yet who with one glance of those eyes could convey more amusing archness than the tongue of a Beatrice ever uttered; she was absent without whom mirth was either folly or madness; and Theodore was the sadder for the gaiety of De Roye.

Though he would not check his friend's vivacity by any display of that torture under which his own soul was writhing, he could not restore himself to the composure even of melancholy.

Ellesif ill, perhaps dying, perhaps dead, was the stationary idea of his mind; and frequently in replying to the Chevalier, he uttered *words* quite foreign to their discourse.

A person more habituated to believe the suggestions of imagination in opposition to the evidence of facts, might have given Ellesif's illness a flattering cause; they might have fancied it arose from struggling against affection in obedience to the command of her father. But the season of self-delusion was over with Theodore; he could not forget that she had returned his last remembrance without one line that love might have interpreted into consolation or hope.

In short, had Ellesif's happiness really depended upon him, without enfringing the laws of feminine delicacy, she would at least have sought to hear from Gaston de Roye the particulars of his present situation; she had not done so, and he was forced, therefore, to admit that while he still thought of her with an interest that excluded nearly every other, he could not soothe the pangs of absence by the conviction that their spirits were undivided.

Gaston de Roye had the prospect of being soon exchanged; but he professed his intention of remaining awhile longer in Spain, for the purpose of seeing the country and the people, and witnessing the final establishment of Theodore in his rights. While he promised himself many months' enjoyment of his friend's society, he bade the latter beware of his cousin Don Jasper, who was now in Corella, very ill received by the King and Queen, and breathing nothing but vengeance against the usurper of his birth-right.

The entrance of visitors at this moment gave Theodore an excuse for leaving his friend; and so powerfully was his heart oppressed by what had past, that he seized it with a gladness for which he reproached himself.

Having dismissed his attendants in the court-yard of Don Julian's house, he crossed some vineyards and entered a wood of cork trees, that led back to Corella. His arms folded in his cloak, and his head bent down, he traversed the lonely and romantic road which every now and then sloped into deep dells, where the thick umbrage preserved the darkness of midnight.

Slowly proceeding in this melancholy posture, he did not perceive that any one was meeting him, till in the gloomiest part of one of the wood-paths, he found his way blocked up; and raising his head, saw three gentlemen standing so as to intercept his progress.

"Allow me to pass, gentlemen," he said courteously, and making a motion to do so.

"No, sir, I will give way to *you*, no where."

The furious scorn with which this was said, and the expression itself, instantly made Theodore conjecture that the speaker must be his enraged cousin. He drew back to consider how he ought

to act and deciding the next moment, said, "You must permit me to pass, gentlemen. My way leads through Corella."

The serious dignity of his manner moved Don Jasper's companions to step aside, and Theodore then remarked that he had frequently seen one of them before, in the Alameda at Saragossa. He was passing through the opening they made for him, with a bow and a thanking smile, when Don Jasper fiercely pushing him back, pulled his associates into their former situation, exclaiming,

"What, are you to be brow-beat by an impostor?"

"Who is this madman?" asked Theodore sternly, turning to the gentleman of Saragossa.

"Don Jasper Guevara," cried Don Jasper himself, inflamed with passion; "and you the vile puppet of a dotard that would rob me of my rights by lies and perjuries."

Theodore's eyes flashed lightning at this speech, and he struck the hilt of his sword with such violence as he cluched it, that the echoes of that solitary place returned the sound with startling distinctness. It was the frailty of an instant; he recovered himself with admirable self-command, and returning his half-drawn sword into its sheath, said calmly, "Your unhappy situation, and my own principles, are your protection, sir."

"Ha! the coward, I could have sworn him!" exclaimed Don Jasper, with an exulting shout; "but you shall not escape me, villain—base, low-born villain!" As he spoke he made a hasty lunge at Theodore with his sword, in spite of his companions' exclamations against the ungenerous act; and reaching him ere he was prepared, had the savage joy of seeing the blade enter his side.

Attack was now self-defence; Theodore drew; and having fortunately practised fencing with peculiar success since his residence with the Conde, was more than a match for his frantic opponent. In less than a second he had disarmed his cousin, and before the other gentlemen could interfere had returned him his sword. Putting his handkerchief to his side, which now streamed with blood, he said mildly, "You will, I hope, cease to consider me as a coward, Don Jasper; and, I trust, the legal examination of my claims will prove to you that I am not an impostor. Good morning."

He attempted to move forward, but after proceeding a few paces, was obliged to rest against a tree, while he stanched his wound afresh with the end of his cloak.

As he did so, he observed that Don Jasper was still standing where he had left him, hotly contending with one of his compa-

who was evidently trying to detain him from following his with new insults.

ı other gentleman seeing Theodore stagger, ran forward, ıproaching with expressions of concern, and admiration of ıduct, offered to conduct him to the nearest habitation.

ıodore thankfully accepted the offer; for though his wound ɔt in a vital part, it bled profusely; and the sultriness of y added to his weakness from loss of blood. He there- ıok the stranger's arm, and slowly proceeded with him, to dresser's house at the end of the wood.

ler assistance was then sent for, and a messenger despach- the Chevalier de Roye.

ınwhile, the gentleman who had conducted Theodore to ne-dresser's, having apologized for having unintentionally Don Jasper's wrath by naming Theodore as he approach- he wood, took his leave, being anxious to know the issue of ıpute in which he had left Don Jasper engaged with his nion.

ıodore's wound was much slighter than the sickness and effusion of blood led him at first to suppose; and by the le Roye arrived, pale and alarmed, he was re-dressed, and to return in a carriage to the Mirador.

r a brief detail of what had passed, and a few kind re- es from his friend for not attending to the warning he gave, ore got into the coach of Don Julian, and proceeded ards.

they were within a short distance of the house, the ier got out, with the intention of preparing the Conde for ıdaged side, and pallid appearance of his grandson. He cky enough to find him alone; and having detailed the par- ı of his friend's rencontre with Don Jasper, and suffered no ıy to restrain his animated expressions against the baseness cking a man who nobly refused hostility, the Conde found entiments so congenial just on that point, that he forgot to e his grandson for having deputed a heretic and a foreigner he bearer of his message.

ɔemed impossible for the fiend of ill-humor himself, to find y thing in the conduct of Theodore upon this occasion to l with; but the Conde actually discovered so great a fault in cumstances of his walking on foot and unattended, from a visit, that he scarcely noticed the dignity and temper with he had baffled insult.

was however roused to declare, that this outrage of Don 's should stimulate him to more activity than ever, in the at *was to punish his* audacity; and he would have gone im-

mediately to the King, to solicit the imprisonment of his grandson, had not the entreaties of Theodore for more lenient treatment, and the address with which De Roye represented the interpretations to which such severity might be liable, induced the Conde to pause.

By leaving Don Jasper still at liberty, it would prove to all Spain, that the heir of the Conde Rencevalles disdained to owe his safety to any thing but his own conduct; and that so far from dreading exertions tending to investigate his claims, both he and the Conde were proud to leave the opposite claimant every facility for that purpose.

To avoid the possibility of a second attack, Theodore consented to remain at Corella, while his attendance could be dispensed with at Madrid. The business was already in the courts, and the Conde, as claiming for his elder grandson, in opposition to Don Jasper, was determined to repair thither immediately. Don Jasper must also attend the courts, and could not, therefore, have an opportunity of again insulting his cousin if he remained at a distance from the capital.

Theodore had too just an abhorrence of family broils, and too delicate a sense of personal honor, not to promise implicit obedience to this most welcome of his grandfather's commands; and as Gaston de Roye enforced its propriety with all the eloquence inspired by the hope of having his friend's society untrameled by by that of his forbidding relations, the Conde was again pleased with his share in the discussion.

Donna Elvira had been summoned to behold the effects of her cousin's violence in the person of her wounded brother, and in five minutes destroyed the illusion of De Roye's fancy.

Like most lively men, the Chevalier thought nothing charming in a woman except softness and sensibility; he was therefore far from admiring the composure of mind evinced by Donna Elvira, when by sudden movement Theodore's wound opened afresh. He could have forgiven any women a fainting fit at the sight of blood; and considering the tender relationship of Donna Elvira to the sufferer, he expected at least tears and terror.

Neither of these appeared; and the fair widow, with half the concern in her countenance that Ellesif's would have expressed for a suffering animal, stood inactive, while De Roye assisted Theodore's servant to lead him to his room.

Medical assistance was again summoned, and Theodore enjoined to lie on a couch for a few days. The Conde could not refuse De Roye's earnest petition for leave to pass the remainder of the day in his friend's chamber; and sustained by his presence, Theodore endeavored to withdraw his thoughts from the

fearful apprehensions for Count Lauvenheilm and his daughter, which the assault of Don Jasper had but transiently suspended.

The Chevalier de Roye was thus forced by circumstances over which neither he nor Theodore had control, upon the civility of the Conde Roncevalles; and both of them were agreeably surprised to find that no further opposition was made to his visits.

Where opposition does not proceed from principle, it frequently ceases with as little reason as there was for its commencement; and we suddenly feel ourselves as much indebted to caprice, as we were before tormented by it.

Gaston de Roye had the happy talent of instantaneously divining the particularities of the persons he became acquainted with, and the art of using them without meanness, in the furtherance of his own desires. From some accidental circumstances during his first interview with the Conde and his granddaughter, he saw that they loved gifts, and he as quickly found out what sort of offerings would give them the most pleasure.

It is certain that neither the Conde nor Donna Elvira, condescended often to thank him for the elegant luxuries and rarities he sent to them; and Theodore was shocked to observe that they neither expressed gratitude for kindness, nor uneasiness under officious obligation. But De Roye had gained all he sought, when he succeeded in getting his visits tolerated for the sake of the presents he brought with him, and he jested at his friend's serious remonstrances against bestowing so much upon persons who took what he gave with the air of despising not only his gifts, but himself. "Pshaw! my dear fellow," cried De Roye, "they almost ask, and I promise, and my promises, you know, are like Adonis' gardens,

'Which one day bloomed, and fruitful were the next.'

But do you think I want either your family's affection or thanks! I wish only to be able to visit you whenever I like, without the disagreeable consciousness of leaving you to fight a battle for me every time I go out of the Mirador."

"And what must I suppose you think of my grandfather and sister?" asked Theodore, lowering his eyes with a look of concern.

"That they are not exactly like yourself," replied De Roye, with amiable levity. "Don't you think I have seen a score of such characters in my time? Believe me, my dear Guevara, it is only in fairy tales we hear of magnificent Abdallahs, of princes and peers giving magnificently. In real, every day life, the higher the rank, the less is given, and the more received; and the

lowly fool that imagines he obliges his superior, when he lays some beautiful rarity at his feet, is as great an idiot as yourself at this moment, when you are forgetting that I do but pay *tribute*."

"It distresses me, however," replied Theodore gently; "I yet preserve the vulgar notion of expecting gratitude for kindness or attention; (sensibility to them, is rather what I mean;) and it wounds me more than I can express to see that you are not a whit the less haughtily treated, for all the presents you offer and they accept. Pray oblige me, and give no more."

"'I'll give thee my bluest veins to kiss,' if you will let me have my own way," cried the light-hearted Chevalier. Theodore smiled at the ridiculous application of this quotation, accusing De Roye of knowing no author in the world save Shakspeare.

"And if I did not, what should I lose?" retorted his lively antagonists; "for in that God of poets, all that is good, and wise, and fair, in every other writer, is summed up," and seizing the opportunity of turning the discourse from the subject they had last discussed, and from the chance of returning to the theme that had agitated Theodore in their first interview, De Roye continued to rattle on upon the genius of Shakspeare, with such a mixture of good sense absurdity, and of sublime sentiments and familiar language, that he fairly hurried his companion from his gloomiest thoughts.

Theodore's wound was attended with much fever, so that he was many days confined to his sofa, and several more before he was allowed to walk out beyond the dew-dropping groves of the shady gardens.

The Conde was still detained at Corella by business with the King; though Don Jasper had set out for Madrid accompanied by his maternal uncle, with the determination of extorting, what they called, and most likely believed to be justice, from the courts of Castile.

The evening of a day De Roye had spent with his friend, during his indisposition, was far advanced, and the Conde had gone and returned from Corella, when a message from the latter, requesting the Chevalier's attendance in his closet, surprised rather than gratified him.

He was absent nearly an hour, and when he returned his countenance had so unusual an expression of something beyond seriousness, that Theodore, with the apprehensiveness of a lover to whom there is only one object in the world, fancying some evil had befallen Ellesif, and forgetting that his grandfather scarcely knew her very name, started from the couch on which he was resting, and inquired what had happened,

De Roye communicated the disagreeable tidings he brought

with as much discretion as possible; and Theodore learned by degrees, that his hot-headed cousin had fallen a victim to his own intemperate passions.

In consequence of a dispute with a gentleman he had met on his way to Madrid, who had spoken of his cousin in his presence by the name of Don Theodore Guevara, he had insulted him so grossly, that a challenge had been given, a duel fought, and Don Jasper killed.

The Conde Roncevalles had just received this account from Don Jasper's surgeon, and though far from feeling it in all its horrors, was yet moved to a degree of which De Roye had hitherto believed him incapable.

The readiness with which the latter undertook to break the matter to Theodore, left the Conde time to consider what part he should publicly take on this occasion; and he decided that it would be more suitable to his dignity to persevere in treating the Marchioness Santa Clara as a stranger to his family, than even to purchase her absence from Spain by a liberal dowry.

No entreaties afterwards from Theodore, nor cautious suggestions of the Chevalier, succeeded to shake his resolution of persisting to act as if Don Jasper were really an alien to his blood. He left the charge and order of his obsequies solely to the misguided young man's maternal relations, and allowed his grandson to assume mourning only after a remark of the Queen's had convinced him the whole court would be scandalized by the indecorum of doing otherwise.

Theodore could not be said to regret his cousin, but the shock of so sudden a catastrophe, and the distressing thought of being innocently the cause of his death, cost him many wretched moments.

The Conde was so habituated to mask his heart with a composure that often bordered on the ridiculous, (though his temper was seldom bridled by it,) that Theodore ventured not to speak to him of the concern he really felt; and Donna Elvira appeared not only astonished, but incapable of understanding why her brother should be otherwise than glad at the removal of a rival whom he had known only by an insult.

Theodore's gentle heart recoiled from that of such a sister; nay he even contemplated her character with horror, and had some difficulty in collecting arguments that might moderate his aversion to her society.

He had seen a mass of deplorable inconsistency in the vile temper and excellent precepts of the Professor; he had seen Count Lauvenheilm deliberately act in opposition to his avowed principles; he had heard some of the persons who frequented

the house of the latter, applaud generous and humane sentiments, even when their own conduct proved that such sentiments did not influence their lives.

All this, even if it were hypocrisy, was an homage to virtue, a confession of what was right; but in his sister and the Conde he saw such gross ignorance of what was admirable, equitable, nay common that they obtruded the deformity of their souls upon every eye, without an emotion of shame.

This ignorance, therefore, must be attributable to their early instructors; and as such he began to think they were fitter objects for pity than for dislike.

It was not long however, before he had reason to doubt, from the estimable character he heard of the aunt by whom she was brought up, that Donna Elvira's shameless display of a hard heart and illiberal opinions, was rather contempt of what is good, than ignorance of its existence.

After an examination of the documents in favor of Theodore's claims, a junta of the principal nobility in Corella, had decided their validity, and expressed their willingness to consider the young claimant as one of their body; and the Spanish sovereigns had intimated their curiosity to see this interesting orphan at the apartment of the Camerara Mayor.

The Queen's indisposition (who was already attacked by the cruel disorder which afterwards carried her to the grave,) gave a temporary respite to Theodore, who was secretly rejoiced that the same circumstance would prevent the Princesse Ursins from claiming his visit. It was therefore settled that he should be left behind at Corella to wait the pleasure of his royal protectors, while the Conde proceeded to Madrid.

The investigation of Theodore's claim was now begun, for although Don Jasper's death gave a pause to the business, the next heir had demanded a clear exposition of his rival's rights; and it was necessary for the Conde who supported those rights, to be on the scene of action.

The aged noble was in the very act of setting out for the capital of Castile, when the arrival of a gentleman with a message from the Marchioness Amezaga, made him return into the house and give Theodore the first information of his aunt's existence.

Don Julian had been misinformed about her death; and Donna Elvira had never taken the trouble to rectify her brother's error when he spoke of her as no more; in fact, the Marchioness Amezaga was now living with her two youngest daughters within a short distance of Don Julian's residence, and having but lately arrived there, was scarcely known to her neighbors.

Her present messenger was that gentleman of Saragossa to whom Theodore was obliged for assistance after his rencontre with his cousin; and since then for continued testimonies to his moderate and intrepid conduct; he came to inform the Conde Roncevalles that the Marchioness was in possession of some papers that would be beneficial to his grandson; and that she could point to a very important witness, who might possibly, though after a lapse of many years, identify his person.

Having executed his commission with great zeal and politeness, this gentleman withdrew, leaving the Conde to discuss, with no small degree of asperity, the character of the Marchioness, and the propriety of acceding to her haughty intimation of producing the documents she possessed only to the claimant himself; and even that was to depend upon her persuasion that he was the son of her sister.

Donna Elvira was called in to assist at the stormy council that followed. Theodore was nearly silent; for at that time he knew his aunt solely by the report of persons prejudiced against her, and was far from suspecting that in description her best qualities had been transformed into defects.

Vexed between the fear that, unless permitted to see her nephew, the Marchioness would secrete these documents from a legal order, and the obstinate resolution of never communing with one of the race of Montellano, the Conde was irritated into one of his worst humors.

Donna Elvira was the reverse of a peace-maker: her sarcastic and biting humor was employed to heighten the Conde's indignation at the insolent spirit, as she termed it, of the Marchioness; and her plausible reasonings were not spared, to animate Theodore to act in direct opposition to his interest, by proudly defying the Marchioness's resentment.

The Conde could not mistake her motives, and suddenly changing his hostility from one object to another, accused her of selfishness, and commanded her to leave the room.

Perhaps he had secretly intended to comply with Marchioness Amezaga's demand, and would have thanked both Theodore and his sister, had their importunities to yield to it given him an excuse for yielding, even while he protested against any further communication with one of a family so abhorred.

The remarks he made upon Donna Elvira painfully revived in Theodore's mind a suspicion that had of late frequently intruded there. It was a suspicion that his sister really desired his cause to fail.

During Don Jasper's life, she had shown an extraordinary zeal for her brother's success, and little affection for his person; but

since his death, she had evidently sought to throw obstacles in the way, by insinuating doubts said in seeming jest, and possibilities of their all deceiving themselves, as to Theodore's identity.

In truth, Theodore's interest was Donna Elvira's, while Don Jasper lived; for had their grandfather been reconciled to him, both the children of Don Balthazar would most likely have been abandoned. But now he was gone, Donna Elvira flattered herself, that if she could dispossess Theodore, all that the Conde could alienate from the next heir would be given to her.

Too eager in pursuit of this interested object to varnish her slavish obedience to her grandfather's ostentatious authority, by any delicacy, she left her motives naked to every eye; and even the Conde himself despised her, while he exacted from her continual sacrifices, and accepted incessant services. He now coarsely explained this to her brother; adding that he supposed she was mortified by the coldness of the family of the president of Castile, who had courted her alliance for their second son, before Theodore appeared as her rival in the Conde's favor.

When Theodore found that no objection could be raised against Don Pedro Ronquillo, he earnestly besought his grandfather to leave him to the issue of the lawsuit, and to provide for Donna Elvira, as he had purposed doing when this young nobleman first addressed her.

"Have I not told you," interrupted the Conde, with one of his freezing looks, "that I will not suffer this perpetual dictating. You expect to lead me like a child. I am not to be told what is proper to be done for Donna Elvira."

"Pardon me, my Lord," returned Theodore, "I presume not to dictate. I meant only to express my joyful willingness to accede to whatever your generosity might wish to do for my sister's happiness; but I am aware that I have not the power of gratifying myself by giving up any thing for her sake. I am still legally nothing."

"I have acknowledged you as my grandson, Don Theodore," replied the Conde, proudly.

Theodore only bowed with a flushed cheek; too sincere to utter an untruth, and say he triumphed in the title.

The Conde then proceeded to discuss once more the message of the Marchioness of Amezaga. At length, he determined that Theodore should attend his aunt for the information she boasted of, and having obtained that visit her no more.

Theodore was shocked at the idea of thus adding insult to former neglect, and he said with some spirit, "You must allow me, then, my lord, to avow that I act by your orders; for in my per-

son I would not for the world treat any one, much less a near relation, with such disrespect."

"I wish her to know that you act by my orders," said the Conde, exultingly. He forgot his grandson's censure, in his obedience; and accustomed to obstinate opposition from Don Jasper and a constant rebellion, was now foolishly proud of commanding, where obedience was the fruit of self-conquest.

In truth the Conde was always gratified by the consciousness of power; and he gloried in the certainty that the Marchioness Amezaga would learn from Theodore himself, how scrupulously he obeyed.

Happily, Donna Elvira accompanied her grandfather to Madrid, (where Theodore was to follow, after having had the honor of seeing the King and Queen privately, in Princesse Ursins' apartment,) and she seemed to leave the Mirador and her brother with joy.

As Theodore leaned over a laticed balcony, and saw them drive from the door, while his eyes fell on the beautiful scene by which he was surrounded; such an emotion of gladness seized him, such a feeling of being now able to taste the charms of peaceful nature, that he was shocked at himself, and could not forbear exclaiming, "And I feel this at parting from a sister I once believed was to console me for the loss of her——" He finished the sentence with a sigh.

For a long time he mused over the serious and sad reflections, this remark suggested; and perhaps while pondering on past and present disappointments, beheld life through too gloomy medium.

But as he involuntarily noted every suffering of his former years, he resolutely struck out all such as had had their origin in imagination; and he strove now to subdue every painful feeling which had only conjecture to rest on.

The realities of his situation were sufficiently distressing, without calling upon fancy to heighten them; and fixing his mournful eyes upon Heaven, while he tried to reason away his fears for the life of Ellesif, he asked protection and blessing for her, from "Him that dwelleth above the heavens."

Having obtained his grandfather's permission to attend his aunt, he lost not a moment in sending to request she would name an hour the next day for his visit. "I shall see another disagreeable relation," he thought; "how strange it is that all my kindred are thus unlovable?"

Even while he spoke, a letter was put into his hands, calculated to soften his disgust at his nearest connexions. It was from the Marquis Montanejos, the next heir to the title of Roncevalles.

The letter was to explain to Theodore, that by praying the courts of Castile to investigate the claim of Don Theodore, the Marquis meant not to institute a suit against him, but simply to go through a necessary form, for the satisfaction of every one in the line of that succession. He therefore prayed his cousin to consider him still as an affectionate kinsman, and an unwilling rival, complimenting him on his generous forbearance towards Don Jasper.

An emotion, long unknown to Theodore, warmed his heart, while reading this letter. It seemed an earnest of future comfort for him; and made him anxiously try to recollect the features and manners of this amiable relation.

The Marquis Montanejos had been one of the numerous party of friends and kindred to whom the Conde had presented his grandson, the first day he adopted him, at Saragossa. The Marquis was not a man of sudden impulses, nor given to display himself in first interviews; contenting himself with observing the young pretender to Roncevalles, he scarcely spoke, and quitted Saragossa the next day; leaving his solid good sense, and real dignity of mind, to be discovered at a moment in which his kinsman stood more particularly in need of such a consolation.

Theodore glanced from the character of the Marquis to that of the romantically-generous Don Julian Casilio; and condemned himself for having hastily given to all his countrymen the disagreeable attributes of the Conde, and his intimate associates.

The peculiarities of his own destiny had indeed obliged him to see mankind in their strongest colors. The changing events of that destiny had drawn forth excellencies and evil passions from his companions, which might never have been elicited by the smooth motion of an ordinary fate; and he was therefore to be pardoned for ceasing to feel moderately when he thought of human character.

The pleasing emotion excited by the letter he had just received, had left its expression upon his face, when he went into one of the avenues to meet Gaston de Roye, who had appointed to dine with him, after taking chocolate with the Princesse Ursins.

The Chevalier had no sooner caught sight of him advancing through the long vista of the trees, than he set spurs to his horse, and galloping as if he were charging at the head of his regiment, threw himself off at Theodore's side, and bidding his groom ride forward with the horses, put a couple of letters into his friend's hand.

Theodore saw by their superscriptions that they were from Dofrestom and Mr. Coperstad. Anxious to hear tidings of Count *Lauvenheilm* and of Ellesif, he broke the seal of Mr. Coperstad's

letter; but ashamed of such weakness, perhaps, because it had a witness in De Roye, he hastily opened and read the other.

It was dated three months back, before any news from him had been received at Aardal; and though written under the persuasion that Heinreich's days were numbered, and that his disorder was returning with cruel force, it breathed a spirit of patient and grateful submission, which comforted Theodore.

He dwelt on the simple details of his foster-father, and the few lines added by each of the dear dwellers of the cottage, with all the tenderness of his earliest years; and as the momentary vision of those early years returned, with their peaceful feelings and blissful ignorance of the world he was now warring through, he felt like the royal Persian, when contemplating the pastoral insignia of his first humble station.

Brushing away the drops that gathered fast in his eyes, and smiling as he did so, he answered De Roye's kind inquiries about his lowly friends; then moving a little way from him under a thicker shade of trees, sought to escape even the eye of friendship, while he read a letter that perhaps contained intelligence of Ellesif.

De Roye had his own uncomfortable thoughts at that moment; and full of what had just passed between him and the Princesse Ursins, was debating within himself, whether he should immediately impart it to Theodore, or trust to the chance of Mr. Coperstad's letter sparing him the painful task.

Though he appeared employed in following the flight of an Abejuraxa as it now flashed its rainbow plumage through the dark chestnuts, and now opposed it to the sunshine in the open path, he was in reality observing Theodore as he slowly proceeded, reading the letter.

At first he saw nothing in his countenance but unsatisfied eagerness; at length he observed him give a convulsive start, and the next moment look wildly round for him. The Chevalier was instantly by his side. Theodore did not speak; he only pointed with an expressive look to a sentence in Mr. Coperstad's letter. De Roye read it with sorrow, not surprise, for he already knew what he was to read.

The paragraph contained these words:

"After the long and painful details of my last letter, I have nothing more to add on a subject that I never reflect on without deep concern; and which I fear has been always too interesting to you. I shall only say, that the disastrous events in the Lauvenheilm family are still spoken of with regret and indulgence; and that the death of the young Countess will be long remembered and lamented."

Theodore's eyes remained fixed upon De Roye, as he read this passage, and seeing no surprise in his countenance, he felt his worst fears confirmed. The suddenness of the shock nearly overset his reason; and snatching the letter from him in a paroxysm of despair, he cried out "I see, I see it is true."

Crushing the fatal letter against his heart, he attempted to rush away and lose himself amongst the trees, but the headless figure of Count Lauvenheilm, and the dying form of the broken-hearted Ellesif, seemed to rise in his path, and without uttering a sound, he fell at once insensible to the earth.

Leaving the pitying Chevalier to succour and revive him, I turn back to the events it was afterwards his task to relate.

CHAPTER XX.

When the sound of the carriage that conveyed Anastasia and Ellesif from the government-house was no longer to be heard, Count Lauvenheilm felt abandoned to his fate. His guardian angel seemed to leave him with his daughters; and casting himself upon a seat, when convinced that they were really gone, he was seized with an emotion of horror from which he recovered, only by repeated and violent efforts. Disgrace or death certainly awaited him; upon his daughters must fall the shame of the one, and the grief of the other; and when he thought of that, all power of manly endurance appeared to desert him.

As he rapidly glanced over the measures of the Danish government, though he shuddered at the probable result; he could not help confessing that they were just; that he had drawn the evil upon his own head; that in short, he had culpably delivered up the reins to one fatal passion, which had hurried him from integrity and honor, into guilt and opprobium.

Heaven does not waste its punishments in this life, upon such as love evil, and will not amend. The deliberate sinner is usually, therefore, prosperous; but the man who falls through weakness, or who plunges into crime by the headlong fury of some unbridled passion, is generally doomed to disappointment and disgrace; like Esau, he is taught to find that he has "sold his birthright for a mess of pottage."

A mind of so much sensibility as Count Lauvenheilm's could not fail of awakening to remorse, by the consideration of such events as might have alarmed the fears only of a more culpable character.

Theodore's virtuous resistance of a greater temptation than any which had ever assailed the Count, had left a painful impression of inferiority in the man who had tempted him; and though at first nothing but resentment had been produced by it, each succeeding reflection tended to awaken admiration and regret.

Again these feelings were smothered for awhile, by the suspicion that Theodore's noblest qualities were all assumed, and that from the worst motives he had betrayed the dangerous secret confided to him; but repeated recollections of past occurrences at length obliged the Count to believe, that if Theodore had indeed borne the story of his intended treason to the foot of the throne, the same inflexible virtue had prompted this act, which had strengthened him to resist the former temptation.

Moral admiration leads to the wish of imitation; and could the Count have gone back to the point he started from, Theodore's example would have armed him against every seduction; but conscious that by a confession of guilt, he could save his life only not his honor, and that too at the expense of his associates, he determined to wait the event in silence.

The illness of Ellesif seemed an additional testimony of Heaven's wrath. He foresaw that she would not survive his complete destruction; and he suspected that Anastasia, for whose aggrandisement he had sacrificed his fair fame and peace of mind, would after all be abandoned by her princely lover, and left alone in the world, to struggle with its contempt.

It was by circumstances like these, that Heaven led him back towards itself, during the long seeming week that intervened between the departure of his children, and the arrival of some persons from Copenhagen. After that moment, all was consternation and doubt in his mind.

Ill able to assume the serene graces that had formerly distinguished him, the Count was yet obliged to receive visitors, and give audience, and go through the usual ceremonies of his situation. Rumors were already afloat, respecting his removal. Every one saw that a storm was gathering, without being able to guess who directed it, or with what violence it would break over the head of their governor.

Justly attached to him for his paternal care of their interests and comforts, during his short rule, the Ager-hussians increased the testimonies of their attachment, in proportion as Denmark displayed her animosity. By this open zeal they made that court resolve to adopt cautionary measures only, until certain undeniable proofs were in her hand to produce as a justification of herself, and a propitiation of popular resentment.

The Count had just dismissed a party of provincial offi[illegible]

who had been supping with him, had cast off the burdensome weight of apparent cheerfulness, and fallen into one of his gloomiest reveries, when a loud knocking at the gates of the government-house startled and roused him.

It was near midnight, and visitors at that hour were unusual. The only thought which occurred to him was, that the order for his arrest was now on the eve of being presented to him. That instinctive passion for liberty which goes out but with life, made him at first look round for a weapon with which to resist, and in the confusion of the moment, he grasped both a sword and a pistol; but quickly recovering himself, he threw them aside determining to perish with at least the dignity of submission.

To resist oppression, and to refuse obedience to justice, are widely different actions. He therefore stood unarmed, as pale and as cold as monumental marble, waiting the approach of the persons whom he expected to see enter.

After a short interval of racking suspense, only his secretary appeared, to inform him that a party of domestics from Prince Charles, (the governor-general of Norway,) had just landed, and were come to apprise his excellency, that their princely master might be expected in three days.

The Count ordered them into his presence, and found it was indeed true, that the Prince was to sail for Christiana three days after the vessel which brought his principal domestics, and that he had empowered them to inform the governor of his intention to reside privately in the government-house.

What was the object of this visit no one seemed to know, or to inquire; for the intention had been suddenly taken, and as quickly put into effect.

Having given the suitable orders to his people, and provided for the accommodation of such of the Prince's suite as were already arrived, the Count retired to his own chamber to commune with himself.

What was dark to others was clear to him. He could not mistake the meaning of Prince Charles' visit: he was coming as his judge. The axe was then ready to fall, and Lauvenheilm had no more to do in this world, than endeavor to make his peace with his God.

The former tumult of his thoughts, now concentrated into a single solemn feeling; he sat for some time entirely absorbed by it. At length the images of his orphan daughters, desolate and despised for his sake, brought the awe-struck soul back from heaven to earth.

Melted into tenderness and sorrow, he smote his contrite breast, he wept, he prayed; he implored of God protection for

them, and pardon for himself. Where was now the specious eloquence with which ambition had seduced his integrity? Like all betrayers, she abandoned him in his utmost need.

The night was already far advanced, and Count Lauvenheilm had for a long time heard no other sounds than his own stifled groans, when a gentle tap against the door, made him spring from his knees, and advance towards it. He waited till the tap was cautiously repeated. "Who is there?" he asked: "Fredenheim," replied a whispering voice "as you value your honor let me in. I risk my life at this moment, for yours."

The Count paused: his brain went round, and his heart knocked against his breast between stronger fear and suddenly awakened hope. This man was the governor-general's favorite valet-de-chambre, and he might indeed have something important to communicate. He might come to assassinate him.

The Count withdrew his hand from the bolt of the door, as the last idea flashed through his mind; but bravely daring it, lest he should cause the man's ruin if he came to succor him, and were found in the generous act, he pulled back the bolt and admitted him.

Fredenheim hastily passed forwards, making a sign for the Count to fasten the door again, and to approach nearer. The young man looked extremely pale, and so agitated that his hand shook, as he put it into his breast to draw forth something concealed there. Count Lauvenheilm stirred not from his side, though he expected every moment to feel a dagger in his heart. He was mistaken: Fredenheim drew out a slip of paper which he gave the Count: it contained these words, written in characters with which the Count was familiar:

"Your life is forfeited; justly, I fear: but I cannot forget that you are my brother-in-law. I will try to make the King also remember the same. Trust Fredenheim. I venture not to say more. CHARLES."

The Count looked from the paper to the person who gave it him without uttering a word. He remained standing, and holding it fast extended, though every joint of his body shook with an audible sound, and his face, upon which the glare of a single lamp now fell, became ghastly pale.

Fredenheim grasped his arm. "You understand this paper, my lord! My instructions are to give my life for yours, if that is necessary. Prince Charles bade me further inform you that the secretary Adlercreutz is now in Copenhagen."

At that name the Count gave such a start, that Fredenheim

forcible held him; motioning him to caution. "If any one should be within hearing, my lord—your domestics ——"

"No one is near," returned the Count hastily, with a look of consternation. "Adlercreutz, did you say? the traitor?" He stopped, and glanced at his companion, as if afraid of having betrayed himself to a spy.

"We have no time to lose, my lord," returned the young Dane. "I am commanded by my master to declare to you that if you suffer the present opportunity to pass, your destruction is certain. He tries to save you now, at the risk of the King's displeasure; for his commission is to seize your person and papers. Adlercreutz accompanies his royal highness, by order of the court."

"I am lost then!" exclaimed the Count, falling into a seat.

"Not so, my lord, if you dare trust yourself to me."

"If!—and why should you doubt it, if you are true?" asked the Count, with a wild gaze of suspicion and horror.

"I am true, my lord," replied the young man, "that paper is my pledge."

"And what is it I am to do?" asked the Count rising, without knowing what he did.

Fredenheim then swiftly sketched out to him the plan for his escape which Prince Charles had suggested. It was to assume a disguise, and appearing as a domestic under Fredenheim, was to attend him to the fortress of Konswinger, where Fredenheim was to be allowed to pass into Sweden with one attendant, by virtue of an order from the governor-general.

It would be sufficient to inform the commandant of Konswinger that some secret communication from a Swedish commander was to be given to these agents.

But how was the governor of Ager-huus to fly from Christiana without leaving his absence to be discovered, and its cause suspected? Fredenheim instantly completed the plan. He recommended that the Count should next morning, publicly proceed to his country-house, (which being on the road he must afterwards take was happily adapted for their flight,) leaving his secretary charged with the diurnal business of the government for the two succeeding days; that Fredenheim should previously commence his journey with a single servant, whom he would contrive to despatch with some frivolous order to a distant place, while the Count should join his conductor at a given point, and proceed with him to Konswinger.

The military there were all unacquainted with Lauvenheilm's person; and as Fredenheim proposed to enter Sweden immedi-

ately, it was hoped that expedition and the Count's disguise, would render discovery nearly impossible.

While his companion was hastily suggesting these arrangements, and urging the necessity of adopting them with an earnestness calculated to excite suspicion in a man used to the stratagems of courts and cabinets, the Count was standing with his eyes fixed on vacancy, and his thoughts locked up from every outward impression.

The question he debated within himself was, whether he ought to accept life upon the present terms or not; to owe his safety to the meanness of disguise and falsehood; to owe it to a man who must despise him even while assisting him; to fly from the punishment his awakened conscience told him he merited; was this manly, was this right, was this worthy of Count Lauvenheilm?

But, alas! if he refused to endure the self-abasement of such an escape, what was to become of his daughters? Proscribed as the children of a traitor, and disgraced for ever by his public execution—precipitated from wealth to penury, where were they to seek or to find a shelter? Did not parental duty command him to save himself for their sakes? A father's heart answered yes; and as it did so, he started from his long abstraction with some hurried question to his companion.

Fredenheim saw that he had been wasting his words on air; and having once more distinctly laid down the plan for their departure, he waited to receive the Count's answer; at the same time exhorting him not to delay.

"And to what am I indebted for this extreme interest in my fate?" asked the Count, with a glance of lurking suspicion.

"To my attachment to my royal master," replied the young man. "I am obeying Prince Charles, my lord."

"But how are you to return to him?" asked the Count, suddenly struck with that difficulty; "and how is Prince Charles himself to avoid the King's anger, for giving the order which facilitates my escape?"

"The weight is to fall upon me," replied Fredenheim bluntly. "When you are known to be in Sweden, this order must pass for a forged one; and as I have access to the Prince's private apartment, it will not be difficult to imagine that I could get the impression of his seal; the Prince may therefore disown the business till he has prepared the royal mind to forgive his share in it; for he hopes to avow it at last."

Count Lauvenheilm covered his face with his hands, overcome with the shame of thus obliging an amiable and ingenuous prince to sully his dignity with dissimulation for his sake.

"My mother's family reside in Sweden," resumed Fredenheim; "and as Prince Charles has already nobly rewarded me, I can remain with them till my generous master obtains permission for me to return to Denmark without fear of molestation; but this cannot be until he may acknowledge that I have acted by his orders."

"And how can Prince Charles expect the King will pardon him for thus wresting the victim from his hands?" asked the Count wildly.

"You are his Majesty's brother-in-law, my lord, as well as Prince Charles's; and my master hopes much from recalling to the King's recollection the misrepresentations of your enemies, their influence over the royal actions, and the indignities which of late have consequently been offered to your Excellency. The Prince told me he feared these things had forced you into wrong measures; and when he said so, my lord, tears were in his eyes."

At these words, the tears flowed from those of Count Lauvenheilm, whose heart all unmanned with compunction and gratitude could no longer resist their united force.

Fredenheim was going to leave him with a hasty enumeration of the parts of their plans for the morrow, but the Count took fresh alarm at his manner. "You are strangely solicitous for me!" he said, looking intently at him, and then glancing on the paper written by Prince Charles.

"Examine it again, my lord," said Fredenheim, deliberately seating himself. This calmness might be the serenity of an honest intention, or the artful mask of practised villany; the apparent deliverer might, in short, be an instrument to betray the Count more certainly to destruction.

The Danish government might have its reasons for wishing him privately secured, and might therefore have concerted this plot to make him deliver himself up to the commandant of Konswinger. The tender sorrow he had just given way to, changed now into disturbance and irresolution. He remained without answering, stedfastly examining the countenance of his companion: at length he spoke.

"Young man!" he said, rising with an air of severe majesty; "my blood be on your head if you deceive me! but if you intend to save me, the prayers of my innocent children will bring down blessings on the protector of their father. Behold the effect of having used deceptions! accursed policies!—we can no longer trust. Yet, I do commit myself to you; and whether I live or die, I charge you to remember that I live or die sensible of my transgressions. Life, therefore, can have no charms for a man who has forfeited his own respect, I now endure it solely for the sake of my poor daughters."

Count Lauvenheilm thought he saw a tear glitter on the cheek of Fredenheim; the young man's voice certainly faltered as he respectfully replied, "I am more sorry on your own account than for myself, that you suspect me, my lord; but you may have two pledges of my truth. I am the faithful servant of the best of princes; and I am the nephew of a man who enjoys a lucrative and honorable post through your Excellency's means."

"And what is your uncle's name?"

"Coperstad, my lord."

Count Lauvenheilm drew back, as if he had trod upon a serpent. The recollection of Theodore, and of his own intention to seduce the integrity of this very man, were coupled with that name. "Leave me, young man!" he said, in disorder; "I will keep our appointment; leave me,—I thank you."

Fredenheim bowed and withdrew.

It would be impossible to describe all that passed in Count Lauvenheilm's mind when he was left to himself. The recollection of his former good deeds came not to speak peace to that warring mind, but to upbraid him for having obliterated their worth, by one frantic act of senseless ambition. The world, for which he had sacrificed every thing, judges by our future actions, of all that have gone before them; and he well knew that when the secret of his frustrated treason should be blazoned abroad, each individual would give a sinister interpretation to his former virtues.

Count Lauvenheilm had always loved popularity as much as power; and he now shuddered when he imagined the odium that would succeed to his past reputation. It was left for a later event to extinguish these earthly regrets, and to make every thing fade from his eyes, except futurity and an offended God.

Fredenheim's assertion of his relationship to Mr. Coperstad, dissipated the Count's fears about the young man's honesty. It was not likely that a stranger should be able to guess how much such an assertion would calm suspicion; nor was it likely, that if indeed the nephew of so good a man, he should be capable of lending himself to a cruel scheme for causing the destruction of his uncle's benefactor.

The Count then thought of Theodore, and thought of him with a pang of contrition. It was evident that in attributing the conduct of Denmark to his information, he had wronged him. One more fully informed and more widely trusted, had been the betrayer. Adlercreutz was the agent in Stockholm, through whose hands the offers of the Swedish regency, and the Count's answers were constantly interchanged. Doubtless some disgust at Sweden, rather than peculiar ill-will to the Count, had prompted this ruinous disclosure. But whatever was the motive, Lauvenheilm dared not

give to that act the name of treachery which was less culpable than his own designs.

The hint given by Fredenheim, warned him to place his papers beyond the reach of seizure. Adlercreutz had the key of the cypher in which they were written; and although most of them were from the Swedish regency, and the administrator of Holstein, therefore criminated his correspondents rather than himself, the Count lost not a moment in committing them to the flames.

That done, he threw himself on his bed to seek some rest; but his thoughts were too perturbed for sleep, and starting up again, he spent the remainder of the night in traversing his chamber.

The business of the ensuing day engrossed him so imperiously, that he had not an interval left for further reflexion. Fredenheim formally announced himself in the audience chamber, as going with a message from Prince Charles to the commandant of Konswinger; and immediately after his departure the Count proceeded to his country-house, where he professed his intention of remaining while the Prince of Denmark occupied the government-palace.

He took care to go thither without any suite but servants; and at night when every one was retired, he glided gently from his sleeping-room, down a private staircase into the garden, which at once let him out into the public road.

He had to walk two miles before he could reach the spot where Fredenheim had appointed to meet him with horses. The night was bright, but dismal; for although the sky glittered with myriads of stars, such a tempestuous wind raged along the neighboring sea, and shook the frosty boughs of the trees, that the Count continually mistook its noise for the clatter of horses' hoofs, and fancied pursuers were behind.

When that fear had subsided, the pealing gust roused one more distressing; if his daughters were yet on the vexed ocean, whose roaring loaded the wind like distant thunders, what might be their fate?

Perhaps to fill up the measure of his deserved punishment, Heaven had decreed that the inward shame and outward peril he was now encountering for their sakes, should prove unavailing; for the tempest which now beat on his fugitive head, might be commissioned to rob him of the objects for which alone he sought to preserve life.

He raised his eyes to the glowing heavens, with an expression of anguish which ill suited the words that trembled from his lips —"Thy will be done!" and wrapping himself closer round in his cloak, he hurried forwards.

The deafening wind increased as he proceeded; and frequently

the wretched father stopped and listened, almost fancying that he heard the drowning shrieks of his daughters, mixed with its hollow blasts.

Were not all his guilty plans then visited upon his head? The anguish of that solitary journey might well have overbalanced an age even of successful crime.

He advanced, agitated between confidence and distrust, pausing when he came in sight of the obscure place which had been appointed for the rendezvous.

It was a narrow hollow, diverging from the common road, through too heavy banks. Under the shade of one of them he distinguished horses, and the figure of Fredenheim. At sight of the Count the latter directly rode forward, and casting an eager glance around, called out for him to mount.

Lauvenheilm grasped the bridle of the horse with a shaking hand. He saw the necessity of seizing this only opportunity of escape, yet his naturally noble spirit blushed at the disguise, the artifice, the humiliation to which he was submitting.

"Better to stay and die!" he said, half aloud, and withdrawing his hand from the horse's neck. "For God's sake, my Lord, are you mad?" exclaimed Fredenheim; "Is a disgraceful death to be braved?"

That blunt question changed the Count's feelings; he gave his companion a lightning glance between reproach and gratitude, and leaped into his seat.

They proceeded in complete silence, and with as much rapidity as the road, and their horses' strength, would admit. At each stage Count Lauvenheilm's order, produced by Fredenheim, obtained them fresh horses where the way lay on land, and ferry-boats when it was necessary to cross the intervening rivers.

Perhaps care had as much disguised the Count as the garb he wore for no one knew his person at any place they haulted at; once only, he was disturbed by the repeated look of a peasant not far from Konswinger, who at last said to a soldier, loud enough to be overheard by others, "There, that man is like our good governor."

It was evening before the travelers reached the fortress. In pursuance of a previous agreement, Count Lauvenheilm was left at the foot of the steep rock on which the fortress stands, as if to take care of the horses, while Fredenheim was to proceed to the castle itself, produce his credentials, and obtain the Commandant's passport for instantly crossing the frontier into Sweden.

A momentary sense of degradation swelled Count Lauvenheilm's heart when he saw himself thus waiting like a groom, on the will or necessity of the Prince of Denmark's servant. But

the degradation was not in the situation. The false feeling was quickly succeeded by renewed suspicions of his companion's sincerity.

As Fredenheim in ascending the rock looked back towards the spot he had left, the Count fancied he could discern a triumphant smile upon his lips; whether it were the smile of exulting malignity, or of sanguine kind-heartedness, the Count's disturbed judgment was not able to determine, and he watched the young man's ascent and entrance with perturbed anxiety.

The opening gates at length closed upon him. "Now," thought the Count, "my doubts must soon end. If he be false, those to whom he goes will not leave me long in my present freedom."

His eyes glanced from the spot he stood on to the boundary of the two kingdoms. A few paces, and he might place himself at once under the protection of Sweden, without waiting this doubtful result; but then, if he were stopped?—the military were on the alert every where; and should a single sentinel challenge him he had no document to produce, purporting that he was authorized by his own government to enter the lines of the enemy's country.

As he paused, the gates of Konswinger again opened. "Ha! then, I am lost!" he exclaimed aloud; but none were near enough to catch the indiscreet sound, and the next instant he saw that only one man was descending the rocky path.

The person came with such haste that he seemed ready to precipitate himself headlong. The clear twilight discovered it to be Fredenheim. "We are late!" he cried in a high voice, as he mounted, and motioned the Count to follow; "make haste comrade."

At that moment, though obliged to give the spur to his horse, Count Lauvenheilm longed to cast himself off, and ask forgiveness of the generous Fredenheim for his injurious suspicions. His heart was, indeed, full to bursting; convinced now of the servant's integrity, he could no longer doubt that of the master; and he thought of his princely brother-in-law with a sudden glow of affection which reproached him for having all his life lost his unassuming goodness in the blaze of their royal brother's more brilliant qualities.

He looked back upon Norway, as he touched the line of demarcation which separates that kingdom from Sweden. The grey waters of the Glomme, and the darker bastions of the fortress, were the principal objects that met his eye; the inland mountains gleamed through the distant haze. He drew a deep *sigh*; when he should see these objects no more, he would be

nothing; like the sun which had just set behind them, his honors would be suddenly extinguished. By this flight he was passing upon himself the sentence of banishment, confiscation of property, and loss of name.

How strange are the sports of destiny! At that very moment Theodore was taking his last leave of the same country, going to seek honors, wealth, and an illustrious title in the land of his ancestors.

Count Lauvenheilm leaned back from his horse, and suffered his eyes, now glazed with tears, to wander over the retiring scene. Fredenheim's voice urged him forward; and in a few minutes more, they found themselves in the midst of a Swedish guard, near a Swedish village.

Count Lauvenheilm, notwithstanding his disguise, now declared himself to be a gentleman; and assuring the Swedish officer that he came as a friend, had only to demand, and immediately to obtain, a safe conduct to one of the members of the regency. Accompanied by Fredenheim he set out, under a strong escort, for Stockholm.

During this long journey, the tumults of the Count's mind subsided into a gloom that neither gratitude towards his preserver, nor the hope of again embracing his children, could for a moment dissipate. He no longer enjoyed either the peace of virtue nor that of self-delusion; and time had not yet given to his remorse the tranquilizing character of repentance.

Brooding over his abasement, he reached Stockholm. The regency received him with open arms. Although the treachery of their own agent, by betraying Count Lauvenheilm's plans, had frustrated them, it could not take away his power of aiding the country he sought shelter in, by his talents, his political name, and his councils.

He was met, therefore, with public demonstrations of the profoundest respect, and with the offer of an important post in the government.

Still smarting with the pain of the many secret wounds which reflection and self-examination had given him, the Count turned with abhorrence from this flattering proposal; solemnly renouncing those ambitious views which were to be realized by further treachery against his sovereign, and simply demanding protection in the state of complete retirement, in which he meant to live till he should hear of his daughters.

As the Bishop of Lubec's share in the political intrigue admitted of no proof from Adlercreutz, (though his well-grounded assertions would doubtless foment the jealousy with which Denmark had long watched that Prince's movements,) the Holstein

neutrality must still remain unassaulted. Count Lauvenheilm therefore hoped, that if his daughters were harshly treated in Sleswick, they might be invited into Holstein by the administrator himself; but while he wrote to inquire of their fate, he also addressed the young Bishop, to resign all expectations for Anastasia, which might have been grounded upon her father's adherence to a plan of disloyalty.

Count Lauvenheilm had no longer any thing but thanks to bestow upon the preserver of his life; but these were given with such sensibility, that Fredenheim would gladly have shared the Count's future fate, had he not cherished the probable hope of being reclaimed by his former master.

Before the faithful creature parted for the neighborhood of Carlscrona, where his mother's kindred lived, he answered those questions about Theodore, which the Count's daily reviving interest often prompted. But Fredenheim could only say, for he knew no more, that Theodore was at Aardal, meditating a voyage to Spain, as soon as his health would permit; and that Mr. Coperstad had never received from him any explanation of the causes which had led him to leave the service of his patron. Count Lauvenheilm heard this honorable proof of the injured Theodore's forbearance with admiration and regret.

The time which intervened between this period, and that in which the Count received intelligence of his daughters, was devoted to moody meditation. At first he resolved not to seek accounts from his country; but the desire was irresistible, and he soon thirsted to know whether his name were already devoted to infamy.

Nothing transpired; the Danish court maintained an awful silence upon his flight, and his antecedent conduct. But it was the public alone who were in ignorance; there were those nearest the throne to whom all had been divulged; and while Count Lauvenheilm's relations and friends were beseiging the royal presence, night and day, with petitions for his sake, and Prince Charles was hourly pleading with the irritated King for mercy to the offender, the offender himself was waiting with the stillness of despair for the publication of his guilt.

Happily the nearness of his connexion with the blood-royal, and the strength of his party, prevailed over the wrath of Frederic, who consented to issue a private sentence of banishment, and confiscation of property, against the Count.

His estates, and those of his eldest daughter, were immediately occupied in behalf of the crown, and by the time that Anastasia and Ellesif reached Sleswick, they found the gates of both

residences shut against them, and heard from the persons empowered to do so, the story of their father's guilt and shame.

As they were included in the sentence of banishment, to remain in Sleswick was impossible. Their relation Madame Rothestein durst not receive them, nor even venture to give them the secret shelter of a single night. Where were they to go? And upon what measure was Anastasia to decide?

She alone retained the power of thinking and determining; for the wretched Ellesif, as if struck by the hand of death, after the first few distracting inquiries, had sunk into repeated fainting fits, and now remained stretched on the cold ground, before the house that had been her father's, giving no other sign of life than slow and interrupted breathing.

The attendants, who occupied another carriage, came up at the moment, and without understanding the meaning of what they saw, crowded round their young mistress with vain assistance and lamentations.

The agony fixed on the motionless features of her sister, assured Anastasia that she was either still sensible to what passed or that the horror that had struck her into this fearful state was yet present to her mind.

In a sudden burst of tenderness she clasped Ellesif to her heart, exclaiming to the Danish agent before them. "She is dying, and you refuse her admittance!—Ellesif, dear, unhappy sister, my arms at least shall be your death bed." Anastasia cast herself on the ground beside her sister, and locking her in her arms as she spoke, burst into an agony of tears.

"I have my orders, Madam," replied the ruthless agent; "I cannot, and will not, admit you."

"Wretch!" exclaimed Anastasia, almost frantic; "thou knowest that I have no bribe to offer thee; and this beauty, which they used to tell me could bend rocks to my will; that moves thee not. Every thing, every thing in life is imposture."

She smiled bitterly as she spoke, and never had the beauty she thus contemned been so eminently bright; her impassioned gestures, her eyes in which sorrow and indignation contended through tears and fire, her scattering hair, and rapidly changing complexion, gave to those exquisite charms the soul they so often wanted.

But the eyes that would fondly have admired her, were sealed almost in death; and her two protectors were too much occupied in debating about their own fate, and in exclaiming alternately against the Count and the barbarous Dane before them, to think of any thing else,

Anastasia suddenly started up. "I have taken my resolu-

tion," she said; "help me, Madame Hoffendal, to lead Ellesif to the carriage. I can find protection in Germany."

Baron Hoffendal, with some surliness, asked her what she meant, repeating that he was betrayed; that he was ruined by the Count; for if all were true that the occupier of the Sleswick estates asserted, he and his Baroness must be innocently involved in the wreck of the Lauvenheilm family.

For the first time in her life, Anastasia felt that she must purchase temporary protection at any cost; and she condescended to take him aside, and to assure him, that being contracted in marriage to the administrator of Holstein, if she could reach Kiel or Eutin, she, and all who accompanied her, would be received with open arms.

Hoffendal had scarcely a choice; and rather hoping than believing she told him truth, consented to throw his last stake for fortune, by going with her into Holstein.

During their short dialogue Madame Hoffendal was rending the air with exclamations, and expostulations and lamentations loud enough to have roused the dead. But if Ellesif heard her she had not the power to show that she did, and she yet lay perfectly motionless on the pelisse her sister had spread for her on the ground.

Released from Baron Hoffendal, Anastasia hurried back to raise Ellesif, and again to weep over her marbled features. The Baron, meanwhile, took his clamorous wife aside, and quickly succeeded in obtaining her consent to quit Denmark entirely, and to abide by the fate of Anastasia.

The visions of a court, and the perspective of new honors, suddenly restored Madame Hoffendal to her very best humor, and flying towards the sisters with a face as smiling as if no cause for sorrow remained, she urged immediate departure, and beckoned her husband to assist in taking Ellesif to the carriage.

Again the travelers commenced a second journey. Anastasia sunk into a sad silence, which neither the voluble questions of Madame Hoffendal, nor the querulous remarks of her husband, could do more than break for an instant.

She was indeed reflecting on the possibility of being disappointed in the administrator's attachment; she could not forget that he had drawn out the negociation between them, with needless delay, and she therefore dreaded that in this ruin of her father, and her fortunes, he might be unwilling to ratify his former engagements.

But at present she only sought a shelter befitting her rank, and she was resolved to refuse the administrator's hand, if it were *not offered* with the ardor due to her character.

By slow degrees, Ellesif recovered consciousness and the power of motion; her opening eyes sought her sister's face, and there fixed, with a look of such agonized inquiry, that Anastasia hastily answered them, "You must not give way to this despair, my dearest Ellesif; when we see my father, he will explain every thing; you know he had many enemies."

Ellesif replied by a heavy sigh, and directing her tearless eyes forward, exclaimed, "Where are we going now, Anastasia?"

"To Kiel," returned Anastasia: "I hope to find my father there,—or at least to hear what has become of him."

Ellesif was seized with a convulsive fit of trembling at this mention of her father, and throwing herself upon the neck of her sister, her heart labored with violent emotion, till at length tears came to her relief, and she wept abundantly.

Never, perhaps, had the heart of women been filled with such horror and anguish. In the fate of her father she found an instant explanation of those mysterious expressions he had used in their only conversation about Theodore; and the words he had uttered in reply to her vehement assertions of Theodore's abhorrence of a base action, now rushed to her remembrance with maddening force.

"You may be soon, and fatally undeceived, Ellesif,"—Thus Count Lauvenheilm had spoken; that moment was come; the Count therefore must have confided his culpable views to his Secretary, and he must have betrayed the trust.

What ingratitude?—at best, what pitiless justice! and alas, what cruel indifference to the consequences of so hard an act? and this was the man, whose character her fond fancy had adorned with the attributes of every excellence, nay, whose eloquence was always employed in recommending virtue, and lending to the most sterile duties all the charms of sensibility! But the hand of truth now stripped the idol of its false decorations, leaving her to amazement and horror.

As her disturbed senses wandered over these ideas, she could not forbear yielding to this belief of being punished by this bitterest of disappointments, for the undue estimation in which she had held one specious object. Memory reminded her of feelings that had amounted nearly to worship. Alas! how often, in admiration of Theodore's pure and peculiar sentiments, how often had her soul been at his feet, though her knee bent not; and if her admiration of her father had not reached the same enthusiasm of devotedness, still it was perhaps too wildly exalted above the rational feeling of filial affection; and for that also, she merited chastisement.

CHAPTER XXI.

At the last stage Baron Hoffendal was sent forward with a letter to the Prince-Bishop, telling him what had happened, and praying him to inform the sisters where they might seek Count Lauvenheilm.

Fortunately the administrator was then at Kiel; and following the impulse of a generous and impassioned heart, whose feelings no cautious politician was at hand to control, he hastened himself to meet the fair object of his passion, and to conduct her to his residence.

A favorable planet certainly ruled the interviews of Anastasia and her princely lover, for they always took place when circumstances gave an extraordinary impetus to her naturally-stagnant character. In her present distress, all that pity adds to the effect of beauty was there to heighten it; and the administrator almost cursed the presence of Baron and Baroness Hoffendal, which alone prevented him from casting himself at her feet, and pouring out a torrent of ecstatic admiration.

Madame Hoffendal no sooner beheld him, than she uttered a scream of joyful recognition; and recollecting the conduct of the fictitious Colonel Muller, felt satisfied that the young Countess's prospects were indeed as brilliant as ambition could wish.

Full of her own probable share in the honors that awaited her *protegee*, she readily took a courteous hint given by the ardent Administrator, and drew her husband into another apartment.

The Prince was then going to fall at the feet of Anastasia, and to utter all those vows anew which he had breathed on the borders of Norway, in the presence of her father, when Ellesif, springing from the couch on which she had been lying silent and weeping, exclaimed, "We are now by ourselves, and in God's name I adjure you, Prince, to tell me of what my dear father is accused, and where he is."

The Administrator approached her with an amiable look of compassion, frankly informing her of the services for which Holstein and Sweden were indebted to the Count; exaggerating the insults offered by his own government; and disguising, under every specious name, familiar to statesmen, the real character of the transaction.

He had that morning received the letter written by the Count from Stockholm, and the production of this, terminated his daughter's fears.

Anastasia was not perhaps capable of seeing through other eyes than those of this generous lover, and she therefore believed her father justified to the world for his infidelity to his royal master; but Ellesif's sense of wrong was only rendered more acute by her love for the person who committed it, and she at once saw that her father had fallen for ever from his "high estate" of public honor and private respect.

Dextrously as the Administrator had tried to veil the whole intrigue, he yet let in light sufficient to show a candid mind its true form and character; and Ellesif stood like a statue, fixed in amazement and horror, while he expatiated on the subject.

Her father's letter was in her hand; she had not yet summoned courage to read it. As she cast her eyes on it for that purpose, one sentiment caught and fixed her.

"I rejoice (wrote the Count) that I know my betrayer, that I may no longer do injustice to an excellent and injured person. Adlercreutz, and not Guevara, is the informer."

Joy, as bright and as brief as lightning, flashed through the veins of Ellesif. She dropped upon her knees, with the letter clasped between her hands, while her raised eyes, and suddenly flushed cheek, thanked the Almighty for his unexpected consolation. The next instant, her cheeks and her eyes lost their transient glow, and extending her arms as if for assistance, she sunk once more into insensibility.

The administrator's enamored transports were again suspended. After a long suit of fruitless remedies, Ellesif was restored to sense; while anxious to get to some place of privacy and shelter, she eagerly gave her assent to the administrator's proposal of escorting the whole party immediately to one of his residences in the environs of Eutin.

Exhausted with such rapid alternations of feeling, she sunk into a deep sleep, soon after they resumed their journey, and awoke better and calmer ere they reached their place of destination.

Nothing could exceed the delicacy and devotedness of the administrator's conduct: he seemed anxious to appease the murmurs of his love against his former complaisance to political interests. Anastasia had but to pronounce her will and have it obeyed; and though he secretly resolved to contest with Denmark its right to confiscate her possessions in Sleswick, he was not the less sincere when he declared that, portionless and exiled as she was, her hand was still the highest prize his ambition sought.

As a testimony of his gratitude to the friends that had given up their country for her sake, he appointed Baron Hollandal to

the office of one of his chamberlains, at the same time soliciting Madame la Baronne to continue the sanction of her society in the house, of which he made Anastasia mistress.

Having seen his guests in possession of his residence, and obtained permission to attend them on the ensuing morning, the administrator returned to Eutin for the purpose of despatching a courier to Count Lauvenheilm, informing him of his daughters' arrival, and inviting him into the bishopric.

The dignity of chamberlain, and the present of a fine diamond which the young bishop had transferred from his own hand to that of Madame Hoffendal, as he commended her fair charge to her especial care, quite obliterated both their mortification at the disgrace they believed themselves involved in, and their concern for Count Lauvenheilm's future destiny.

Their light and vain minds were not of a soil deep enough for profound impressions: and Madame continued to extol the dark incommodious country house of the administrator, with all the variety of French hyperbole, while her husband managed to flatter his own self-love, by eulogising the Prince's nice judgment of character and merit.

Meanwhile the sisters sought relief from their voluble satisfaction, and retired early to their chambers. Anastasia accompanied her sister to her room for a few moments. Her own sensibility was strongly roused by the events that had alternately sunk and exalted, mortified and delighted her; and the contagious emotion of Ellesif caused her tears again to flow, as they fell into each other's arms, when none were by, to witness their agitated embrace.

They spoke only of their father and of the Prince-Bishop; but Theodore's image was in the very soul of Ellesif; and as her sister's arguments gradually soothed her anguish for her father's future safety and present dishonor, she felt that had not the mercy of Theodore's vindication been extended, she must have sunk under the pressure of their calamity.

Dead as he was to her, insensible to her affection, and most likely separated from her for ever; still the conviction of his integrity was the restoration of half her happiness: still to be able to esteem, as well as to love him, was transport to that tender and virtuous heart which had no enjoyment save in the indulgence of strong affection; but which had not the happy facility of retaining the sentiment, yet changing its object. The history of her father furnished a key to all that had been mysterious in his parting with Theodore, and in Theodore's conduct since. She thought it proved that Theodore's apparent attachment had been sincere; but that, shocked by the projected designs of the

Count, he had at once resolved to break from the whole family, lest he should hereafter be tempted to pollute his name by an union with one of its members.

This was unjust, perhaps; this was carrying honor too far; but Ellesif would not find a flaw in such virtue. Oh no! she had wept too bitterly over the fear that all Theodore's virtues were assumed; and she now dwelt with such a glow of gratitude for this clearing of his honor, that her spirit was strengthened to endure with submission the bitter affliction of her fate.

Anastasia did not make a single comment upon that part of her father's letter which related to Guevara; and the timid Ellesif, timid the moment she ceased to despair, dared not utter what was passing in her heart about a man, of whose attachment she could bring no proofs satisfactory to others; no proofs but such as were registered by Heaven and herself.

Anastasia was far from guessing that any object except their parent was in her sister's thoughts; she herself had almost forgotten Theodore's existence; and, exhilarated by the approaching distinction of sharing princely rank with her own lover, she sought to convince Ellesif that their father's conduct would find half the world for its apologists; and that, after she should have become the wife of the administrator, his restoration to his former title and possessions might be negotiated or obtained through force of arms, by the co-operation of Sweden.

Ellesif would not open the eyes of Anastasia, to what her own could not avoid seeing. Honor and dishonor were not with her a matter of opinion, dependent upon the breath of sovereigns: her father, innocent in fact, though believed guilty by all mankind, covered with obloquy, and pursued with unrelenting vengeance, would have been a sacred object in her sight, and she could triumphantly have mounted the scaffold with him, and shared his fate: but guilty of a traitor's intention, convicted of that intention, even though restored to public favor and private regard, he must remain the object of shame, pity, and despair.

At every pause in these maddening reflections she started, and asked herself if it were indeed true; if that parent, whom till now she had reverenced and idolized, fondly believing him the brightest model of honor and truth, had indeed sullied himself with a crime?

Unwilling to chill the raised spirits of Anastasia, by expressing feelings like these, Ellesif fondly embraced her, touched by the unusual sensibility their late distresses had called forth; and pensively hoping that the hand of the administrator might prove worthy the fatal price her father had paid for it.

They separated for the night: Anastasia to sleep and dream

of her father and her lover; Ellesif to acknowledge her fault in having suffered the loss of Theodore to detach her from every other interest and duty, thus drawing down the wrath of Heaven, in the shape of this heaviest visitation.

Ellesif's pious feelings were never throbs of transient emotion; they had a vital influence upon her conduct: and from this disastrous period, she conscientiously strove to temper her keenest regrets with submission; to oppose to present trials the conviction that all things are ordered for ultimate good; and to watch and wait for future comfort without impatience, as without despair. The blow, therefore, which her sister had expected would finally crush her delicate nature, roused it to exertions entirely new; and the powers of her body began soon to rally with those of her mind.

Anastasia meanwhile lived in a state of gratified inclination and ambition. The young administrator, intoxicated with her heightened charms, was no longer to be controlled by the advice of counselors, or the suggestions of relations. He came every day to worship at the shrine of his fair idol, who was again a divinity in the eyes of the Baron and Baroness Hoffendal.

At this period Count Lauvenheilm arrived. He came at midnight in a plain equipage, and without any attendant.

His daughters received him alone. Anastasia ran into his arms, but Ellesif sunk to the ground ere she could reach them, watering his feet with her tears.

The Count stooped to raise her in silence: his troubled eyes were averted, as if they ventured not to meet the asking look of his innocent daughter. Ellesif spoke not; neither did her now downcast eyes distress that humbled parent, whose confusion and speechlessness acknowledged what she hoped he would have nobly repelled.

Anastasia uttered an exclamation of concern at the alteration in the Count's person; Ellesif then looked up, and at that moment she thought it was the spectre of her father she beheld. So pale was his countenance, so entirely changed in its expression, that choaking with tears she sunk upon his bosom, sobbing at intervals a few incoherent words of grief and tenderness.

The Count continued to hold her to his heart with trembling agony, while Anastasia wept over them both, and sighs were the only sounds they uttered. The long and melancholy and eloquent silence was first broken by Count Lauvenheilm himself, who remarked, with a faint smile, how beautiful his Anastasia yet looked, and how it soothed his sufferings to see his Ellesif less obviously ill than when they had parted at Christiana.

He then turned the discourse upon the administrator, warmly

praising his generous adherence to an engagement formed under happier auspices; yet adjuring Anastasia not to accept his hand, even in her present shattered fortune, unless she still felt a real attachment to his person. All of ambition that yet lingered round the heart of the Count, had this favorite daughter for its object; and he was sensible to a throb of joy when she assured him, with a convincing blush, that her happiness depended upon the union.

"Well, then," said her father, rising to leave them, "I now know how to answer the Prince, who is impatiently awaiting this moment. You will have a powerful and a devoted protector, my Anastasia,—but my poor Ellesif ——" He stopped, and his heavy sigh was echoed by a heavier from Ellesif: each of these sighs seemed to say, "And she, too, might have had a faithful protector, if ——"

Ellesif reproached herself for the involuntary murmur, and, forcing a smile as she kissed her father's hand, said cheerfully, "I want no dearer protector than yourself."

The Count's eyes rested on her for a moment full of his heart, then blinded with tears, turned hastily away.

From the period in which Count Lauvenheilm gave his consent to the immediate marriage of his daughter, the enamored Prince-Bishop hastened the necessary preparations, apprehensive that if he delayed putting the final seal to his intention, the expostulations of numerous relations, and the intrigues of Denmark, might force him to abandon it.

Anastasia herself secretly thanked her lover for this ardor; and, though sunk again into her former "waveless calm," was yet charming in the partial eye of love. Her silent passiveness appeared delightful modesty; and the small share she took in the speechless sadness of her father, flattered the administrator into the belief that her joyful prospects with him closed her heart against all mournful impressions.

In truth, Anastasia had a heart, but no imagination: visible, distracted sorrow awakened sympathy in her; but that deeper and more desolating sort, which preys inwardly, and shows itself on the face only of its victims, passed her without effect. Capable of pity and emotion when she saw persons suffer and heard them complain, she was never troubled by supposing struggles, that are the severer for not being avowed.

Ellesif's improving health and stronger self-command, quickly terminated the sudden and sincere alarm her sister had felt on her account; and the care with which the Count removed himself from all observation, while secretly devoured by "that worm *which never dieth*," made her imagine him no longer the prey of *self-reproach*.

But Ellesif marked the true state of her father, and strove, by added demonstrations of dutiful affection, to convince him that his children remembered only the excellent parts of his life, and averted their eyes from the single stain which defaced them.

The Count felt her tenderness, and though unable to speak of the past transaction, disdaining to varnish and ashamed to confess it, he yet found in vague discourses with her, (which all pointed to one subject, and never absolutely reached it,) a balm of consolation which assuaged the pain of his wounded conscience.

Shunning the public eye, he lived with his daughters in profound retirement, paying a bitter penalty for all his faults, in the sense of degradation which kept him thus secluded.

It was the Count's determination to quit Germany as soon as Anastasia should be married; and, accompanied by Ellesif, (now endeared to him by many associations,) pass into France, and retire with her to the only estate now remaining to him in right of his wife: for the vexatious law-suit that had followed her death, had long since ended, in despoiling her only child of her rights; and at the period in which Count Lauvenheilm forfeited every thing in Denmark, there remained for him in France but an annual income of a thousand louis.

The silence which Denmark still observed, confined the knowledge of his political intrigue solely to the immediate circles of the three courts concerned in that transaction. To all others, Count Lauvenheilm's sudden retreat from his country was a matter of mere speculation; and it remained with the Count himself to quell suspicion, and suffocate rumor by a dauntless aspect.

But the Count's remorse would have been mockery, had it left him capable of asserting the innocence he was no longer conscious of possessing: he therefore left the world to its own conjectures, retreating from the murmur of its inquiries, and preserving even with his friends and family that sad silence which confesses a humbled spirit.

To one person alone, the Count had broken through this mournful reserve. He had written to Prince Charles; and, with the candor of a noble nature, gave the history of his erring and repentant heart. He expressed himself penetrated not only with the goodness of that prince, but with the moderation of the punishment adjudged by his sovereign; and, admitting the justice of the sentence that proscribed him, he took an affecting farewell of his country and his friends.

The reply of his illustrious brother-in-law was full of kindness, *offering* the Count his purse and his good offices whenever he *might stand* in need of them; and assuring him that wherever he

might choose an asylum, no persecution from Denmark should follow, and no act of the government demand his person.

Preparations meanwhile were proceeding for the nuptials of the administrator; and all that the most extravagant passion could prompt, to mark with distinction the day of its happiness, was apparent in these preparations.

Anastasia was all blushes and beauty, the Baron and Baroness Hoffendal at the very pinnacle of transport, and the Count sensible to a degree of satisfaction he lately believed himself incapable of feeling again.

Only Ellesif retired often from the busy scene, to weep and to think. This marriage would almost entirely divorce her from Anastasia, whose residence was too near Denmark for her father to visit it without the bitterest recollections. The Count was going to bury himself in a province of France; Ellesif must accompany him; and though filial affection made her willingly resolve to devote her whole life to the task of soothing his lacerated mind, love sighed to think that in so doing she would be relinquishing every probable chance of meeting Theodore again.

If he still inhabited the north of Europe, she could have wished to remain there; if gone to Spain, and were her journey to be to the court circle of France, it was possible she might see him at last, amongst the many Spaniards whom the present connexion between the two countries led to Paris; but buried in the shades of Anjou, a miracle only could bring him to her sight.

Her heart sunk at the prospect, and her health began once more to droop during the struggle of regret and duty.

The day for Anastasia's marriage was now fixed; and on the previous night, the administrator was to give a magnificent ball, at which his beautiful bride was to appear for the first time in public at Eutin.

His circle was drawn from all the neighboring German courts; and a number of his own relations attended, though unwillingly, to evince respect for his choice.

The palace was bright with innumerable lights, and gay with a profusion of flowers; the company were brilliantly attired; and the young administrator himself, in the glow of exulting love, received his fair prize from the hand of her father, and led her to the dance.

At the desire of her father, Anastasia was dressed with a simplicity almost startling in that age of rich attire; but the exquisite loveliness with which nature had adorned her, mocked the glare of gems and the inventions of art; and she passed through the astonished and dividing assembly, like some celestial vision which leaves a track of light where it passes.

The ladies looked at her wonderful beauty with amazement, the men with ecstacy; while the pale, the altered, yet deeply-interesting Ellesif, smiling through tears that almost blinded her, as she thought of past times, leaned unnoticed on her father's arm.

Count Lauvenheilm had made a strong effort to appear at this ball, and he now reproached himself for feeling some of his former proud triumph at this homage to his daughter.

The ball began; Anastasia floated round the saloon in the seducing dance of Germany, with the slow grace of an etherial being. The Prince scarcely respired, as her balmy breath at intervals mingled with his own. He encircled her figure, with a trembling arm, repining at the quickened movement of the music, which obliged him to whirl his blushing partner with a velocity which took away the sight of her charms.

Ellesif stood with fond pleasure, enjoying the evident happiness of her sister; the Count exulted in the triumph of her beauty; the Prince thought only of the next morning, which was to give her to him for ever. The surrounding spectators were divided between envy and admiration; and Anastasia herself, felt once more on the throne of power and pre-eminence.

Blind mortals!—Even then, the bolt that was to fall amongst you, and crush one fated object, was ready to strike!

Anastasia was called out, again and again, by the Prince. She was skilled in all the dances of France, and Italy, and Germany, and her intoxicated lover appeared never to be satiated with beholding her graceful movements, and hearing the bursts of admiration that followed them.

She herself seemed insensible to fatigue; but her blood was on fire, and the excessive brightness of her cheeks and eyes made Ellesif urge her to quit the dance for at least awhile.

The administrator led her into an adjoining room, where refreshments were distributing; the imprudent Anastasia ran forward, and seizing a peach of ice, ate it, before her lover could warn her of her danger.

The effect was instantaneous; she was seized with violent spasms, and in a few minutes was borne in the agonies of death to a chamber of the palace.

Medical aid was summoned in vain; the mortal shaft had flown; and surrounded by her lover, her father, and a crowd of amazed persons, the beautiful Anastasia breathed her last, in the arms of her sister.

The blow was so sudden, so awful, so afflicting, that not one of those nearest to her heart, had the power of supporting each other. The lover, the father, and the sister, were each seized *with a frightful* stupor, during which, an aunt of the administra-

tor's assisted Baroness Hoffendal in the performance of the last melancholy services.

Ellesif, who should have succored her father, was first awakened by him to the consciousness of what was passing; and she recovered in time to cover the beautiful corpse with flowers, as fair and as perishable as itself.

Every one who had seen the peerless victim, lamented her untimely fate with audible grief. Count Lauvenheilm alone wept not, complained not. To his eyes the visible hand of Heaven had struck this object of his fond ambition; punishing him in her person; and leaving him in mercy, to divorce his heart from earth.

Night and day he watched her cold remains, in tearless, thoughtful silence; and long after the grave had received them, he passed the hours of rest in prayer and meditation, by the side of the mournful tomb which inclosed what had once been his idolized daughter.

The distracted bridegroom lay in delirious fever during the period of interment. He revived to find that even the consolation of seeing that fair face in death was torn from him. Anastasia had been buried many days.

Time passed unheeded to the mourners; but the administrator was no sooner restored to health, and the phrenzy of his grief had subsided, than Count Lauvenheilm declared his intention of immediately proceeding to France, to change the scene for Ellesif, whose stricken heart was yet bleeding with this last severest wound. "She is all that is left to me;" he said, in reply to arguments that would have urged him to stay; "and I must henceforth devote myself to her happiness alone. I cannot repair some evils that I have caused her, but I may preserve her from new ones. Here, she is wasting away her life in a sorrow, which, alas! every object renews."

The administrator urged him no more. "Why should I seek to detain you, my Lord," he said gloomily; "I confess that nothing can give me one pleasurable emotion now,—not even your society,—she is dead, and what is there to care for in life?"

"The good and the happiness of others," replied the Count earnestly. "You are young, my Prince, and happily framed. Your ardent nature will find a new source of enjoyment in the duties of your high station; and perhaps another ——"

"Do not outrage me, with talking of another!" exclaimed the Prince, rising and abruptly leaving him. Count Lauvenheilm put his hand to his eyes to crush the drops that gathered there, and retired to prepare Ellesif for a journey to France.

Nothing attached Ellesif to the place she was about to quit, except the ashes of her sister, and the affliction of the administra-

tor; yet, for their sakes, she heard with a pang of agony that she must abandon Eutin.

It is true that habit rather than sympathy had bound her to Anastasia, and that her loss left not that void which nothing else can fill; but the stroke had been so sudden, the recollection of it was associated with so many hopes now annihilated; and the image of Anastasia passing in one moment from life to death, from a scene of the gayest animation to the dark stillness of the grave, from bridal array to a shroud, haunted her dreams and her thoughts. Pity joined regret; for Ellesif yet loved too fondly, not to mourn for one thus torn from the very grasp of love and happiness.

Having made their arrangements, and taken a sorrowful leave of the administrator and the dismally-splendid mausoleum of his betrothed Anastasia, Count Lauvenheilm and his daughter quitted Eutin, never to see it again.

Without staying in Paris, the Count proceeded at once to a small chateau which stood on his little property in Anjou, and which had lately become vacant by the departure of its former tenant. The house was therefore comfortable and in good order.

The lovely environs of the Loire, soothed anguish into melancholy; and could Ellesif have forgotten Theodore, and her father his own errors, they might have found every tranquil pleasure at Chateau-Gris.

After the first irruption of a populous neighborhood, whom their sadness soon disgusted, and the alternate visits of all the late Countess's relations, the father and daughter were left to retirement and themselves.

Each had talents, and habits, and characters formed for domestic seclusion; each were calculated to diffuse improvement and enjoyment around them; but the soul of Ellesif was far away from her present solitude; and in defiance of all her efforts, she could not mould herself to more than a pensive endurance of this living tomb.

The deepest thoughtfulness had succeeded to the Count's playful graces of mind; he courted solitude; and though when with Ellesif he exerted himself to animate her amusements or to direct her studies, it was evident that his mind labored with another subject.

Could Ellesif have seen her father made happy by her voluntary surrender of all the enjoyments and hopes of youth, her amiable nature would have believed itself repaid for every sacrifice; and she would have become sensible to a great degree of tranquil *pleasure*; but as that was not the case, her spirits drooped under the *fatigue* of continual exertion; and she often sunk into tears

absence, in which the happy year passed under the same roof with Theodore, returned to her memory with deepened impression and regret.

Assured of his worth, she fancied, now that her moderated wishes no longer wanted the possession of his heart; that if she could only be restored to his society, she would not have a desire ungratified. Forgetting that her father's grief could receive no amelioration from any human power, but depended wholly on the will of that Almighty Being against whose commands he had sinned, she fondly thought that with Theodore would return his cheerfulness and self-esteem; and coupling these two ideas together, she insensibly habituated herself to ground every hope of happiness for her father, as well as for herself, upon a future reunion with this cherished object.

In this hope, she resumed her long-suspended correspondence with Gaston de Roye. She wrote; nay she even ventured to ask what he knew of their former friend. But this letter, with another that followed, never reached De Roye, in consequence of the tumultuous state of Spain; and Ellesif, receiving no answers, had the mortification of supposing that Theodore himself perhaps might have influenced this silence, or that De Roye was no longer in life.

The particulars of Count Lauvenheilm's disgrace, though not known in France, were however guessed at; but the courtiers of Louis XIV. were not disposed to consider a political intrigue, as at all derogatory to a man who was openly spoken of with distinction by their Grand Monarque. Louis was indeed not sorry for the opportunity of showing respect to a statesman who had deserted a cabinet hostile to his ambitious views; and he publicly offered a pension and Parisian residence to the melancholy exile.

Count Lauvenheilm gratefully rejected both offers, accepting only permission to bear the title of the estate he inherited from his wife; for no longer privileged to retain that of his own country, he hastened to prevent the shock of being formally called upon by Denmark to renounce it.

In the title of Count St. Etienne, he buried for ever that illustrious name by which he had been known and admired throughout Europe.

With that name, he dropped every distinction connected with it. He ceased the various correspondencies which had formerly gratified his taste as much as his vanity; he confined his establishment to a few useful domestics; and the donations he diffused, he gave with such secrecy and care, that even the objects themselves never knew the hand by which they were succored.

Ellesif, who had never thought of popularity, neither shunned

nor sought the knowledge of the persons to whose welfare she contributed. Pursuing the same active benevolence, (though with straightened means,) to which she had been accustomed in the north, she pursued it with greater scope and freedom, from the absence of that exalted situation, and that crowd of domestics, which impose a thousand restraints upon usefulness.

In such avocations alone, she found a balm for all her heart's wounds; for in scenes of gaiety and spectacle, the blooming image of that sister now mouldering in dust perpetually rose to turn them into horror; and in the cultivation of those elegant accomplishments, and that spirit of inquiry, which had once distinguished her, she was so agonizingly reminded of Theodore, that the practice of them was rather a torture than a solace.

At the period in which she saw and listened to Theodore every day, every hour, little did she foresee that there would come a time when the boundary of her hopes, and the aim of her petitions to Heaven, should be, that she might dream of him.

That time was now come; and the fleeting moments of sleep, in which fancy, or rather memory, lived over again the happy days that were no more, were to Ellesif the only coveted moments of her life.

The Count had been settled at Chateau Gris two months, when a son of the Duke de Noirmoutier's, (a cousin of Ellesif,) came to pay his young kinswoman a visit, in his way to rejoin the Marquis de Bonnac in Spain.

When Ellesif heard that he had not been more than a month from Saragossa, and that consequently he must have heard of Theodore, if he were then in the Peninsula, her looks betrayed the agitation of her mind. She listened to his eternally-flowing current of court chit-chat with breathless attention, still hoping to hear the name she watched for, amongst the numerous Spaniards whose private histories the happy coxcomb was detailing.

De la Tremouille could only stay while his horses baited; and never had Ellesif, in the society of Theodore, watched the flight of moments with more panting regret. The nearer the time drew for his departure, the less was her chance of gaining the information she sought. She dared not inquire, for her father was by, and she knew that her burning blushes would betray her feelings to him, and excite suspicion in her cousin.

This fear restrained her from asking a question which she would have purchased the right of asking, almost with her life.

O mystery of the human heart, when bonds so weak can fetter our strongest passion!

Ellesif was selecting a large bouquet for her self-satisfied cousin, from a basket of flowers which the gardener had just brought

in, and placed on a slab at a little distance, when she heard De la Tremouille say to the Count,

"Apropos, I have not told you yet, the most amusing, surprising, romantic, ridiculous thing that has just happened in Spain. A young man has suddenly appeared there, calling himself the grandson of one of the principal grandees; and, however amazing the circumstance, he has actually been received by the family and the court, and will very soon be legally invested with all the honors belonging to such high nobility."

The Count with evident emotion asked the question Ellesif was incapable of articulating.

"Don Theodore Guevara he is called," replied the careless De la Tremouille, settling his toupet at a mirror; "a fine looking fellow enough, if he had any Parisian taste in dress. But what can one expect from a person, who formerly begged about the streets of Copenhagen? By the way, I dare say your lordship has often given him alms."

Ellesif did not hear her father's dignified and candid explanation of Theodore's original situation; for, overcome with surprise, joy, indignation, and regret, she got with difficulty to the door, unable even to falter out an excuse for her disappearance.

She turned into a gallery little frequented, and throwing herself on a window-seat, burst into relieving tears. Theodore, then, had reached the height to which nature had destined him; he was happy, he was honored; and though all was changed with herself, in his person she could still feel enjoyment.

She indulged these tears and this transport but a moment, for she feared to lose any part of what De la Tremouille had to tell; and she blushed, lest her father should observe her weak constancy to a sentiment that had so long been neglected by its object.

When she returned, her cousin was in the middle of the story of Don Jasper's attack upon Theodore. She came in time to hear all that reflected honor upon the character of Theodore; she came in time to hear her father say with strong emphasis, as if he seized that opportunity of addressing herself—

"It is exactly the conduct I should have expected from Guevara. His is true nobility of soul, to which no worldly honors can add, and from which no obscurity can take away. I once wronged him, by blaming him in a matter where I alone was in fault; (his countenance changed as he spoke;) and I am glad of this opportunity of distinctly declaring, that I believe him a person of incorruptible integrity and of perfect truth."

Ellesif turned away to hide her glowing face. This testimony to Theodore's rectitude, this mention of him in the same favo-

lian manner, and with the same tone of kindness with which she had formerly been used to hear her father mention him, seemed to annihilate Time, and transport her back to that blissful period, during which Theodore's name was continually sounding in her ear, and his figure passing before her eyes.

Trembling, agitated, and silent, she removed herself from observation by completing the bouquet she had left unfinished; and the entrance of a servent, coming to announce De la Tremouille's horses, helped to conceal her emotion still further, by the hasty repetition of adieus and good wishes.

Unwilling to lose the chance of hearing some remark upon a subject now reviving in all its interest, Ellesif remained disposing of the flowers that were left in some vases, which she forgot to fill with water: her trembling hands could scarcely lift the flowers, and her listening sense watched even the faintest breathng of her father.

He sat lost in thought, without speaking. Still Ellesif hoped he would notice the information given them by her cousin; and still she was disappointed.

His silence saddened her raised spirits; for it seemed to say, "I have done Guevara justice, but I will not foster an unreturned affection."

The Count's reveries were of a very different nature. He was suddenly struck with the idea of giving his daughter a chance for happiness. By taking her into Spain, he would afford her an opportunity of meeting Theodore again in society; and by his conduct on such an occasion, Ellesif would either be at once convinced that his affection had ceased to exist, or that it rested solely with herself to fan its smothered embers into their former fire.

Had Lauvenheilm still retained the proud rank in which Theodore had last seen him, had he even retained that princely fortune which would have made Ellesif's hand a splendid gift, and had Theodore's prospects been less ascertained, the Count would at once have confessed his past fault, and sought Guevara's friendship again; but it was possible the disinterestedness of this renewed affection might now be suspected, and the humbled penitent was obliged therefore to proceed with reserve, leaving the event to Providence.

Hitherto shame, rather than pride, had induced the Count to drop all intercourse with Princesse Ursins; but he now resolved to give her a sketch of his late misfortunes; confessing error, without absolutely narrating the circumstances in which he erred, and expressing his intention of traveling for the sake of his daughter's health.

With a delicate and proper pride, which prevented him from mentioning Guevara, the Count simply spoke of his projected tour, in the hope of inducing Princesse Ursins to invite Ellesif and himself to visit her beyond the Pyrenees.

His views with respect to Ellesif's happiness he determined to keep concealed, even from herself. The scheme was almost a forlorn hope; and he feared to rekindle the flame of that virtuous passion, (which he saw neither time, absence, nor suffering had extinguished,) by suggesting an expectation, or habituating Ellesif to talk with him of its object.

Under this impression, he abstained from mentioning Guevara; but no conversation could have made him more the subject of his daughter's thoughts. That power of repressing recollections and wishes which semed culpable in her to foster when apparently cut off from all knowledge of Theodore's fate, now gave way before the hope which the certainty of their vicinity to each other, suddenly excited.

If Theodore had really loved her, if her father had indeed been dear to him, might not her constancy and the Count's penitence overbalance the resentment that would oppose his seeking them again?—Estimating not only Theodore but herself too justly to imagine that her changed circumstances would influence his conduct, she yet believed, that if dependance on his family should prevent him from asking a dearer sentiment, his frendship alone would render her life happy.

This altered state of mind produced a visible effect upon Ellesif's manner. To her late melancholy seriousness, and regular performance of numberless little duties she had created for herself, succeeded a troubled, changeful appearance, passing suddenly from occupation and gaiety to reverie and inaction: she sighed more frequently than ever, though her sighs had a different character from those she heaved when thinking of her buried sister and her father's cheerless destiny;—they breathed the tumults of hope and fear.

In both these feelings the Count silently shared: fear indeed was predominant; he knew enough of the male heart to be aware that its general character is not constancy; that "Love is, indeed, the history of woman, but an episode in the life of man;" and he chid his own extravagant imagination when it presented Theodore still devoted to Ellesif, after a long separation and a crowd of new interests.

At this period Madame Ursins received the letter she communicated to De Roye. Their mutual relationship to Ellesif demanded this act of confidence; and although the Princesse was already privately acquainted with far more than the Count

confided, she affected the same ignorance on that subject which she had hitherto professed, making the Chevalier imagine her as painfully surprised at himself.

The Count had acknowledged himself a banished, proscribed, and despoiled man; he had not written one word in explanation or vindication, so that De Roye, in conjecturing the cause of his ruin, could not help believing that his conduct had been faulty.

It was after the perusal of this letter that the Chevalier had hastened to Theodore, his heart full of Count Lauvenheilm's disgrace, and the death of the beautiful Anastasia; and it was not till Theodore's loss of sense had convinced him that he thought only of Ellesif, that De Roye saw the interpretation to which Mr. Coperstad's mention of the young Countess's death was liable.

CHAPTER XXII.

Gaston de Roye seized the instant of returning consciousness to assure his friend that Ellesif still lived, and that as Princesse Ursins talked of inviting the Count into Spain, he would most likely soon see her again.

Theodore's transports at this unexpected information were by degrees subdued by his shame, at thus discovering a tenacity of attachment to one, whom, by his own confession, De Roye knew to be indifferent to his fate: he tried to convince both himself and his friend, that the shock of Count Lauvenheilm's fall, and the apprehension of some more dreadful catastrophe than loss of name and property, had caused his indisposition.

He was, indeed, sincerely grateful to Providence for having spared Count Lauvenheilm's friends the anguish of seeing him expiate one rash act by a disgraceful death; and though Theodore's heart melted with many a kind recollection of Anastasia, he deemed her lot enviable when compared with that of Ellesif.

Though all other sympathy might have been imaginary, surely they had sympathized in enthusiasm for the Count! What, then, must be her grief, her shame? What the situation of her, whose days had till now been spent in the brightest sunshine of honor and prosperity;—who had lived upon her father's smiles, her father's popularity, her father's virtues?

Withering in seclusion and disgrace, all her supposed sins against himself were forgotten; and Theodore's heart, now more devoted to her than ever, longed to spring to her feet, and implore permission to share her griefs.

One sad instant dissolved this phantom:—she did not love him; and that conviction formed the obstacle to re-union. Had he never written the letter she acknowledged with such marked disapprobation, he might have sought her again openly with love, or bounding his hopes to friendship, have stifled every other expression; but now it was impossible to do either, without wooing a degrading repulse! At least so he thought; for he could not guess the Count's altered opinions, and therefore he must conclude, that his rejection would be coupled with that of his daughter.

At any rate, that Ellesif and her father lived, after all that he had feared, was a source of unfeigned gratitude to Theodore, who heard with pleasure that De Roye meant to write to his former playmate, and mention Guevara as if by chance, without appearing aware that any disagreement existed between the Count and him.

On the reply to this observation, Theodore secretly depended for a renewal of hope or for the entire overthrow of that romantic fondness with which he still clung to the remembrance of Ellesif's former show of regard; and till then he must remain satisfied with the unexpected bliss of knowing that she inhabited the country adjacent to the one he dwelt in.

Never had fabled cordial a more animating effect than this information; and had not the premature death of the beautiful Anastasia frequently crossed their earnest discourse, Theodore and De Roye must have acknowledged that never had they spent so many delightful hours together.

The next day had been fixed on for Theodore to visit his aunt, and to dine with the Chevalier; and having reminded each other of their engagements, the friends parted for the night.

When Theodore was left alone, he gave way to the powerful feelings his friend's presence and his own habits had restrained within moderation, and a very few moment's reverie served to brighten every object in his eyes.

The world of which he was of late so weary, again promised happiness; his justly-acquired rank and station seemed no longer wretched mockeries, but substantial blessings; and a thousand fantastic arguments arose to prove that Ellesif had not deceived, and would at last reward him.

If her rejection of his parting present had been dictated by her father, or if it had been a voluntary act in consequence of her father's misrepresentations, future events might enlighten her on the truth, and restore him to her heart; nay the very events that were now passing might dispose the Count himself to reconciliation.

Theodore's heart yearned with the belief that the man he had once prized beyond all others, (but who now, alas! was sullied with a crime,) as born for virtue; and though he had fallen from her presence, that he was ordained to find her again, even through the sorrowful paths of humiliation and repentance.

The consequences of such repentance were obvious? for as penitence is always coupled with the wish of reparation, Theodore might fairly hope that Count Lauvenheilm would one day atone to him for past injustice by future confidence and esteem.

Only one forbiding image frowned at the end of this bright perspective,—the image of the Conde Roncevalles. But Theodore would not stop to consider the formidable obstacles his opposition might conjure up; resolved to see the good only that Heaven apparently promised, without allowing himself to be "careful over much" of uncertain evils.

For the first time during many months he indulged himself in looking over the little memorials of Ellesif which he had preserved, even while firmly abstaining from the sight of them. The flowers her hand had made, the knots of ribbon she had worn, the familiar notes her pen had traced, all these contributed to heighten the delightful delirium of his thoughts; he pressed each cherished trifle to his heart and to his lips, murmuring thanks and blessings between each caress.

He was disturbed in this fond folly by a messenger from De Roye, who had stopped at Corella, and from thence sent a hasty billet to his friend. The note was written with an unsteady hand, and one of the lines had evidently been blotted by a tear. It was no common pang that could wring a tear from the gay Chevalier. The note ran thus:

"I have found a letter here from England, which gives a sad change to all my plans. My dear mother was seized with the palsy when my sister wrote; perhaps at this very moment —— At any rate I cannot exist without attempting to go to her. I stay in Corella to-night, for the purpose of interesting the Princesse to solicit leave for me to go to England on my parole; and if I get a favorable answer, to-morrow I shall be off. Meet me then at our friend Acunha's to breakfast. God bless you, my dear Guevara. "DE ROYE."

Nothing could be more unfortunate for Theodore's hope of renewing his former friendship with Count Lauvenheilm, than this necessity for De Roye's removal; but he would not add to his friend's filial sorrow, by querulous complaints for his own disappointment. He therefore met him the ensuing morning

with thoughts wholly devoted to his service: and the permission De Roye solicited, being obtained by the indefatigable kind Princesse Ursins, Theodore assisted in expediting his friend; and finally exchanged a melancholy adieu, two hours after the passport arrived.

Having seen the anxious son some way out of Corella, Guevara gave a short interval to the task of collecting his scattered spirits, and proceeded, though several hours beyond his appointment, to visit the Marchioness Amazaga.

His dependance upon Donna Elvira's representations of this near relation, was much shaken by subsequent observation of the exaggeration, nay absolute falsehood, she never scrupled to make use of, when speaking of persons she disliked; indeed, it seemed as if in blackening the character of her aunt, this ungrateful niece was offering an excuse for the base readiness with which she had accepted the Conde's terms of living with him upon condition she renounced her mother's kindred.

Donna Elvira was not of a temper to brook the sight of others enjoying what she could but imperfectly share; she had therefore shut herself up from the world after her husband's death, not because she mourned, but because she could not vie in appearance with persons of her own rank. The instant therefore that an opportunity offered of obtaining power and wealth by the adoption of her grandfather, she suffered no consideration of gratitude to interfere with her acceptance of his offers, but at once renouncing her aunt, spoke of the misery she endured under her roof, with a bitterness which was, in fact, due to her own disagreeable humors. With some suspicion of these truths, Theodore entered a small yet elegant house, and was led into the presence of his aunt.

Her majestic figure wore at first an air of proud distance which chilled his approach; but his own gentle touching and countenance, enforcing the amiable regret he expressed at the disunion of their families, removed the cloud, and before the nephew and aunt had been half an hour together, they felt as if they had known each other for years.

The sensibility with which Theodore spoke of his parents was not to be suspected, and the Marchioness, mixing her tears with his, went over the details of her sister's life and death, with a tenderness which twenty years had not extinguished.

She satisfied all those minute inquiries which Donna Elvira had falsely declared she was incapable of answering, and requiring no further proof of Theodore's identity than his voice, and his strong resemblance to Don Balthazar, she delivered into his hands the papers she had promised.

They consisted of an official notice of his birth and baptism at the Havannah; and several letters which she had received from various persons abroad, to whom she had written for particulars of her unfortunate relations, when the rumor of their fate first reached Spain.

These letters exactly tallied with the facts mentioned by Dofrestom, such as the names of the vessels and their captains, with which the parents of Theodore had sailed from Cuba and Madeira.

Lastly, she informed him, that the Spanish woman that nursed him, and had remained with Donna Aurelia till her departure from the Havannah, having buried her husband in the New World, was returned to her native country, and now resident with the Marchioness as a confidential servant.

"Ever since we came hither," said that lady, "I can assure you Sancha has been vainly trying to get a sight of you in the streets of Corella, for she loved you dearly in your infancy, and fancies you must still be like what you were then. We will have her in."

Such a summons was scarcely necessary, for the affectionate creature had already been loitering in the anti-chamber hoping to be called.

Neither awe of high rank nor habitual decorum restrained her feelings: and after the first long wistful gaze at Theodore, the instant he smiled she threw herself on his neck, exclaiming, "It is—it is my child."

In the greatest confusion poor Sancha recollected herself, and removing her arms, prayed his pardon for the freedom. Theodore's moistened eyes and tender graciousness dissipated her fears; he returned her embrace, assuring her of his gratitude and his protection, whenever he should have it in his power to evince the one by giving her the other.

The Marchioness's eyes were fixed upon him with an expression of approbation that he could not misunderstand. Sancha invoked blessings upon his head; eagerly putting aside his hair to study his features more perfectly; at every fresh survey declaring her conviction that he was her own dear nursling; and protesting that she could now swear to him with a safe conscience before any tribunal in the world.

The personal admiration Sancha mixed with this recognition, brought a painful glow repeatedly into the cheek of Theodore, who, though distressed and confused, would not hurt his happy nurse by rebuking her into silence. His aunt saw his modest uneasiness, and kindly dismissed Sancha. Theodore led her to

the door, and with a parting pressure of his hand left a purse of ducats in her's.

Having never yet been able to learn why his father quitted Spain, when the possession of the Aragonese estate made it impossible for the Conde to trouble his pecuniary resources, Theodore asked the question of his aunt; she thus frankly explained it.

After Donna Aurelia's marriage, nearly all the Guevaras made it their business to insult her whenever she appeared; and some of them absolutely bribed a priest to alarm her with doubts of her salvation, on account of her having been induced to abandon her original destination for the veil. Her mind became so troubled in consequence, that Don Balthazar, seeing their cruel design, resolved to quit his country, and remain absent till his father should consent to receive and protect her.

In the hope of facilitating this event, Balthazar prevailed on Donna Aurelia to leave their first-born child under her sister's care, who was to endeavor to awaken the grandfather's tenderness by throwing the pretty innocent in his way.

The scheme proved abortive; and the climate of the Havannah disagreeing with Donna Aurelia, her husband was bringing her back to seek health, and perhaps to find peace also, in their native country, (as it was now his design to reside in complete retirement upon his estate in Aragon,) when they both perished by shipwreck.

The Marchioness briefly detailed these facts without comment, but her countenance expressed the indignation of a lofty mind, at the contumely with which her sister had been treated.

She then told Theodore that if he would accompany her into the garden, she would introduce him to her unmarried daughters, in the eldest of whom he would see the living resemblance of his mother;—he bowed, and followed the Marchioness.

As he entered between two fragrant walls of lemon trees, he saw the sisters advancing; they were veiled; but upon their mother calling for Isabella, the eldest advanced, putting aside the gauze that concealed her. Theodore then beheld a face that reminded him at the same instant of his mother's portrait and Raphael's Madonnas.

The full, modest eye, the dropping eye-lid, the broad, serene forehead, and parted hair, even the veil itself, added to the likeness. He kissed his fair relative's hand with as much respect as pleasure, and turned to welcome his other cousin.

The bright suffusion of his countenance, as he hastily caught Donna Olivia's hand, and as hastily dropt it, was mistaken both by the mother and daughter. They fancied it expressed the

prise of extreme admiration. In reality he saw a smile, and heard a voice which recalled Ellesif's.

Donna Olivia had no other resemblance, for her features were more regular, her eyes piercing black, and her figure shorter and fuller; but the smile and the voice united, obliterated every dissimilarity while they lasted; and when they ceased, Theodore watched with a throbbing heart for their re-appearance.

He was now less inclined than ever to put an end to his visit. The Marchioness walked him over her garden and her fields, conversing on a variety of pleasing subjects, while her eldest daughter scarcely ventured to speak before her new relation; and the youngest, though occasionally uttering a lively sally that marked her original character, appeared frequently lost in some distressing train of thought.

Theodore's mind no longer followed his words; for while he replied to his aunt, his eyes wandered towards Olivia, in search of that lovely smile, which seemed to restore the lovelier Ellesif.

At the gate bounding the garden he saw his mules, and feeling it was now time to take leave, he made a pause. "I must go now, I fear," he said, hesitating, and looking with involuntary regret towards Donna Olivia; "if I dared ask permission to return, I should go with less concern: but I fear—indeed I know ——"

"I will spare you the pain of saying what has been commanded you," interrupted the Marchioness, seeing his distress, and cordially pressing his hand; "you are forbidden to come to us again! As I know the Conde, I am not surprised at this. I regret it, my dear nephew, more than I can express; but you have no alternative; *you* have no foregone obligation to me to plead; pardon me for feeling a little resentment at Donna Elvira."

Theodore kissed her hand again without speaking. "I am under infinite obligations to you now," he said, when he could collect voice enough to speak audibly; "and I blush at my state of vassalage. Could I have foreseen all to which I must submit, and all that I have to surrender, I do assure you, it would have deterred me from seeking my rights, at least in the way I have done."

"Well! well!" cried the Marchioness, "when you are your own master, I shall expect to see you again; and till then, I hope if we meet by chance in society, or in the public walks, it will not quite ruin you to ask me how I am."

Theodore assured her, that he would never relinquish the right to show her this public duty; and casting an agitated glance at Olivia, after one of more temperate expression to her sister, he bade his amiable kinswomen adieu.

Some days after this visit, Theodore was summoned by Princesse Ursins. It had been arranged by the King and Queen that they should enter as if by accident, while the young Guevara was with her, as they were curious to put a few questions to one whose romantic story had interested the whole court.

Theodore acquitted himself in this interview with so much modest dignity and noble propriety, that each of the royal personages, accustomed to consider these qualities as the peculiar growth of courts, and falsely estimating the mental possessions of inferior orders, considered the person before them as a living miracle.

Princesse Ursins was flattered by the marked deference of so fine a young man; for her relationship to Ellesif made Theodore peculiarly assiduous to please her; while he was little less charmed with the intelligent Queen, and pleased with the King.

After the departure of the royal pair, fain would he have asked some questions about Count Lauvenheilm; but Madame Ursins afforded no opening for the inquiry. She had originally heard from De Roye, that the Count and his *protege* had ceased all intercourse, and she was too well-bred to intrude a name which she naturally concluded could not be pleasant to her auditor.

Theodore therefore wished and waited in vain; and departed, after a long audience, to prepare for his journey to Madrid.

He left the Mirador with regret; for he had tasted quiet there, and revived to hope, after his grandfather's and sister's departure.

As he drove through the streets of Corella, he caught a glimpse of his aunt and cousins alighting from their carriage at the gate of a convent. He called upon his coachman to stop, and springing towards them, was in time to hand his kinswomen from their coach into the court of the building.

The pleasure of this unexpected meeting, the delight of once more looking on Donna Olivia, and the eventful occasion of his journey, changed his usually pensive manner into one more flattering and animated. Donna Olivia herself, at this interview, appeared to take a warmer interest in his situation; and her earnest wishes for his success were repeated more than once during the few minutes they stood grouped together in the cloisters of the court.

Having received from the Marchioness the promise of sending Sancha to Madrid whenever her testimony should be wanted, Theodore renewed his farewells, and resumed his journey.

As he pursued his solitary way, his thoughts returned, not to the brilliant face whose smiles he had been gathering with such covetous care, but to her, those smiles recalled; and alternate

transport and apprehension possessed him, while imagining the probable result of Princesse Ursins' intended invitation.

So much depended now upon the final settlement of his claims on the Roncevalles' succession, that Theodore began to feel renewed anxiety on that subject. If he should succeed, what might he not hope?—if fail, his disappointment would be the keener, from the present hope of again approaching Ellesif with the power of offering her wealth and honors. But hope conquered fear, and he went forward with cheerful presentiments.

On Theodore's arrival in the capital, he found the cause already in a state of forwardness, and a number of testimonies collected, of which he could not have formed an idea. He was further pleased to hear that the Conde had really acted upon the hint he had given, and had invited a renewal of Don Pedro Ronquillo's attentions to Donna Elvira.

The fortune it was understood the Conde meant to bestow upon his grand-daughter, tempted this profuse, vain young man, far more than her handsome person; and the generous declarations of Theodore in her favor convinced the Ronquillo family that after the Conde's death, her brother would make some noble addition to her dowry.

Under these impressions Don Pedro made his formal proposal, was accepted, and the nuptial day fixed.

It would not be just to attribute all Theodore's generosity and eagerness to the mere desire of securing a proper establishment for his sister. That had its share; but the hope of removing himself by this means from the necessity of making her the mistress of his house after the Conde's death, and the wish of striking her out of his domestic circle during his grandfather's life, were his prevailing motives.

Never had he felt such complete alienation of heart from any person as he did from his sister. In proportion as he had wished to love her, in proportion as he had fondly deemed it impossible to do otherwise, (before experience had shown him her unworthiness,) his disappointment was insupportable, and his perception of her hard, unsympathizing nature, was keen and distressing.

His temper, which had hitherto stood every assault of violence and injustice in his early tutor, was sometimes severely tried by the deriding bitterness with which she spoke of every thing he took a deep interest in; and her eternal caprice fairly wearied out his once invincible patience.

How may times in each day did she not force him to recall a laughing remark of Gaston de Roye's, who said to him, after witnessing a thousand changes in some plan of hers, where no one *cared to* interfere, "I see now, that contradiction must be whole-

some for human nature; for your sister proves it is one of our instincts to apply the medicine to ourselves, when nobody else will take the trouble to do it for us."

At length, however, the hour arrived in which Donna Elvira was to be transplanted into another family; and while her nuptials were celebrated with a sober sort of pomp, better suited to a funeral than a marriage, the eventful process proceeded.

Undoubtedly the favor of the monarch, the consideration due to the Conde Roncevalles' rank and services, and the generous plainness with which the Marquis Montanejos professed his belief of his rival's rights, while he demanded their fair investigation, had a powerful effect in expediting the business of the Court.

Princesse Ursins gave her testimony to the official signature of Count Lauvenheilm affixed to the depositions of Dofrestom and Carl; various persons from Cuba appeared to add their voice to that of the woman who had nursed Theodore, and who now earnestly protested her belief that the person she then beheld under the name of Don Theodore Guevara, was the identical child she had nourished at her breast.

After the scrutiny of a few weeks, the witnesses were dismissed, and Theodore was pronounced the legal heir to the title and estates of his grandfather.

No sooner was this decision pronounced, than the Conde, till now so ardent in the suit, gave signs of secret dissatisfaction. He knew his grandson's opinions and feelings were on many subjects very different from his own, and he feared that the possession of one fine estate, and the security of succeeding to two others, would embolden him to spurn the curb which had hitherto controled his inclinations.

But Roncevalles knew not the nature he meanly suspected. Theodore became more patient and self-denying than ever. The consciousness of possessing power was always an argument with him against its liberal use; and as he could no longer be suspected by others, or by himself, of interested motives, when yielding to the commands or prejudices of his grandfather, he sacrificed many more desires, and stifled many more feelings, than he had done when his future fate depended on the Conde's nod.

It amazed him to look round, and see how quietly others gave up their best principles when under the control of a superior; yet how tenaciously they adhered to the veriest trifles, when no longer in a condition to have their will disputed. The exact reverse of this conduct secured to him the secret of happiness and duty; f[illegible] abhorred unsocial obstinacy, as much as he despised time[illegible]

[illegible]ich an affectionate son pays

to a father, alike in poverty as in power, was in Theodore's estimation a sacred and ennobling tribute; but his best feelings were shocked when he saw tyranny extort, and self-interest yield it; he justly believed, that even parental authority has its limits; and that in obeying the commands of an earthly father, we must never leave undone what our heavenly parent has commanded.

He had often been surprised, during his residence with Count Lauvenheilm, to observe the indifference with which a number of young men endured a life of entire dependence. Proud of being well born and nobly connected, they spurned the idea of a profession, content to pass through life without the power of doing a single service to their fellow-creatures, and perpetually the subjects of contempt and mortification.

In Spain these unfortunate members of great families found refuge in religious establishments; such of the younger sons as did not enter the army embraced the monastic profession, leaving only the presumptive heirs to watch and wait the will of him to whom they were to succeed, but who had till then the power of influencing their conduct.

In the largest proportion of these heirs, Theodore was frequently led to remark how much a habit of dependance lowers the pitch of ordinary souls; and he could not forbear conjecturing, therefore, that the greater quantity of virtue in the middle classes of society, which is generally attributed to their temptations being fewer than in those of the higher and lower orders, might rather be attributed to the middle class's greater degree of independence. Dependance, like slavery, (and they are near of kin,) debases the heart and enervates the mind. The laboring poor in large communities, let them labor how they will, are still in some measure dependant; and three-fourths of the persons born in the regions of wealth and rank are completely so. None in this class, but the actual possessors of title and fortune, even pretend to independence; the rest, being their immediate heirs, or the younger branches of their families, look up to the heads of their houses for the means of life, or habituate themselves to solicit pensions and places from men in power.

While persons of the intermediate station, such as the possessors of moderate competencies, or the professors of liberal arts, are at an early age emancipated from every bond, except the ties of duty and of nature, learning to provide for their own wants, and to believe themselves degraded, when they submit to frequent obligation.

That person whose best impulses are checked by the dread of displeasing another, can with difficulty attain to [illegible] virtue. Happy he, who can dare all displeasure, [illegible]

heavenly parent!—and still happier, still nobler, he that, entangled by self-interest, fear of local censure, and the certainty of domestic discord, bursts through them all, at the call of God, and his conscience!

The Conde's surprise at Theodore's persevering gentleness, was at first moderated, by a suspicion that there was something deceitful in it. At length, its continuance and consistency convinced him that he suspected without reason; and even his arrogant soul was touched by this conviction. He gave a suite of magnificent entertainments in honor of his grand-daughter's nuptials, and his grandson's triumph; and among the first who appeared there, was the Marquis Montanejos. Theodore claimed his regard, with much sensibility, and frequently found in his society a solace for the loss of De Roye.

Madrid was at that time full of the Spanish nobility; Theodore was invited to all their houses. His story interested them, his success warranted their attentions, and his noble appearance gratified their *esprit de corps*.

Amongst the wider circle in which he now moved, he saw many striking proofs of his having hastily misjudged Spain, in imagining that the greater number of her sons were illiterate and prejudiced, and most of her daughters vain and insignificant. Such as had traveled, brought information and enlarged views into society; and some who had not, with naturally observing minds, displayed all that loftiness of honor which commands respect, even when carried to the extremes of romantic punctillio.

More satisfied with his compatriots, (perhaps because he better understood them,) and glowing with the expectation of hearing that Ellesif was in Spain, Theodore shared in the formal entertainments given by his grandfather with an animation he had long ceased to feel.

The seemingly-frivolous accomplishments upon which alone his grandfather would allow him to spend his time, now had their field of display, and their recompense. It is true, he cared not for the admiration that followed them; but he was pleased to find himself at ease in every thing, and upon every occasion.

While he courteously joined in the dances and concerts of the Spanish ladies, (for he had made himself master of their easy national instrument,) he thought only of the probable time in which he might practise these lighter graces in the same circle with her who was again the sole object of his thoughts; unconscious that many an eye leveled its bright artillery at his heart, and that many a sigh followed the parting steps of his graceful figure.

The glow of expectation in which Theodore had been living for the last two months, gradually died away. He questioned

every one who came from Corella, of the Princesse Ursins, still hearing that she had no visitors, and that no strangers of note had appeared in the town. It was too probable, therefore, that the invitation had been given, and been refused.

The King himself now came for a short time to his capital; Theodore was publicly presented by his grandfather, and graciously complimented by his sacred majesty. Soon after this presentation, the monarch returned to his declining queen at Corella, and Madrid was speedily deserted by all but those whom business or necessity detained within its walls.

The Conde Roncevalles was amongst the few immured by duty. The business of the *Despacho* had accumulated, and fallen into great confusion during the vicissitudes of the last campaign, and its members therefore were urged to vigorous perseverance in their labors.

Though left alone, in consequence of Donna Elvira's marriage, he chose to remain in Madrid till his colleagues should leave it; resolving meanwhile to send Theodore into Aragon, to show himself to his tenants.

No sooner had the cause been finished, which put Theodore in possession of this estate, than the Conde apprehended his grandson would, without ceremony, throw off the restraint of his presence, by forming a separate establishment.

When, on the contrary, he saw Theodore remaining under his authority, and rather augmenting than diminishing in respect and obedience, he was struck with something like shame, and suddenly suggested the propriety of his heir visiting what was now his own estate; but at the same time he gave him to understand, that he should be surprised if he thought of doing more than occasionally seeing it during his, the Conde's life. Theodore had now little choice of residence, and obeyed the command.

The arrival of Count Lauvenheilm and his daughter appeared so doubtful, and his means of hearing when they come so limited, that in Aragon he was as likely to meet them as in Castile.

Having lost De Roye, he had lost the only person that knew the secret of his heart, and who, divining its wishes, would endeavor to satisfy them. The Chevalier had been too much engrossed by anxiety to reach England time enough to see his dying mother, for him to recollect, or Theodore to remind him of his intention to write to Ellesif. He could not, therefore, learn any thing, even by the circuitous channel of his faithful friend.

One letter only had come from De Roye since his departure. It was written from the English port where he had just landed,

and contained merely a few lines to say he was safe across the sea, after a tedious voyage.

No sooner was Theodore assured of an income completely his own, than he hastened to offer a home to his nurse; but Sancha could not be prevailed upon to leave the Marchioness Amezaga. The good old woman was obliged to accept a pension from her foster-child, who charged her with many kind messages to his aunt and cousins, before he quitted Madrid.

Theodore's next step was to write to his faithful friends at Aardal, informing them of his success, and beseeching them to lose no time in bringing Heinreich to Spain. He dwelt on the advantage of such a climate in disorders like his, described his own prosperous situation, besought Dofrestom to come and take the management of his concerns, assuring him that his happiness would be incomplete, without the benefactors of his youth were near to share it.

Having distinctly stated the manner in which they might reach him with the least difficulty, and provided for the expenses of their removal, he once more prayed them to grant his suit, whatever might be their state, when that letter should reach them.

He justly feared that Heinreich indeed no longer lived, to profit by the comforts he could now insure to him; yet that fear made him doubly anxious to remove his aged friends from the scene of their affliction.

Having bade adieu to his grandfather, and to his sister, previous to the departure of the latter for her husband's country residence, Theodore set off to take possession of the inheritance which had belonged to his father.

He found an antique house of extraordinary architecture; for it was built of dark marble, in a circular form, with open galleries surrounding it at every stage from the base to the flatted roof. The place had once belonged to the knights templars, and the sculptured walls still bore memorials of their vanished order. Its situation was wildly romantic; standing alone amongst that lower range of mountains, which connect the higher Pyrenees with the lowlands of Aragon.

Theodore was at first nearly stunned with the noise of innumerable water-falls, pouring from the steep sides of the Marbore. Their thundering sound was heightened by the profound stillness of every other object. Amidst interminable woods, blocks of rock, fathomless abysses, and foaming gulphs, the gayest objects visible was the green and almost inaccessible pastures of the Malhada de Serrades.

But the *Torre de la Marbore* (so the house was called) wanted not cheerful beauties of its own. The taste of Don Baltha-

zar had left there every thing that could contribute to intellectual pleasure. A select library, instruments of music, maps, and astronomical apparatus, showed that he had been habituated to seek sublime emotions amidst the solitary grandeur of this residence; and its admirably-disposed gardens, proved his relish for the beautiful and the delicate.

Bowers of yellow roses, oleander, and phylirea; thickets of Indian fig, bay, and myrtle, were illuminated by the blazing nuts of the holme oak, and the fruit of the service-tree.

All the paths were scattered with that profusion of heaths and alpine flowers with which nature decks the mountains of the south; and from a little hermitage entirely covered with ivy, whose single casement overlooked a shaft between walls of rock, the eye looked down on the house and its hanging gardens.

Theodore examined the residence, and wandered over the wide domain, with an interest far superior to that which arises from the consideration of possession. He looked at them as relics of his parents; and sometimes, as he paused to imagine what had been their usual occupations in different apartments, he sighed to think, that unless Ellesif were hereafter to share it with him, the Torre de la Marbore would never know another mistress. The few domestics remaining in the place, had served Don Jasper; and not one who had been there in his father's time, was left to tell him the local history of his home.

From observing the appearance of his estate, he proceeded to learn the plan of its management, to visit the tenants, inquire into their circumstances, their wants, their character; and to discover the best method of improving their condition, with that of the estate.

This investigation naturally produced much trouble. He had so many jarring interests to unite, and so many tissues of falsehood to unravel, that he soon found the weight of his charge.

To the man who believes himself partly responsible for the welfare and good morals of all that depend on him, an extent of power is but an increase of anxiety; and Theodore had, in addition to the usual disagreeables of reform, the difficult one of surmounting inveterate prejudices!

He was, however, not disheartened. His general manners, may his very apppearance, (for the lower orders are greatly influenced by a fine person,) assisted in reconciling his servants and his peasantry to the changes he introduced into their management; and the sincere promise he made of passing part of every year at the Torre, completed the conquest of their good-will.

Had no anxiety agitated him, he could have enjoyed a tranquil, or soothed a melancholy state of mind, by a protracted residence

where he then was; but the restlessness of hope and fear, and the chance of learning more of Count Lauvenheilm in a busier scene, made him earnest to depart; and having learned from his grandfather the time he should be at the Mirador, he set out to join him, without waiting for a summons.

Instead of returning through Aragon, he entered France by the pass of Gabarnie, believing that he took the sweep of the French Pyrenees, solely for the purpose of collecting the various plants that abound there, for his friend Mr. Coperstad's herbal. But in reality he was led to make this excursion, in the hope that fortune might cast him in the way of Ellesif, should she be indeed entering Spain; and had he dared to abandon his grandfather for so long a period, he would have been tempted to extend his journey even into Anjou. The very morning he set out, amongst other letters, he received one from De Roye, and another from Dofrestom.

The first informed him that the Countess de Martin yet lived, though her dissolution had been daily expected for several months; the last brought the mournful news of Heinreich's death.

The fond remembrance of boyhood, deepened Theodore's regret for the untimely fate of his early companion; and he sorrowed for the fate of that affectionate parent, whose heart had of late been more than ever tenderly attached to his son.

Dofrestom had written immediately after the sad event; so that he spoke only of his loss and the interesting child Heinreich had left, without adverting to the original plan of their removing to Spain. Theodore hoped that the persuasions last written would renew that plan, and induce this honored friend to seek consolation with him.

This event, and Gaston de Roye's dismal letter, (for by his mother's sick bed his lively spirits were utterly quenched,) threw a deep sadness over the mind of Theodore. His mind was already weakened by "the sickness of hope deferred;" and he began to think that the gleam of light, which intelligence of Ellesif had thrown upon his prospects, had appeared only to leave his situation in more gloomy darkness.

With languid feelings did he now enter upon his short tour; but the stupendous objects which rose around him, by degrees arrested and absorbed his admiration.

Every faculty of his soul was called into action by the magnificent works of an Almighty hand; and though such scenery was familiar to him, he never ceased to feel its elevating and powerful effect.

The character of man seems formed to aggrandize with the

scale of surrounding nature. The very sight of sublime objects must engender and perpetuate virtue; environed by the grand and the beautiful of inanimate nature, what soul can endure to look inwards and behold there deformity and baseness?

CHAPTER XXIII.

VAINLY did Theodore extend his tour as far as Pau, believing he penetrated so deep into France, merely to visit the birth place of the David of modern times, the amiable, good, yet imperfect Henry IV.

He inquired every where for the travelers, but none such had passed; and relinquishing the expectation with a sinking heart, he returned, without an eye for its beauties, along the romantic course of the Adour, into Biscay, and thence towards Navarre.

The tinkling of guitars, and the jingle of mule bells, soon told him he was again in Spain. On reaching the Mirador he found his grandfather already there, surprised at his appearance, but pleased with the short stay he had made in Aragon.

Theodore's first visit was to the Camerara Major, with whom he spent two hours in a desultory conversation, which he tried in vain to lead to the mention of Count Lauvenheilm. The Princesse spoke of Gaston de Roye, and discussed Theodore's present brilliant situation, while she delicately forbore to hint even at the past of his life, conceiving him unwilling to have the days of his dependence and poverty remembered by the witnesses of his present splendor.

Animated with the desire of obtaining the information he sought, by disarming the caution of Princesse Ursins, his manner gradually lost its usual pensive reserve, giving place to that earnest glow, and that speculative excursiveness, which he rarely displayed except in private with chosen friends.

Madame Ursins looked upon his kindling countenance, while listening to his conversation, with pleased surprise. In their first interview she had thought him interesting; but she now felt that he could be at once interesting, animating, amusing, and instructive.

Her own acute and elegant mind was called into livelier action, by the range of his; and when a summons from the Queen forced her to break up their conference, she smilingly assured him that, *since crossing* the Pyrenees, she had never till now been beguiled

into a belief that she still breathed the intellectual and delight-inspiring atmosphere of French society.

He bowed and blushed at the compliment; smothering a sigh as he returned changed and disappointed of the sole object he had sought in this interview.

By the time Theodore was again domesticated with his grandfather, the temporary good-humor of the latter vanished; and his former patience-moving round of inquiry into his grandson's opinions, and unqualified denunciation of them all, occupied every moment they passed together.

After each conversation, Theodore reviled his own folly for not having foreseen that such and such answers, or such and such communications, must of necessity lead to strife; his grandfather's views were so narrow, and his opinions so illiberal, and his principles so worldly, that Theodore saw it was impossible for them to pass a single evening in harmony together, unless they previously agreed to pass it in complete silence.

The improvements he projected on his estate, from being at first told, merely to say something, grew into a serious subject of controversy; the Conde claiming the right of urging his grandson to perpetuate pernicious customs, because they had been the customs of his ancestors, and that a spirit of innovation was ever the proof of a vulgar and upstart mind. But this was not the only subject of dissention. Passionately as he loved peace, much of his private wishes and hopes as he was ever inclined to sacrifice for its attainment, Theodore could never stand tamely by and witness injustice or oppressions; he was therefore frequently led to intercede with his grandfather for his servants, and to explain for his dependents; but constantly disappointed, constantly taught how useless is such interference, yet as firmly convinced that duty commands us to enter our protest against every species of tyranny, he could not refrain from attempting a struggle, though certain of being wounded and vanquished in the conflict.

Religious prejudices had their full share in the domestic jars between the Conde and his grandson; for though each professed the same faith, no two individuals could differ more in their conduct towards the professors of other creeds. Theodore's liberality and humanity were equally shocked by the persecuting spirit with which his grandfather pursued every character that was marked by indulgence to what was deemed heretical notions; and the horror with which the former expressed himself when speaking of the inquisition, sometimes roused the Conde into such zealous rage as to declare that if it were not for sullying their illustrious house, he would be tempted to deliver his very grandson up to its vengeance.

Theodore might perhaps have considered this intemperate anger with more pity than displeasure, had it been solely confined to subjects of vital importance; but his disgust rose to indignation, when he found his grandfather equally violent in matters of no consequence.

His grandson could not bestow a present, or grant a request, or make an exertion for another, without being taken to task for his profusion, his vulgar accessibility, or his indiscreet folly; his zeal to serve, appeared impertinent; his desire to evince gratitude, contemptible; and his habit of obliging, slavish.

With amazement, he saw that what he believed the ineffaceable instruction of nature, that which she has written in every human heart, that man is born for social duties, was absolutely unknown to the Conde.

Theodore was therefore driven to shut himself up, in a cheerless silence, equally destructive of domestic comfort as of domestic ease; and whenever circumstances forced his conduct or his opinions into the light, he sought to maintain them rather by continued action than by unavailing argument.

Cherishing the hope of soon welcoming the friends of his childhood, he busied himself in preparing for their comfortable establishment. It was his intention to settle them upon his estate in Aragon; and with that view, while Theodore resided at the Torre, he had altered and added to a small lodge Don Jasper had used for a banqueting house, and which lay in a vale beneath the larger edifice.

With grateful pleasure, Theodore had superintended the alterations, and directed the laborers who cleared the encumbered gardens, and new-dressed the little vineyard; and he now pleased himself with ordering various articles of furniture, which Dofrestom and Catherine were habituated to use, but which were rarely seen amongst the Spanish peasantry.

It grieved him that dutiful attendance upon the infirm age of the Conde, must estrange him so much from the abode of these venerable friends; but for this vexation there was no remedy; and he would not allow himself to lament a comparative trifle, while enjoying the solid satisfaction of returning the obligations of childhood.

It was, perhaps, less from the suspicion of being opposed, (for how could he expect to be opposed in such a sacred duty?) than from habitual dislike of conversing about his own feelings with an unsympathizing person, that Theodore spoke not of the intended emigrants from Norway—accident led to the mention of them.

While passing in his carriage from attending a meeting of the Despacho, the Conde caught a glimpse of his grandson as he was

standing in the midst of a carpenter's shop, instructing the workmen how to construct a peculiar sort of spinning-wheel for Catherine.

The Conde stopped; and calling Theodore to the coach window, asked in amazement for what purpose this machine was required by him.

"It is for the good woman, who reared me into health and activity in Norway," said Theodore, his countenance glowing with affectionate pleasure. "She and my foster-father have consented to leave their country for mine; and I have found a lodge near the Torre, which a little trouble will make even prettier than their own dear cottage."

"I shall be glad if you will not be long before you follow me to the Mirador," said the Conde abruptly; he drew back his head as he spoke; and having ordered his coachman to drive on, left Theodore to finish his explanation to the carpenter.

For once Theodore was deceived by the cold gravity which the Conde sometimes assumed, when most enraged; and far from suspecting that his grandfather desired his company at the Mirador, only to chide him, he hastened what he was about, and mounting his mule, rode after the carriage.

The Conde was scarcely seated in his usual sitting room, before the entrance of Theodore gave him the opportunity his vindictive spirits thirsted for, of venting that wrath which decorum had restrained before vulgar eyes; he accosted him with a threatening frown:

"What is this absurd scheme you are wasting so much time on? —am I to find all my race either fools or madmen?—do you imagine, sir, that Don Theodore Guevara can escape derision, if he give himself up to associate with persons no better than his meanest tenants?—what folly prompts you to invite this Norwegian man and woman into Spain?—are you become a child again, that you must be amused by furnishing baby-houses?"

"I am what I ever was, my Lord;" replied Theodore, striving to subdue his grandfather's harshness, by a gentle smile, "one, as grateful for past, as warmly sensible to present kindness. I certainly wish, for the sake of the noble family to which I belong, that my earliest benefactors were of less obscure origin; but lowly as they are, they are still my benefactors; and after all, poor will be my return for the tenderness of above twenty-one years. You cannot, my Lord, seriously condemn me for giving a few moments to the duty of providing for their accommodation!—I am sure you cannot."

"Don Theodore!" cried the angry Conde, "this seeming belief, in what you know does not exist, shall not take me in. I see

your artful method of trying to rule me; I have discovered it, and am on my guard against it. I do condemn you; and I insist upon your giving up this ridiculous scheme. Send the people over a sum of money to spend amongst persons like themselves, and don't bring them here to insult me by putting a Northern boor in competition with the Conde Roncevalles."

Theodore purposely avoided noticing the last part of this wrathful address. "Money, my Lord," he said, "would be no recompense; they have every thing in Norway that suffices their moderate wants; but deprived of their only tie to that country, by the death of the young man that was brought up with me, their hearts require the consolation of being near me. Indeed I owe them the happiness of seeing me acknowledged by an illustrious kindred, possessing independence, and surrounded with—the appearance of every earthly felicity."

Theodore involuntarily paused and sighed between part of the last sentence; the Conde resumed, with eyes that glared like a hyena's.

"What, sir! am I to understand that you mean to live at the Torre, leaving me to solitude, and devoting your time to these peasants?"

"By no means, my Lord," replied Theodore. "I acknowledge that my first duty is to my grandfather, and wilfully blind, as your Excellency thinks me, to the laws of society, I can assure you that I hope not to offend a single decorum while paying my long debt of obligation to excellent, though lowly, persons. I shall have the satisfaction of knowing they are settled upon lands of mine; but shall only see them for a short time in every year; and that at the period which may be most agreeable to my grandfather."

"Well, well, sir!" interrupted the Conde, not knowing what to say against the amiable conciliation of this speech; "let us suppose you do not make yourself the talk of Spain by preposterous familiarity with persons you should learn to consider as the servants of your childhood ——"

"My Lord! my Lord!——" interrupted Theodore turning his face from him, crimsoned with shame at such base insensibility to our noblest feeling.

"Yes, sir, as your servants, I repeat!" thundered the Conde, rising, and stamping with his foot. "You can pay their services; and had they known who they fostered, think you not, they would gladly have taken wages for doing so? This insolence does away my tenderness for your foolish prejudices. So once for all, I command you not to bring these people into Spain. I will not share your respect and attentions with a clown."

"Your commands are given too late, my Lord," replied Theodore, who had risen when his grandfather did, and now stood flushed and struggling with inward indignation; "my friends are by this time, I believe, on their passage. You will allow me now to say, that ever since I had the good fortune to be received and protected by your Excellency, at a time when, without that protection, most likely my rights would never have been established, I have made it a sacred duty never to let one of my own inclinations or feelings stand in the way of obedience to the hardest command or the slightest desire of your's; but there is a boundary of conscience, and a higher command, which I will cross for no man—not even for the Conde Roncevalles—not even for my parents if they were living; and, therefore, my Lord, whenever your mandates would force me to such a transgression, you will remember that at that point my obedience must stop."

Without waiting reply, he bowed to his thunderstruck grandfather; and, rapidly putting aside the blind that shaded an open door-way on a terrace, he leaped thence down into the garden, where he soon buried himself in the shade of its most distant groves.

Agitated, disgusted, almost afflicted,—recalling scene after scene of past altercation, and regarding them as an earnest of many such yet to come,—he could not forbear exclaiming aloud, "And is this the dreary summit that I have labored so to climb?—this place of sterility and stones! Good God! snatch me from it again! take from me rank, station, fortune, name—but leave me gratitude, leave me sympathy, leave me a heart!"

Some burning tears started into his eyes, when he had given utterance to this passionate exclamation. Oppressed with the insufficiency of all he now possessed, to bestow the happiness which he had once erroneously expected would follow their acquirement, he sunk into a sad reverie, during which his thoughts insensibly changed their object, but not their character.

With such a temper as that of the Conde's to contend with, what could he expect except opposition and anathema, were he ever again to meet Ellesif, and be encouraged by her kindness, and her father's repentance, to seek the renewal of former intimacy?

The fallen fortunes and ambiguous situation of Count Lauvenheilm, would be sufficient to excite the Conde's severest disapprobation of a mere acquaintance with him; and to an union with the daughter of such a man, his consent would assuredly be withheld with revilings and reproach.

Yet what of violence, what of reproach, would not Theodore have braved for an object so dear, a bliss so transporting? His heart beat at the question, with a tumultuous joy which convinced

him that were it his destiny to find Ellesif willing to be his, the promise he had just renewed to his grandfather, of sacrificing all his personal inclinations to his commands, must fall before so mighty a temptation.

So long as we believe in the excellence, or hope for the sympathy of the person beloved, the bitterest anguish of love is ever mixed with a sweetness unknown to all the other cares of life. Theodore's feelings gradually lost their arid hue, and a soft glow of expectation succeeded.

It is true, this expectation was rather the effect of sensation than of reasoning; for nothing new had arisen to sanction it; but such are the alternations of the human heart, for whose real sufferings nature bestows imaginary, sometimes prophetic, consolations. Calmed and softened, Theodore now wandered from the lower garden into the open country; and giving his uncovered forehead to the cool breeze of evening, as it came sweeping from a distant grove of accacias, his ear caught the sound of music.

There was something in the strain that hurried him towards it. Advancing swiftly, he paused a few paces from the grove, and discovered through its openings a small group seated on the grass.

He listened with increasing emotion; the voice had arisen again, accompanied at intervals by a guitar; it was low and plaintive, like the sighing breeze that mixed with it; and at every fall of its touching cadences, Theodore thrilled with hope, with fear, with fond remembrance, and with love struggling into all its former power. Uncertain whether to proceed or to retreat, he remained unseen while listening to the following song:—

Oft glowed my cheek when thou wast near,
With deepening blush of soft confusion;
With changing throbs of hope and fear,
Or sudden pleasure's bright suffusion:

Thy lips, that called each blush more fair,
Then first to rosier transport moved me;
But now, this cheek is doomed to wear,
The blush of shame for having loved thee!

The ill-suppressed sigh with which the air was concluded, finished the conquest of Theodore's self-command; he forgot Count Lauvenheilm's renunciation of him, Ellesif's unkind repulse, their fallen and his own altered state, and desperately asking to see only that beloved object again, whose voice was now living in his sense, he rushed through the scattering branches of the accacias, and saw, in the midst of a party, his aunt and his cousins.

Donna Olivia, who had been singing, and whose voice in singing more perfectly recalled Ellesif's, rose in confusion, though

with evident pleasure; the Marchioness joyfully advanced to give him her hand; while with confusion, and disappointment even to agony, Theodore stammered out an apology for thus bursting upon their privacy.

He had uttered something about a well-known voice, and being unprepared to see the large company he had disturbed, and the Marchioness understanding that he had expected to see only herself and her daughters, gave his embarrassment a flattering explanation. Without naming him to the rest of the party, she took his arm, and beckoning to her daughters to follow, drew him out of the grove.

It was the first time they had met since his legal acknowledgment as the son of Don Balthazar; the Marchioness noticed this circumstance with great emotion; and blending her congratulatory embrace with the most fervent blessings, she motioned to her daughters to advance and hail their cousin.

When Theodore approached the dove-eyed Isabella, he followed the impulse of the tranquil yet tender feeling which her resemblance to his mother inspired, and kissed her cheek; but the voice of Olivia had left such a confusion in his thoughts, that, in turning to meet her, he trembled as if approaching Ellesif herself, and bowing his crimsoned face upon her hand, scarcely ventured to let his lips rest on it, for an instant.

Had he observed the surprise and joy that were mingled in the glance his sanguine aunt directed to her daughters; or could he have known the hitherto wandering, evanescent imaginations, that strange difference of conduct towards the sisters, now fixed in Olivia herself, he would have been shocked at the mistake his conduct had occasioned; and his unwillingness to confide past feelings to even near connexions, would have given way before the honorable abhorrence of exciting expectations not in his power to fulfil. But occupied with his late painful disappointment, he observed nothing, though he soon found himself purposely placed by the Marchioness next her favorite daughter.

While answering the many kind questions occasionally addressed to him, by each amiable relative, he still made some distinction in favor of Olivia; but this distinction was no longer the involuntary offspring of a sentiment of which another was the object; it originated in the belief that Olivia was unhappy.

During his abode in Madrid, he had heard from several quarters that the son of the Duke d'Harcourt had engaged her affections, and after publicly displaying his passion for her, so as to lead her acquaintance and her family to expect his serious proposals, he had gone back to France, and was at this very period on the eve of marriage with another.

Though this cruel desertion had taken place some months previous to Theodore's first sight of Donna Olivia, her desolation at that time, and her fitful gaiety and thoughtfulness since, made him look on her still as the victim of wounded affection. Feeling his heart attracted to this interesting cousin, as much by sympathy of suffering as by the ties of blood, he addressed her with peculiar kindness and respect.

The delighted mother expressed a hope that he would join their party in the grove, where a slight repast was preparing by her attendants. Theodore turned back as she spoke. "This invitation," he said, "reminds me, my dear aunt, that I have a promise to keep, however unwillingly, and that I must fly any further temptation to break it. I would not *steal* even your society; and yet I must do so, or else forfeit my word to the Conde, or do as I do now—quit you."

A man of florid speech would have said "tear myself away;" but Theodore's simplest phrase required no heightening; it always received such powerful addition from the expression of his eyes and the tone of his voice, that the persons it agitated had to remember, while relating it to another, what had given it such energy when addressed to themselves.

He now bowed and retreated, leaving an impression upon his aunt and cousins, which was destined afterwards to trouble his peace, and distract his conscience.

On his return to the Mirador, he found the Conde taking his place at the dinner table. The scowling brow of the latter foreboded another storm: but his grandson appeared not to notice it; and awed by his dignified serenity, the Conde felt the authority of a superior mind, and absolutely had not courage to revert to their late disagreement.

Surrounded by numerous domestics, their meal passed as usual in active attentions on the part of Theodore, and scrupulous ceremony on that of his grandfather.

Before the Conde retired for his afternoon Siesta, he held out a letter to Theodore. "Read that, sir, and tell me what answer you would be sorry if I returned; it concerns yourself."

"If your Excellency has already returned an answer," observed Theodore, changing color, "it would be better perhaps if I did not read it."

"Read it, sir, and then speak."

Theodore obeyed; his quick apprehensions, which had pointed to some proposal of an alliance for him, were relieved by finding the letter merely contained a friendly offer from Princesse Ursins. The nominal situation of *Cavallerizo* to the infant Prince of Asturias, was what the Princesse professed herself ready to ask for

Don Theodore, if the Conde Roncevalles should tell her the solicitation would be agreeable to him and his grandson.

"Now, sir!" asked the Conde, with a malignant hope of preparing a vexation for the person he had addressed.

"I shall be sorry, my lord, if you have accepted this situation for me. I have a contempt for mere nominal places about a court; and till I have made myself master of the laws, and interests, and character of my country, must consider myself unfit for any office of real service."

The Conde believing this an artifice to veil inclination by way of obtaining it, smiled tauntingly, saying as he rose to retire,—"Then for once I please you: I have told the Camerara Mayor that I choose you to belong solely to myself; so you may go on, studying the politics of Spain, in the expectation of changing every thing in the cabinet, as you hope to do here when I am dead."

The derision with which this was uttured, though for an instant it recalled the disagreeable image of Donna Elvira, did not alter that sudden sadness of look with which Theodore contemplated another idea. The paths of political power were those which Count Lauvenheilm had trodden; and if such a spirit as his could be lost in their dangerous windings, would it not be wise in one who could yet choose his future track, to avoid the fatal labyrinth!

The serious ruminations to which this question gave birth, after the Conde's disappearance, were interrupted by the arrival of a letter from De Roye: it brought the news of his mother's death.

Some brief, but sincere expressions of filial sorrow were followed by an assurance that the writer hoped soon to see his friend again. He intimated the probability of being employed as a private agent to arrange the terms on which a general peace would be negociated by his court: for this purpose, no attempt had been made to effect his exchange, as no suspicions could be entertained of the real object of his journey, while obliged to return into Spain by the laws of military honor.

Few things had afforded Theodore such heartfelt pleasure as this prospect; and although it was somewhat clouded by De Roye's addition, that he might yet be detained much longer than he wished, by the unsettled state of the new ministry, Theodore, who possessed so little of happiness in the present, was satisfied to behold her through a long vista of future time.

Avoiding further discussion with the Conde on the subject of the place he had rejected, Theodore hastened to set his own seal

to the rejection, by going to thank the Princesse Ursins for her generous intention.

The favorite met his graceful thanks with some amiable reproaches for thus suffering a querulous old man to make an unreasonable monopoly of his time and his talents; but when Theodore, gently, unostentatiously, yet explicitly detailed his own reasons for declining what other young men would have grasped at; when she learned that passing the day in such minor exercises of mind and body as his grandfather censured not, he quietly devoted half the night to deep and earnest study, the Princesse, with the vivacity of her nation, uttered a cry of admiration, followed by a serious assurance that he was born for great things.

She then proceeded to direct his attention to such members of the government as were best acquainted with the interests and the legislature of their country; exorting him to cultivate their friendship; and frankly laying open her own plans for the welfare of a nation, in which she took an interest nearly amounting to patriotic.

Theodore was as much charmed with her eloquence, as agreeably surprised by the depth of her observations, and the clearness of her views: he required no aid from galantry, to promise future attention to the instructions with which she now honored him; and had she but added to her nearly-confidential discourse, some information of Ellesif, Theodore would have left her with an emotion of delight, little short of enthusiasm.

But alas! she talked of De Roye; she talked of Don Julian Casilio, whom a very brilliant action near Cordona had just covered with glory; and still she spoke not of Count Lauvenheilm.

Some fresh visitors entered, and Theodore had already made his bow, and was passing into the antichamber, when he caught these words, addressed to the Princesse by a loud familiar speaker. It was the Chevalier de la Tremouille.

"One of my people," he said, "has just left the Count St. Etienne waiting for horses; by this time he must be within half a league of Corella. I am so much obliged to your Excellency, for attracting my pretty little cousin into Spain; she was absolutely growing hideous with *ennui* at Chateau-Gris."

Theodore got with difficulty into the other chamber; surprise and pleasure unnerved him; but on Princesse Ursins' hasty dismission of her company, he was obliged to renew his obeisance, and mix with the departing crowd. Having only a bowing acquaintance with De la Tremouille, and finding that garrulous coxcomb close to him on the staircase, he hastily revolved how

he might satisfy his own impatience without a gross violation of Spanish etiquette.

There was no way, save one; that of banishing etiquette entirely, and asking what distinguished person or resistless beauty De la Tremouille was about to receive.

But how seldom, in moments of extreme agitation, does the tongue obey the heart;—To avoid the just imputation of grave impertinence, the question must be put gaily, as if uttered less from a wish for information, than from an impulse of youthful vivacity. Yet how was Theodore to speak gaily, when his voice would quiver like an aspen-leaf? or how was he to appear indifferent, when his varying complexion and disordered eyes must betray his inward anxiety? In striving to master these outward witnesses, and to arrange a suitable phrase, he suffered the critical moment to pass, and De la Tremouille to escape.

The evil was not to be repaired; and Theodore's displeasure at his own irresolution was only to be appeased by reflecting on the prospect which now shone on him.

That he should not meet Ellesif, at least in general society, was next to an impossibility; and if they met, what forced alienation from him, or what self-imposed restraint, could silence the expression of a countenance, over whose expressions even its lovely possessor had often lamented her own want of power? In the eyes of Ellesif he must at once read her heart, and his own destiny! And if he should see there, but the faintest gleam of lingering partiality, he fondly hoped that his constancy, and the consideration with which she would hear him spoken of in every circle, would operate in restoring him to the full and acknowledged possession of her affections.

When he thought of her father, something whispered, that had the Count been really hostile to him, he would have avoided their probable meeting in Spain. This indeed was not a moment for despondency; perhaps not even for reasonable apprehension; and filled with increasing hopes, Theodore turned his steps towards the road that led from France.

Seeking to catch a glimpse of Ellesif, himself unseen, he loitered up and down a spot where the trees, planted to shade the road, thickened into a grove; there, he walked to and fro, counting every minute, and anxiously examining every equipage that approached.

Very few, and those easily distinguishable as Spanish, appeared at distant intervals: The day began to decline. Harassed with the remembrance of having promised to attend his grandfather to vespers, he was abandoning the hope of waiting the traveler's arrival, when the sight of a light French chariot made him hesitate.

It came on, rapidly; the carriage was of a dark color, without armorial bearings. It passed like a flash of lightning; but even so, Theodore felt that he had seen Count Lauvenheilm; that he had seen him changed,—the shadow of his former self.

The Count happened to be looking from the window, and thus entirely concealed the person with him; and as he never could discern objects clearly at a distance, Theodore, shaded by the feathers of his hat, and the boughs of the trees, stood unknown and unnoticed.

The same transient sight of Ellesif must have changed the nature of Theodore's agitation, but could not have increased its degree. How, indeed, could he look at the face he had just seen, without the bitterest grief? Never had a son loved a father more devotedly, than he had loved the man who had now passed him! Never had any other man excited in him so much enthusiasm, so much anguish, so much triumph, and so much shame! Never had any man retained so strong an empire over his affections in despite of reason! Never had any man preserved so large a share in his prayers!

The wreck which suffering rather than time had made of that once-perfect face, since Theodore had last seen it, added poignant pity to the tenderness with which he now yielded to a throng of sweet and bitter remembrances; and, turning from casual observation, he walked for some time amid the thickest shade, to give full vent to his feelings.

When he emerged again, (warned by the convent bells now ringing from every hill and vale,) he just saw the back of the chariot as it reached the top of the further upland: the next instant it disappeared on the opposite side.

Theodore gazed after it with straining eyes; his lips quivered with some fond blessings on the estranged friends he believed that carriage contained; but the words were unaccompanied with sound: and after a long, long gaze, he tore himself from the spot, and, speeding through some meadows to the Mirador, reached it in time to attend the Conde.

After the first rapturous, though secret effusions of his gratitude to that mysterious Providence who was thus opening to him the gate of hope at least, if not of happiness, Theodore's spirit, but too often wandered from heaven to earth; and as he went through the solemn forms of the holy rite by the side of his stern grandfather, he had frequently to add the present transgression of love-engrossed thoughts, to the catalogue of errors for which he was then imploring the divine forgiveness.

CHAPTER XXIV.

On their return from vespers, the Conde found a message from Donna Elvira; she was come with her husband to Corella in consequence of his nomination to a foreign embassy, and had merely sent a formal compliment of inquiry after the health of her grandfather.

How irksome it is to perform the ceremonial of affection, when the heart is not in the performance! Theodore was obliged to go and welcome his sister, and run through the set phrases of brotherly congratulations, without one answering feeling in his breast.

Donna Elvira on her part received him as she would have done a common acquaintance; and after some frivolous discourse, gave him his conge for the night.

But Theodore's heart was at this period invulnerable to any vexation or grief, unconnected with Ellesif; and, glowing with eagerness, he made to himself numberless little businesses into Corella the next day, by way of excuse to his own mind for hovering round the place where he was most likely to see Ellesif.

Then, were Ellesif and her father residents with Princesse Ursins in the royal palace? or were they at a small villa not far distant, which she called her Hermitage, and at which she occasionally entertained a few friends at a French supper?

Chance answered the question.

Having met his cousin the Marquis Montanejos, and casually asked whence he came, Theodore learned that he had just been leaving his name at the Count St. Etienne's.

"And who is he?" asked Theodore, turning away his face as he spoke, anxious to learn what the Princesse and the Count wished to be known of the latter's former situation.

"A Frenchman, I suppose, and of consequence," replied Montanejos; "for Madame Ursins introduces him as related to her by marriage; of course every one who either loves or fears her, will show respect to her kinsman; I am one that really thinks the Princesse deserves every Spaniard's esteem."

"Is he here alone?" repeated Theodore, and his voice was less steady than when he hazarded the first question.

"No; I think I heard something of a daughter, but I did not see her.—The Count himself is a very interesting-looking personage; but so silent and serious, that I suppose he will neither enliven our court very much, nor appear at it often. Indeed he

talked of having had a nervous fever lately; so we must not judge hastily of his enlivening capacities."

The Marquis then turned the conversation to some domestic details of his own; regretting that they were obliging him to go into Valencia, and thus depriving him of the agreeable society at present collected in Corella. Having said this, he cordially embraced his cousin, and departed.

The Count's illness sufficiently explained the reason why he had not sooner accepted the invitation of Princesse Ursins; but Theodore reflected with concern upon the seeming deception that altered man was now practising, in thus appearing as a native French nobleman.

It was not till some time afterwards, that Theodore discovered no deception had been intended; that Princess Ursins, simply announcing her kinsman by the French title to which alone he had any claim, and forbearing unasked explanations, had unconsciously marked him as her countryman.

At any rate, it seemed evident that, in compliance with the Count's apparent wish of concealment, it would be generous in Theodore to elude the question of their former acquaintance; and perhaps nothing could be more favorable to his own views than this power of mixing in the same societies, with the freedom of one whom no previous circumstances ought to embarrass.

It was therefore with extreme disappointment he heard, a day or two afterwards, that the Count St. Etienne declined general visiting, alleging very uncertain health for refusing to attend a state dinner at a foreign minister's.

Distressed though he was by this information, Theodore was yet in hopes that his grandfather would not venture to insult *the favorite*, by refusing to pay her the compliment of seeking her kinsman's acquaintance; and he was therefore not surprised when one morning the Conde ordered his state-mules to be harnessed, announcing his intention of paying a visit to the Count St. Etienne. "You will accompany me, Don Theodore," said his grandfather, turning to receive Don Pedro Ronquillo and his wife.

They had come to inform the Conde, that Don Pedro was ordered to the court of Savoy without delay; and that as Donna Elvira meant to accompany him to Italy, this visit must be considered as a farewell.

While they were engaged in conversation upon this subject, Theodore had time to collect his scattered senses. He had certainly expected this summons, yet it found him unprepared to obey, without inward debate.

How was he to intrude himself thus suddenly, thus indelicately, *into the* presence of a man whose last words had been an eternal

renunciation? Would he not, by such a visit, appear triumphing in their altered destinies, or else parading his generous oblivion of past indignity!

And if he did go, how was he to hide from the keen eye of his grandfather that excessive agitation which he must afterwards be bound to explain? Yet what was he to do? What excuse could he offer for refusing to pay this personal respect to the friends of the Camerara Mayor? Must he unveil what the unhappy Lauvenheilm wished to bury in eternal night? Must he irritate the Conde into unappeasable resentment against that self-accusing exile, by avowing that his former protector had rendered it impossible for him to enter his abode without previous explanation? These thoughts succeeded each other with the rapidity of light, as, leaning against an opened lattice, Theodore stood shaded from the quick observation of his sister by a luxuriant jessamine which actually grew into the apartment.

The Conde named his intention of going to the Hermitage. Donna Elvira interrupted him with a sarcastic laugh: "Oh! you must all go and pay your homage there, as it is the idol's pleasure! But in spite of the address she has used, it is now pretty well known who this Count Etienne is."

Theodore involuntarily bent forward. Without noticing him, his sister went on: "Instead of being a French nobleman, as we were given to suppose, I have just heard, from undoubted authority, that he is a Danish Count, banished from his own country, and actually an adventurer in this. You know Spain is said to be the paradise of adventurers; witness our fine Princesse herself, whom I heartily wish to strangle every time I am courtesying and complimenting at her drawing-rooms."

Don Pedro interrupted her: "A little discretion, madam, even before relations, if you please! You forget that I owe my appointment to Princesse Ursins; and pray be less broad in your assertions about this stranger. His exile from Denmark is involved in mystery, and we have no business with it; he has a French title, or even Madame Ursins durst not present him as Count St. Etienne. I dare say he comes hither only to marry off his pretty daughter."

Theodore drew back amongst the jessamins, with a thrill of agony and indignation.

"And what is this man's Danish name?" asked the Conde haughtily.

"I did hear it," replied Don Pedro, affecting ignorance; "but I forget; Count ——, Count ——"

"*Lauvenheilm* is a name that has disappeared lately from the *Danish cabinet*," observed the Conde; "was that it?"

Don Pedro would not remember, but Donna Elvira eagerly answered in the affirmative.

Her words were no sooner spoken, than the Conde, calling in a page, countermanded his equipage. Then, approaching Theodore, "It is well we heard this," he said in a whisper. "I am spared a degradation; and you, the humiliation of seeing the man with whom you once lived as a dependant."

"You mistake, my Lord," replied Theodore in a still lower voice, for his heart beat so violently, he could scarcely articulate. "I never remember my former condition with any painful feelings, grateful as I am for my present one."

Donna Elvira now sarcastically remarked that Lauvenheilm was the name of the person by whom Theodore had been patronized in the days of his obscurity; and that, by marrying his daughter, (as her brother had such a passion always for returning favors,) he might pay off the monstrous debt of his gratitude.

This ill-timid irony irritated the Conde, who was, besides, unwilling to bring a period of such degradation to the knowledge of Don Pedro. Donna Elvira, seeing his wrath, found a malicious pleasure in heightening it; and Theodore, though indifferent to all that respected his past situation, yet kindled into a glow of vindication, when ill-nature wantonly attacked his fallen benefactor.

By adroitly turning the tide of her sarcasms upon his own occupations, while under the roof of the Danish Minister, he diverted attention from the character of Ellesif; at the mention of whose name, the color had left his face not to return any more during the debate.

He escaped at length from this scene of contention; thinking with regret of his peaceful home in Norway, and painfully convinced that he could now only hope to behold Ellesif by some happy chance.

But chance loses its nature, when its imagined caprices are watched by an anxious heart; even the smallest event seems then evidently determined and directed for some particular end. Theodore went every where, and met Ellesif no where.

It is true, the ceremonial of Spanish visiting conspired against him; and the increasing malady of the Queen, by obliging the Camerara Mayor to absent herself from company, threw additional obstacles in his way.

Fortune seemed to delight in aggravating his mortification. If he went where Ellesif visited, he regularly found that she had just left the house; or learned afterwards that she came there directly after his departure. If they were invited to the same evening circle, either some accident caused the assembly to be

postponed; or the Conde was taken ill; or Ellesif herself was put into requisition by the sick Queen, whose languor, her lovely voice, or interesting conversation soothed like the harp of David.

Dispirited and disappointed, Theodore often suspected that the Conde exaggerated his frequent indispositions, merely for the gratification of seeing his power; and at length, nearly convinced of this, it cost him an effort to conceal such a suspicion, lest indeed he should wrong and neglect him when he really suffered.

Theodore had a rooted aversion to bestow confidence on servants; he was therefore voluntarily deprived of the common means of finding out the movements of persons in whom he was interested; and though in a chance interview with his aunt, he learned that she had seen and been captivated with the sweet Ma'mselle St. Etienne, it was impossible for him to reap any benefit from their acquaintance.

Meanwhile, whatever he heard of the Count brought the soothing conviction, that repentance had followed transgression; every one described him as a sad and solitary man, shunning general society, and apparently enduring the little in which he mixed for the sake of his daughter.

How did Theodore wish that some benevolent angel would display their hearts to each other, and at once show them, that their mutual advances would be mutually embraced! Unless some such supernatural agent thus worked for them in the absence of the only friend who knew their secret history, it was impossible for either to hazard the chance of repulse.

At length, this insupportable state of continual expectation promised to end. The royal order for congratulating Princesse Ursins upon her nomination to that sovereignty which two powerful States guaranteed so solemnly, and afterwards so shamefully left her to be rifled of, was publicly issued; the gratified favorite, willing to spare the pride of the Spanish nobility, had the address to send out cards for an assembly at the moment the royal decree was promulgated; thus changing obedience to a command, into acceptance of an invitation.

Theodore had not been admitted to the Princesse for some time previous to the morning in which he went in common with several others, to acknowledge and accept her summons.

The new Princess of Limburg had not much time to bestow particular notice upon any individual at these levees; for, known to be the channel of all favor, she was rather besieged, than waited on, by every ambitious or needy courtier of both sexes.

But it was not possible for her to pass over the delicate, personal compliment which Theodore had paid her, by diverting

himself, on this occasion, of the Spanish habit, and appearing in the Parisian costume. She observed this elegant gallantry with her usual grace, courteously finding an excuse for the non-appearance of the Conde, whose pride had in reality revolted from acknowledging her new distinction. She lowered her voice, adding, "You will see the Count St. Etienne and his daughter in my circle on Monday, will it be disagreeable to you?"

"Far from it," replied Theodore, raising his flashing eyes, which immediately fell again, under the sudden surprize of her's.

"Do you know who they are?" asked the Princesse. Theodore, somewhat embarrassed, replied with hesitation, "I have been told that I shall see in them two persons I had once the happiness to believe my friends."

Without answering, the Princesse gave him a gracious smile, accompanied by a farewell bow, and moved away.

Theodore departed; his heart beat with hope and joy. This was the first opportunity he had enjoyed of expressing his own willingness to meet the Count again; and he trusted that Madame Ursins, who apparently delighted in conciliating and uniting every body, would not fail to repeat what he had said to her guests at the Hermitage.

Providence, in conducting these interesting objects into Spain, had done so much for Theodore, that he yielded to a sweet superstition; fondly trusting that Ellesif's only unkind notice of his attachment would hereafter be explained.

So believing, he passed the few days that intervened between the present morning and that destined for Princesse Ursins party.

The discordant humors of his grandfather were now without power to affect him; his countenance displayed a cloudless sunshine; and that contemplative melancholy which had uniformly tinctured his looks and conversation, gave place to animated cheerfulness.

The important day at length arrived; it opened inauspiciously. The Conde took his chocolate in bed, complaining of indisposition; and, by the time he descended to his sitting-room, Theodore saw with consternation, symptoms in his face of approaching illness. In vain his grandson urged him to summon his domestic physician; in vain Theodore used an innocent stratagem to bring the physician unsent for. The Conde was in one of his perversest fits of opposition; and simply because his grandson showed more than usual anxiety to ward off an attack, resolved it should come.

"For once your mind seems to be set upon a woman's party," observed the Conde, drily; "it would afflict you to lose a second opportunity of paying court to the Sovereign Princesse of Lim-

burg?—Fear not, sir; you have my leave to go and worship her alone."

Theodore stood without trusting himself to make a reply, yet continuing his assiduities about the invalid, though doubtful whether he should not be detained after all by some freak of ill-humor.

The threatened spasms went off; the evening came; and Theodore, in a modest suit of black velvet, which only a single diamond brightened, (and that, too, lost in the feathers of his hat,) prepared to bid a temporary good-night to his grandfather.

Never had such a lively red enriched the olive hue of his cheek; never had such brilliancy given to his pensive eyes the character of impetuous sensibility; never had his figure been more happily and gracefully displayed than by the noble simplicity of his present habit.

Perhaps had Theodore thought of his person, as he passed without noticing its reflection in one of the mirrors, he might possibly have felt some pleasure at appearing thus advantageously before the woman he loved: but he thought only of Ellesif herself; and that charming idea was not displaced for a moment, till, on entering the room where he had left his grandfather, he saw him lying back in his chair, evidently smitten with sudden pain.

The transient agony was removed by some drops the sufferer was accustomed to take on such occasions; he then persisted in desiring his grandson to leave him, secretly resolving upon a quarrel if he should obey. Theodore humanely lingered; the next five minutes decided his fate for the night. Another spasm, more alarming than the first, succeeded; and at once giving himself up to assist the physician, who was instantly summoned, Theodore, with a heavy sigh, dismissed the hopes of many days.

Ellesif meanwhile, whose heart, since her entrance into Spain, had ached with as many fears, hopes, and disappointments as his own, was tremblingly preparing for a meeting to which she looked with as much anguish as joy.

The Count, wishing her first interview with Theodore to take place when his absence would leave the spontaneous feelings of each to appear without disguise, declined being present at the Princesse Ursins' assembly. Ellesif, therefore went alone at an early hour to dine with her illustrious kinswoman.

After dinner she retired to dress more gaily for the evening; but instead of hastening to alter her attire, she dismissed her maid, and sat down to compose her perturbed spirits.

On the event of this evening would depend the happiness of her life. Theodore's agitated recognition of her, or studied avoidance, or cool notice, would at once disclose the nature of the

sentiment he had formerly displayed for her. Yet if that sentiment had really been, and should now have ceased ——

An icy thrill struck to her heart at this fearful *if!* And reflecting on her father's fallen state, on her own wrecked fortune, on the glittering connexions by which the heir of Roncevalles must be wooed, on the effacing effects of time, on all the motives that must have urged him to forget her, she burst into tears and sat weeping in hopeless despondency.

The return of her maid at length revived her; and, admitting Minette, after carefully wiping away her tears, she began her toilette.

This was the first moment since Ellesif had decorated herself for the nuptials of Madame Sauveur, that she had felt any solicitude about her looks, and not till now, therefore, had she discovered that the bloom of those charms which formerly delighted Theodore, was dimmed, perhaps for ever, by the misery of the last fourteen months.

As she sought to adapt various flowers to her yet beautiful hair, she perceived that the character of that once sparkling countenance no longer suited the gay and nymph-like wreath. Though her cheek was warm with hectic color, and her eyes bright with agitation, neither the glow nor the brightness spoke health of mind or body; and the arms she saw reflected in her glass, though still whiter than the pearls she now finally mixed with her soft black tresses, had lost their exquisite roundness.

Ellesif had often marked the eyes of Theodore riveted upon those altered arms with all a lover's admiration, and she now felt a tear drop on her cheek, as she noted their faded beauty.

She blushed at this weakness, inwardly murmuring—"And can I imagine him so like ordinary men as to prize me for these poor advantages!"

With this expression came a crowd of consoling remembrances; all telling her, that if Theodore had ever loved her, the affection of such a heart as his, would only be deepened in tenderness by the changes sorrow had wrought in its object.

In thoughts like these, by the time Minette had pronounced her drest, *a merveille*, the anguish of Ellesif's first feelings had given way to a soft apprehensiveness; and an expression of tender, timid anxiety came to displace that deep wretchedness of look, which had just before altered her countenance.

On descending to the drawing-room in which Princesse Ursins awaited the arrival of her guests, Ellesif found a very few assembled. Her station was at the right hand of her amiable kinswoman, who failed not to say some encouraging words upon her appearance.

The company then poured in rapidly. At each step in the anti-room Ellesif's heart beat to actual pain; and casting down her eyes, she remained without courage to raise them, ever hoping that when they should dare to turn, they would meet the gaze, or discern at least the figure of Theodore.

But moment succeeded to moment, visitor to visitor, and Theodore appeared not.

The night closed; and a prey to the keenest anguish and mortification, Ellesif returned home.

She was oppressed by the painful conviction, that Theodore's absence was the effect of pointed design, not of accident; but whether this absence arose from averseness to meet her father or herself, was doubtful. Yet why should he be averse to meet her, unless conscience whispered him that, during his days of obscurity, he had given her cause to expect the very reverse of indifference from him, when fortune should elevate him to rank and wealth.

Perhaps he feared to have that partiality re-awakened, which reason and worldly prudence now united to bury in everlasting rest.

Ellesif wept again and again over the humbling thought that Theodore could be influenced by mere worldly motives; but juster notions succeeded; and sighing from the depths of her heart she acknowledged that the apprehension of sullying his honor by an union with the offspring of a guilty and exiled man, was at least a noble prejudice.

The Count's anxiety, though never expressed, had not been less agitating than his daughter's; and he sought her eyes when she entered, to read there the information he forbore to ask.

Her pale and nearly wild countenance announced disappointment; but whether Theodore had not appeared, or had met her with chilling strangeness, the Count ventured not to inquire; he could not, however, stifle the expression of mingled remorse and pity, which filled his suffused eyes, as he welcomed her return with a kiss.

Ellesif's heart was too full for entire suppression; she burst into tears, suffering her face to sink upon her father's shoulder. The Count pressed her repeatedly to his breast without speaking; that moment of confidence needed not a voice.

Relieved by weeping, Ellesif rose with a blush from her father's embrace; and, praying he would excuse her for the night, retired abruptly to her chamber.

A visit from the Chevalier de la Tremouille the next morning, interrupted the reflections of the Count, who was seriously revolving whether it would not be proper to return into France, or

pursue the tour of Spain, lest Theodore should suspect the motives of his stay. The Count had attributed his daughter's great emotions, the preceding night, to some pointed slight from this once cherished object; and although he deemed it folly to have expected greater constancy to an attachment that had never been avowed, he felt some indignation at the idea of Theodore's displayed indifference.

By a mere accident of conversation, De la Tremouille mentioned the alarming seizure of the Conde Roncevalles, on the night of Princesse Ursins' assembly; adding, he supposed that, in spite of all his devotedness to the stern old grandee, Don Theodore would not put his heart in mourning should he die.

The grateful father beheld the gladdening effect of this information in the bright carnation that immediately covered the cheeks of Ellesif; her eyes were as suddenly cast down, but he saw a joyful tear glitter through their long lashes; and making some inviting reply to De la Tremouille, he drew the talkative young man into further discourse upon the same theme.

Without moral taste, to perceive that duteous attendance upon old age, gentle indulgence to its failings, and averseness to become the creature of a court, are always admirable, De la Tremouille detailed a variety of anecdotes concerning Theodore, all calculated to revive those sentiments of admiration and affection, with which, not only Ellesif, but the Count had been accustomed to consider their former favorite.

An expression of regret at having forfeited the friendship of such a being, trembled on the lip of the Count; but checking himself lest De la Tremouille should repeat it, and Theodore mistake it for the mean submission of a fallen man, he changed the discourse.

After this explanation, again Ellesif looked with hope to her first meeting with Theodore; but this the serious illness of the Conde placed at a great distance, for Theodore no longer appeared even in the streets of Corella, conquering his strongest desire by the force of duty, and passing all his time by the sick-bed of his grandfather.

Ellesif heard his absence constantly regretted by the young Spanish ladies, who, though incapable of appreciating the nobler parts of his character, felt and described the charms of his person and manners with a vivacity which thrilled their silent auditor rather with pleasure than jealousy.

Ellesif could well imagine that Theodore had ceased to love her, had probably never loved her, but she was nobly stedfast in believing that he would never attach himself to any woman, whose *intellect* as well as heart did not suit the expansion of his own.

Her days now glided on with that sweetness which only they know how to feel, who have learned to hope without impatience. Ah! who can learn that difficult lesson, before a long unbroken period of dreariest misery has taught them to consider hope as perfect a blessing as they once deemed happiness.

She saw her father rising in his own esteem, and gradually won from his gloomiest retrospections, by an intercourse with the few intellectual persons whom Princesse Ursins had conducted to his retirement; she heard from these persons frequent praises of Theodore's early and astonishing acquirements, and she found in the society of the Princesse and the amiable Queen a new source of interest and delight.

Altered, as she certainly was, by past affliction, her most potent charms yet remained. Grace and expression are never obliterated; and though Ellesif no longer attracted instant attention by the brilliant alternations of her complexion, and the bright illumination of her look, no one stopped to converse with her, without being deeply interested by the pathos of those eyes which had once beamed so gaily, and the tones of that voice which by its tenderness always excited in the hearer some affecting or sweet remembrance.

Her captivating accomplishments, her relationship to the favorite, and her growing favor with the Queen, far outweighed the whispering odium of her father's exile, and the deficiency of her fortune. These circumstances, united to her own attractions, surrounded her with admirers; and she soon wondered to find herself more an object of flattery and pursuit at this period, when suffering clouded her youth, than when its earliest dawn was bright and unshaded.

Some serious proposals were indeed made to Ellesif; and Theodore, in his seclusion at the Mirador, heard with a flutter of satisfaction, that she had refused not only two of the most prosperous courtiers, but a young Marquis, in whom bodily and mental endowments were enhanced by a splendid military reputation.

This information was given him by Don Julian Casilio, who had lately arrived from the army in Catalonia.

The death of the Emperor of Germany having obliged the Archduke Charles to quit Spain for his hereditary dominions, decided the fate of the Spanish monarchy.

England had suddenly broken the Austrian alliance; and thus abandoned by his most powerful auxiliaries, Charles was expected to terminate a fruitless contest by at once evacuating Tarragona and Barcelona.

Rather inclined to complete the conquest of Catalonia by negociation than by arms, Philip had for some time slackened his mili-

tary exertions in that quarter; and Don Julian, amongst other officers, was now permitted to enjoy an interval of rest, with little expectation of being soon called upon to resume active operations.

In the few moments he could snatch from his exacting grandfather, Theodore enjoyed the animated society of this generous hero, his first Spanish friend. Having early induced him to make the acquaintance of the Marchioness Amezaga and her daughters, he had frequently the satisfaction of hearing of them through him during his tedious exile from general society.

Unconscious of Theodore's former connexion with Lauvenheilm, Don Julian often spoke of him as Count St. Etienne; and Theodore hearing through various other channels, that the retired foreigner never spoke of him but with marked consideration, he pointedly repeated to Don Julian as to others, that but for his grandfather's disinclination to extend his circle of acquaintance, he would have solicited an introduction to the Count St. Etienne. By these mutual instances of good-will and imperceptible communication, two hearts once closely knit, were again drawing towards each other.

The Conde's disease had for some time taken a favorable turn; but ever selfish, he continued to draw heavily upon the humanity of Theodore, chaining him to his chamber and his chess-board with merciless rapacity.

But this tyranny wearied itself; the Conde grew tired of playing the invalid, when reviving health called for air and exercise; and suddenly throwing off his sick-gown, he was able to take an airing himself, the very first day in which he permitted Theodore to go beyond the gates of the Mirador.

Theodore had long since written an apology for his desertion of Princesse Ursins' assembly; and he now eagerly hastened to present himself to her, in the wish of being again invited to some other of her parties. But in lieu of having this expectation gratified, he was transported to find her engaged to dine the following week at a house where he was himself expected, and where she would go, accompanied by the Count St. Etienne and his daughter. This information was necessary to soothe the pain of a disappointment he had just received in a letter from the Chevalier de Roye.

That wished-for friend was still detained in England by the irresolution of the new cabinet, and the counter-intrigues of the French and German courts; and though in daily hope of being despatched at once to Spain on his secret commission, he was under some apprehension of being sent first to Paris.

The desire of seeing De Roye was so much heightened by

Theodore's dependance on his exertions to bring him again into the domestic circle of Count Lauvenheilm, that it cost him some struggles to submit to this delay. Resignation was however a necessity; and sincerely lamenting such frequent disappointment, he strove to comfort himself with the belief that a few more days would terminate his estrangement from Ellesif.

Theodore's buoyant hopes were not depressed by any fear of his grandfather's observations during the course of a dinner which he felt would be so agitating; the Conde was not yet in a state to attend such parties; and as the entertainment was given by the Duchess Popoli, it suited not his pride to let his grandson be absent from it. Theodore was therefore bidden to go alone.

It was a chagrin rather than trial of temper, when, on appearing before his grandfather, the Conde noticed the plainness of his habit, and insisted in a voice that showed he would be obeyed, upon his changing it for one more costly.

A mild reluctance on the part of Theodore was followed by obedience; and, glittering with jewels, outwardly all splendor, and inwardly displeased to seem thus vain of womanish ornament, he stood to receive the Conde's measured survey.

"I wish you to look always like your rank, Don Theodore," he said, "but now especially; you are going to meet the heiress of Altamira. I now tell you that she centres nineteen grandeeships in her own person, and that the man she honors with her choice——"

"Can never be so common-place a person as I am," interrupted Theodore, coloring, and hastily moving to the door.

"She has shown you marked distinction, sir!" said the Conde, elevating his voice; "and my grandson may pretend to any woman."

Theodore closed the door with a precipitate bow, and calling for his attendants, proceeded with this new source of uneasiness towards the house of the Duchess.

CHAPTER XXV.

PRINCESSE URSINS was a woman of too much discernment, not to have guessed by Theodore's looks when she first mentioned Count St. Etienne, that his heart had once been interested in one of his daughters; and, passionately desirous of matching her young kinswoman with a Spaniard, she wished the attachment might have had Ellesif for its object, though she feared her sister's wonderful beauty must have thrown even her touching loveliness into shadow.

In the very faint hope that her views might be accomplished, she resolved not to alarm or confuse either party by any remark of a particular nature, even while doing all in her power to throw them into the same societies; and unhappily, by carrying this address too far, and abstaining from any mention of Theodore, she left Ellesif no opportunity of discovering her secret even by a blush.

She had however managed to let Count St. Etienne and his daughter hear from a third person, that amongst the Duchess Popoli's visitors Theodore was expected, and this information had decided the Count to make one of the party, in order to judge for himself of Theodore's sentiments.

Above a month had now intervened since Ellesif had sighed over her faded face, while preparing for Princesse Ursins' assembly—a month of comparative happiness, because it was a period of hope: she saw, therefore, a far brighter countenance reflected from her glass, and no longer found any difficulty in selecting the ornaments that would harmonize with its expression.

Her choice in the color and form of her garments was unconsciously directed by the remembrance of what Theodore had been used to admire; and after dismissing Minette, she was impelled to pay him the touching compliment of wearing a little opal cross which his momentary admiration of had induced her to purchase at the summer-fair of Copenhagen.

From that period she had loved to fancy the trinket his gift; she thought he looked as if he would have given it had he dared to make the offering; long after that period she had constantly worn this cross; never indeed had she laid it aside but when doubtful of his affection, and never resumed it without being thanked by his expressive eyes.

After Theodore's unexplained departure, she had thrown off *this* cross in the dressing-room of her sister, and, shuddering at

the delusion it was associated with, had never asked for it again. Of course Anastasia's maids must have preserved this costly ornament amongst the trinkets of their mistress; and Ellesif, now for the first time since her sister's death removing the case containing her diamonds, prepared with a trembling hand to open the box that held her inferior trinkets.

Nearly blinded with tears, she lifted up compartment after compartment; but, saddening as she proceeded by the most afflicting remembrances, was hastily going to shut the box, and relinquish her romantic intention, when the writing of Theodore caught her eye. She snatched up the paper, in which was loosely wrapped a broken string of pearls, which dropped out as she lifted it, leaving the legible characters to rivet her attention.

Some words excited a strange suspicion—a suspicion which had never before crossed her mind; and she was going to cast the letter from her, lest she should be tempted to steal the secret it contained, when remembering that her sister's will had authorized her to examine and destroy her papers, she yielded to the impatience of the moment. Little suspecting that what she now read had been destined for herself, and addressed to her by Theodore on the morning of his departure from Christiana, she ran over the lines with the wildness of frenzy. What was her amazement and her agony, what the horrid light that broke in upon her, as she perused this supposed avowal of love for her sister!

The letter had been taken from its envelope, and evidently applied to its present use, at the moment the necklace had broken: no superscription, therefore, contradicted the positive evidence of its being in Anastasia's possession.

The formulary of respect with which women of a certain rank are always addressed, had banished the familiar name of Ellesif from this timid desponding declaration; and the modest apprehensiveness of its style, though a distinctive character of love appeared to her who perused it, was a more assured proof that Anastasia's awful perfections had prompted the writer.

The mystery of Theodore's conduct, and the strange blindness of Anastasia to her sister's feelings, were then equally solved. The tremors of Theodore's voice and the confusion of his looks, which once had filled her heart with a conviction of the tenderest preference for herself, had then been a tribute to her fairer companion. His watchful attention to Ellesif had perhaps been dictated by the wish to please her whom the object of his adoration most loved; his strangely-capricious manner, his melancholy, his animation, all had owed their existence to this more desperate passion for one whom princes had solicited in vain.

Indifferent to *his* presumption, Anastasia had evidently crushed

it in silence; but Ellesif blushed to think how often her sister must have pitied her regret of one whom she knew to be careless of her who lamented him; and while she blushed, a faint throb of resentment agitated her heart. "Oh, if she had but told me this fatal secret!" At once Ellesif, with her usual precipitancy, abandoned every hope, nay every reasonable doubt, fancying that there was not an incident of their acquaintance which could not be elucidated by this discovery.

How indeed could she doubt, when Theodore had suffered her to be so long in the same place with himself, without breaking through every punctilio to see her! Anastasia was no more, for whose sake alone he had desired a tie with the family of the unhappy Lauvenheilm; and it was evident that his friendship for Ellesif was not strong enough to conquer his just indignation at her father. The shock of this letter was overwhelming; for here doubt, suspense, hope, all had terminated!

Like one who has seen an earthquake engulf at once every scene of his happiness, and every object of his affection, Ellesif sat for a dreary length of time, motionless with despair.

But the fearful pause of her thoughts suddenly rushed into a wilder tempest; the remembrance of the throbbing kiss Theodore had imprinted on her arm the very evening they parted for ever in Norway; the recollection of looks, words, actions, long since buried in times past, yet living in memory,—moments of conviction too strong for fancy to have shaped from guileless accident; all these bore upon her heart with resistless violence.

Infatuation only could believe that Theodore had not sought to avert suspicion from one object, by directing it purposely to another; between the love he really felt for one sister, and that which he affected to struggle against for the other, he most likely had hoped to distract Count Lauvenheilm's attention, and to impose the idea of mere admiration of both upon other observers.

But was this just, was this generous, was this like the upright Theodore! How was she to consider him, who could thus selfishly make her peace the victim of a cowardly artifice?

After pausing upon such a reflection as this, it was no longer grief but indignation she felt; and for a brief space, she believed that reason had subdued regret. Yet at moments a gush of bitterest disappointment would overpower and extinguish her resentment; and the sudden remembrance of some past transport would dissolve her burning eyes in the saddest tears.

She drove away the frail weakness that would have blamed Anastasia for withholding this confidence, acknowledging that her sister had acted with greater respect for her delicacy, though with less judgment, than her character rendered probable.

"After this discovery I shall feel this vain affection no more!" she said to herself, as she wildly traversed her chamber; "thank God, I shall not! But I can never bear to see him again. I cannot, will not go to this dinner."

She laid her burning hand upon her forehead, now aching to torture; and, reseating herself, remained for a short time vainly combatting a transport of mental and bodily agony.

New and hitherto unfelt pains throbbed in every pulse of her frame; till nature, losing the capacity of bearing them, sensation and thought ceased, and she fell suddenly to the floor.

The sound of her fall brought her father to her assistance, as he was passing the dressing-room; he entered: her senseless condition was explained to him by the sight of the trinket-box still open, and close to the seat she had fallen from.

He guessed that, in taking from it some ornaments for her person, the action had revived her grief for Anastasia's loss, and had left her in the situation from which he now hastened to restore her.

The sight of these mute memorials of his once idolized daughter nearly rived his own heart; and groaning rather than sighing, he assisted Minette, whom his voice had summoned, to remove Ellesif to a couch.

In recovering her from a succession of distressing fits, and soothing her disturbed spirit with many a consolatory remark upon the blessed state of her he supposed she mourned, the Count suffered the hours to pass unheeded in which he ought to have been at the Duchess Popoli's.

The engagement could not be kept; he despatched an apology long after the Duchess's guests had assembled; and having seen the convulsed features of his sole-remaining comfort gradually settle into the composure of sleep, he retired to muse over that awful sentence, which saith, "I will visit the sins of the fathers upon the children."

From that day, Ellesif as carefully shunned, as she had before eagerly desired, opportunities of meeting Theodore: the belief that she had been played upon, and used as a cover to hide a more presumptuous passion for her sister, roused all that pride and delicacy which are the peculiar characteristics of women; and though she felt with anguish that she could have no confidence in any future object, nor ever bestow her heart again, she determined to mortify her weak partiality, and prevent Theodore from seeing the fatal ascendancy he still preserved, by steadily absenting herself from the societies in which he mixed.

But alas, though she saw him nowhere, she heard of him from every one; the good spoke of him with affection; the enlightened, with admiration; the unamiable, with envy. Her resentment

gradually softened into regret that he was not perfect; and her father remarked, with painful surprise, that the lively impression of grief which he supposed had been made on her by the sight of what her sister had been used to wear, rather increased than diminished.

He was, however, soon induced to suspect that Theodore was the real object of her sad meditations; he heard from more than one person that the heir of Roncevalles was attached to his cousin, and that it was believed they waited only for the death of the Conde to connect their hearts by the holiest of ties. Most likely, therefore, Ellesif had heard this, and been convinced of its truth.

The rumor had indeed reached Ellesif; and her painful disappointment in Theodore's character, was deepened by occasional credence to this story.

To have loved Anastasia, however unfortunately, and so soon to have overcome the shock of her death, seemed to argue a lightness of heart, the absolute reverse of that tenacity of affection which she had hitherto believed a vital part of his character.

In the midst of these reflections, how often did the sad and timid Ellesif, whose heart languished for relief, wish for her tender mother to guide and console her!

She could not avow to a father the new sorrow that consumed her; she must have died with shame, had she suffered him to believe that she had given her heart unsolicited even by silent assiduities; and she generously shrunk from exciting just indignation in him, by acknowledging that Theodore had put on the semblance of an affection for her, to conceal his real passion for her sister.

In this state of smothered misery, her looks and manner again underwent a melancholy change; and though she affected an excess of spirits whenever carried into company, a parent's eye detected the vain imposture.

Count St. Etienne now saw that it was time to end the rash experiment he had ventured, and that he must no longer expose his daughter's peace to utter destruction.

It became necessary to remove her immediately from the mortification of witnessing, perhaps at no distant period, the marriage of Theodore. Her looks had changed so visibly that the Count seemed offering no mere excuse for quitting Madame Ursins' house, when he urged his intention of travelling for his daughter's health.

The Princesse could not attempt to detain them; but her expressions of regret were so sincere and ardent, that the Count, in departing, was obliged to promise he would rejoin her with Ellesif, for a few days after their tour, before they should finally bid farewell to Spain.

Theodore meanwhile, unconscious of the blow that was preparing for him, was harassed by a variety of griefs and vexations. Released from attendance upon his grandfather, he now appeared as usual in public; he haunted the walks, the churches, the parties of all with whom Ellesif associated, yet haunted them in vain. At first, he thought accident was still against him; but at length circumstances arose to prove that determined purpose, not unlucky chance, was his enemy.

One morning he had heard her voice in the vestibule of an apartment, towards which he was himself proceeding; but hearing his name mentioned by a servant, she had hastily ran back to her sedan, under he knew not what pretext, and had thus escaped the meeting. This evident resolution not to see him, again withered away hope in the breast of Theodore; nay, it excited his indignation; for such conduct certainly confessed a consciousness of having formerly sought his heart for the gratification of mere whim or vanity, at a time when she knew him too dependant to be able to demand her's in return.

Theodore's nature was as remote from weakness as from insensibility: he felt certain that were he once to see Ellesif, and have complete demonstration of so humiliating a conjecture, there was a power within him strong enough to wrestle with, and conquer even the longest-cherished passion.

But certainty could not be without proof; and it was only after each fresh instance of determined avoidance, that, in a swell of resentment, he paused upon the occasional remarks dropt by the Conde with regard to his speedy marriage.

The heiress of Altamira was young, beautiful, agreeable, and attractive; her artless and ardent youth left her feelings without disguise; and even Theodore's modesty could not prevent him from acknowledging to himself that her eyes gave him encouragement to utter whatever her charms might inspire.

But her charms inspired nothing beyond moderate admiration in his occupied heart; and he often turned from her, reflecting on the transfer his grandfather wished him to make of his affections, with a feeling of wonder at other men, whom, a month before, he had known serenading the beauty they had now left for some new favorite.

It was not only the thoughtless or the worthless whose natures seemed thus happily constituted to recover from disappointment, and immediately seek new interests of the same sort; the serious and the tender, the constant in friendship and the steadfast in religion, were alike amongst the crowd that suffered awhile—suffered deeply, yet, seeing another fair face, again could love, and again believe in happiness and perfection.

"It is I only that am cursed with this fatal constancy!" Theodore would say to himself. "Is it I only that, enjoying my perfect reason on all other subjects, am just upon this one, mad—irrecoverably mad?"

But he fancied that he had found in his cousin Olivia as fond a lunatic as himself; for she still wore the semblance of one whom a single idea absorbs. Often in their accidental encounters, when the Conde was not present, (for at that time they simply saluted each other,) he marked her sudden fits of absence, and heard thronging sighs to which his heart vibrated with brotherly pity.

No society, indeed, soothed and interested him like that of his aunt and cousins; for the Marchioness had a noble frankness of character, and Isabella a sweetness which penetrated like balmy dews. Olivia, though at times silent and sad, was often brightly animated; and Theodore saw, with benevolent pleasure, that his narration of northern customs and past events often banished her pensiveness entirely. He guessed not that she listened with delight because he was the speaker, and that she was interested in the events because they had influenced his destiny.

Persons who saw them together, saw clearer than he did; but concluding him as acute as themselves, they believed his attentions to Donna Olivia were meant to terminate in marriage. The first time such an idea crossed himself, was in consequence of a remark from Don Julian Casilio, who had lately shown a strong interest in the family of the Marchioness Amezaga. Without hesitation, Theodore assured him that he had never thought of his fair cousin except as a dear relative.

"Then I can tell you, I suspect her family and friends think otherwise," was Don Julian's reply; "but I am very glad it is not so." The eccentric Casilio had abruptly departed after saying this, leaving Theodore to quell a moment's alarm by a smile of derision at himself, for the vanity of being alarmed even for that short moment.

That very evening, however, brought this conversation again to his recollection. He met his cousins in a small circle; and during the progress of an argument between himself and a pert coxcomb, who was ridiculing the idea of what are termed romantic attachments, Theodore had inadvertently turned his eyes towards Donna Olivia: the glance he met was not merely one of frank concurrence in his sentiments; it beamed unclouded love; it thrilled to his soul; it identified her for the instant with Ellesif; and for that brief instant, he forgot that it was not Ellesif indeed whom he beheld, and the place he was in—her father's house at Christiana.

Lost, entranced—at first delighted, then disordered, and at

length distressed, he rose in confusion from his seat, grieved to have suffered the transient illusion to appear upon his countenance. The agitation it had caused in him might admit of a far different interpretation from that which it really claimed; it therefore became an imperious duty to remove the mistake. A few seconds afterwards, the marriage of Donna Olivia's former lover was mentioned in the circle, and put her change of feeling beyond a doubt. The color certainly mounted to her cheek, but it was the steady color of disdain, not the fluctuating hues of still-nourished passion. Theodore was then painfully convinced that d'Harcourt must long have ceased to be the object of those tender reveries in which he had seen her indulge; and, framing an excuse for leaving the party, he returned home distressed and perplexed.

On his return, he found the Conde giving orders for his journey to Madrid on the following morning. The court was going to remove thither, the approaching winter rendering the neighborhood of the Pyrenees injurious to the delicate state of the Queen.

At the party Theodore had just left, he had heard of Count St. Etienne's purposed tour; and it was therefore indifferent to him where his own residence might be, when those objects were removed which made any particular place interesting.

"I attend you, my lord, of course?" he asked.

"No, sir," returned the Conde; "I shall leave some business for you to transact here, which may detain you a few days. You will rejoin me in the company of the Countess Altamira, for I purpose that you shall solicit the honor of being her escort to Madrid."

Theodore, who had caught sight of a letter directed to himself, in the hand-writing of Dofrestom, and was now eagerly opening it, stopped, and turned towards his grandfather with a look of uneasiness.

"What do you mean by that look, Don Theodore? You cannot imagine that I will allow the noble house of Roncevalles to remain without heirs? I intend you to marry. I have pitched upon Donna Francisca de Salazar for your wife, and her family are well-inclined to accept your proposals."

"My proposals, my lord!—I have scarcely seen the lady—at least only in formal societies; and my affections move so slowly, that ——"

The Conde kindled into wrath, repeating his commands, mingled with a variety of erroneous guesses at the real object of his grandson's affection; for that some object did possess his heart, he now took for granted. Happily Theodore could calmly deny having a preference for any lady the Conde mentioned; alleging only a present disinclination to marriage, and urging the indeli-

cacy of thus fastening the rumor of such an alliance upon a young lady, who might, after all, be as little inclined as himself to enter into their relations' views.

"Have you any personal objection to Donna Francisca, sir?"

"None, exactly to herself."

"Well then, sir, I give you one month to fall in love with her, as love is so necessary to your unmanly heart; after which I expect implicit obedience, or we part for ever."

Theodore gladly obeyed the Conde's hand, which motioned him to retire; and, hastening into his own apartment to read Dofrestom's letter, saw that this venerable friend, together with Catherine and the little Heinreich, were landed, and impatiently waiting at Fontarabia for directions where to proceed.

Joy now banished every other thought: and unable to obey the dictates of inclination, by flying himself to welcome these beloved friends, he directly despatched one of his trustiest servants, though past midnight, to the seaport, with the charge of conducting the travelers as expeditiously, yet comfortably as possible, to the Mirador. Theodore slept not during the whole night; the images of those dear persons pressed upon his heart, allowing no others to enter.

The Conde's departure he considered as a providential event; and the next morning Theodore saw, with inexpressible satisfaction, his grandfather's long suite of equipages and horsemen take the road to Madrid.

The business he was left to arrange for the Conde, made it impossible for Theodore to go and meet Dofrestom: but impatience quickened the motions of his Norwegian friends; and he had the transport of finding himself encircled in their arms, the second day after the Conde's departure.

The mourning garb of the travelers mingled sorrow with the joy of Theodore. In tearful silence he pressed Heinreich's orphan repeatedly to his breast, with a depth of tenderness which spoke comfort to the attentive grandfather.

"Thou art still the same, my child, my Theodore!" exclaimed Dofrestom, weeping with delight, and pressing his hands between both of his: "these hands of mine tremble with agitation, not infirmity;" he added, smiling, as he saw Theodore look with concern at their tremulous motion, "I have many years yet to live, I trust—happy years, I will say, if they pass under a roof of thine."

"And you are lord of this fine place!" exclaimed Catherine, looking round the Mirador; "and all these beautiful gardens, and terraces, and stately rooms, and crowd of servants are your own!

Well, God in heaven bless you with them; I always thought you would come to honor, for I knew you deserved it."

Theodore gently set her right; explaining the situation of his own estate, describing the sort of house he had prepared for them, and beseeching them to say whether they could be happy there till circumstances might allow him to give them the choice of a residence.

Every thing he had planned, every thing he proposed, met with a smiling acquiescence from his humble friends, whose hearts were all fullness of delight in seeing him again. Once or twice, Catherine began some details of Heinreich's last illness; but Dofrestom gently checked her, reminding her that it was a poor return to the Almighty for the happiness of the present, to trouble its enjoyment by dwelling on the anguish of the past. A plentiful repast, the most cordial wines, the softest beds, and the most filial attendance were given them by Theodore, whose grateful heart overflowed with the pleasure of being enabled at length to prove his attachment to the guardians of his infancy. If there be unmixed happiness on earth, it is at a moment like this!

Theodore thought not of the heiress of Altamira, nor of his cousin Olivia, scarcely of Ellesif herself, for the first day that he spent in testifying his gratitude to his early benefactors; and having finished the business his grandfather had left for him to settle, he would not allow any apprehension of the Conde's displeasure to interfere with the performance of a duty. He therefore went himself into Aragon with his northern friends.

As Dofrestom retained enough of French to converse on ordinary matters, Theodore had providently fitted up his little household with French servants, or Spaniards who spoke that language; and till Catherine should acquire Spanish, her brother was to act as her interpreter.

On reaching the estate of the Torre, they were as much charmed with their residence, as astonished by its embellished resemblance to their own stone cottage; and the now wintry scenery of the Pyrenees reminding them of the Alps of Norway, sanctified its situation by this similarity.

After passing a few days at the Torre, to see them familiarized with their abode, and their active spirits employed by cheerful occupation, Theodore unwillingly tore himself from a place where his heart seemed to live over again its days of boyish innocence and cloudless enjoyment; and turning his steps towards Madrid, went to behold there old age under a different aspect; old age without that which makes grey hairs a crown of glory, wisdom, and goodness! He found the royal family established in the pa-

lace of the Retiro, and the capital thronged with all the followers of the court.

Donna Elvira was gone with her husband to Turin, a circumstance which afforded Theodore sincere satisfaction; for determined as he was to refuse addressing a woman for whom he felt no preference, his sister's absence, he hoped, would withhold at least one persecutor when he should be called on by the Conde for his ultimate decision.

Had not the entail of the Roncevalles title and domains come under the class of the Agnacion Rigurosa, thus limiting the succession to males only, Donna Elvira's selfishness would have prompted her to throw obstacles in the way of her brother's marriage; but as she could never hope to receive benefit from his celibacy, and as her natural love of tormenting inclined her to urge whatever another person disliked, Theodore well knew that, had she remained in Spain, the secret of his prior attachment to Ellesif would most likely have been discovered by her indefatigable ill-nature, and eternally exposed while discussing the advantages of other connexions. He therefore rejoiced at her absence, and rejoiced that she had never seen either Ellesif or her father.

From the instant of Theodore's rejoining him, the Conde preserved a proud silence upon the subject of Donna Francisca, though he studiously carried his grandson into the same societies with her, and showed a marked attention to herself and family whenever they visited the Roncevalles residence. Theodore had consequently a difficult task to perform; yet he contrived to preserve a due medium between mortifying slight and particular notice: thus making it impossible for the Altamira family to charge him with indecision or duplicity, when his modest refusal of their alliance should oblige them to consider the Conde as the sole actor in the affair.

The extreme youth and vivacity of Donna Francisca left him little to apprehend for her future peace: but it was otherwise with his cousin Olivia. He now met her very often, and could no longer be blind to his power over her inclinations, or to the expectations his manner had excited in her excellent mother. Distressed and perplexed, he sought for awhile to avoid them; but the appointment of the Marchioness Amezaga to a situation about the Queen, brought herself and her daughters more frequently than ever into the same circles with him.

Theodore went one morning to attend the drawing-room of Princesse Ursins, desperately determining to ask that information from the Camerara Mayor, which she only could give. On entering the first apartment, he perceived, through a vista of persons *of both sexes*, his aunt and cousins: they saw him, and he could

not retreat. Fortunately Princesse Ursins soon advanced, and afforded him the opportunity he sought. Scarcely had he concluded the customary compliments, than he asked hesitatingly, whether it were true that her relations had returned into France, and whether there were not hopes of their return? Madame Ursins' answer shocked and surprized him.

"As you have begun this subject," she said with a mixture of playfulness and serious intention, "you must abide by the consequence. I may now venture to say, that I have had it at heart to bring you and the Count upon your former terms. I have always found the Count most affectionately disposed towards you, and honorably ready to confess having been the only one to blame in your disagreement: but what your conscience has to reproach you with, about Ma'mselle St. Etienne, I know not! She told me the other day, on my urging the matter, that she rather wished not to renew her acquaintance with you."

Madame Ursins did not add that she had wrung this indiscreet avowal from Ellesif, by hinting her own wish of uniting her to the heir of Roncevalles; nor that she now repeated it to Theodore, in the secret belief that it would stimulate him to overcome this disinclination in Ellesif, if it originated, as she supposed it did, in pique, at the report of his engagement with the heiress of Altamira. Theodore's involuntary exclamation at this unexpected cruelty from Ellesif, was seemingly unnoticed by the Princesse, who went purposely forward to address a newly-arrived visitor.

Theodore remained where she had left him; he was stunned with that which he had heard, and might have forgotten the publicity of the scene around, had not his aunt and cousins, by pushing through the circle, roused him to recollection. He met their affectionate greetings with as much composure as he could assume, but after the first few interrogations he replied at random, distinctly convincing them that his thoughts were not in the same place with his person.

The Marchioness seeing no one near, and prompted to put an end to the uneasiness which certain reports, and her nephew's present embarrassment, conjured up, said in a low voice—"Are we to credit a rumor we hear every where, my dear nephew? It is said you are on the point of marriage with the heiress of Altamira."

"No, madam, it is not true," replied Theodore, looking down: then unwilling to lose this favorable opportunity for crushing any false expectations which his supposition of Donna Olivia's attachment to another, and his notice of her resemblance to Ellesif, might possibly have excited, he added, with a paleness that blanched even his lips, "I shall never marry: to my aunt and

cousins I may confess, that I have loved once and unhappily; and that I feel, therefore, I have loved for the last time."

No sooner had he uttered these words, than his heart smote him for their seeming barbarity: Donna Olivia gave a convulsive start, and pulling her veil over her face, moved a few steps away; then suddenly endeavoring to catch her sister's arm for support, and unable to seize it, sunk to the ground deprived of sense.

Nothing could be more cruel than Theodore's situation: the involuntary glance of the distressed mother's eyes, as she ran to raise her motionless daughter, conveyed a reproach that he knew he did not merit, but which it was possible she might imagine he did; he hastened, however, to assist his cousin, who was no sooner recovered than averting her face, now crimsoned like his own, she pleaded the sickening effect of some heliotropes in the apartment, and leaning on her sister's arm, retired amid the concern and condolence of Princesse Ursins' circle. Having hastily taken his leave, instead of returning home, Theodore walked to a retired spot to collect his amazed spirits.

Never before had he believed the happiness of an individual completely in his power: for love mixed not with his present concern, to excite doubts of that which reason could not otherwise hesitate to believe. Pity and regret were united to affectionate esteem; and so strongly did they plead for his fair cousin, that it seemed for a while as if she would require no other pleaders. Had he not just received a proof that Ellesif had never loved him? and would he, for the sake of one so disingenuous or so fickle, inflict the same wretchedness upon another as she had fixed upon him?

"Alas! why do I think of living any longer for myself!" he exclaimed mournfully, as, distracted and sorrowful, he traversed the bank of the Manzanares. "I can never hope for happiness in my own person; let me then, at least, give happiness to another."

The generous wish vanished with its expression. Theodore could not yet command all his impulses; and yielding to the thought that his grandfather's hatred to the name of Montellano would form an insurmountable obstacle to an union with one of that race, even did none exist in his own mind, he returned home to assume a tranquillity of which the events of the morning had entirely deprived him.

Never did he pass a day of greater constraint and discomfort in the company of his grandfather: the Conde was sullenly silent and peevishly talkative by fits. He mentioned Theodore's Norwegian friends with asperity, deigning no other appellation to the venerable Dofrestom, than that of foolish old boor; inveighing

against his folly for leaving his own country and people, for a climate and a race so completely different.

Contemptuous remarks upon the Count St. Etienne's baffled attempt (as he chose to consider it,) of marrying off his pretty daughter to a Spanish grandee, followed the subject of Dofrestom; and when he observed that Theodore's usual self-command and mildness gave way before the indignation with which he heard Ellesif's attractive accomplishments derided, and all her actions tortured into debasing designs upon young heirs, the Conde passionately remarked that perhaps he had now discovered his grandson's reason for shunning Donna Francisca de Salazar.

"I suppose, sir," he added, "that I shall some day be confounded by hearing you ask my consent to marry this Ma'mselle. St. Etienne."

"Your Excellency may judge of the probability of such a circumstance, by this plain fact: I have never seen her since she came into Spain."

Although this was said with the most oppressive agitation, Theodore's invariable truth gave it the force of instant conviction, and the Conde's sudden suspicion was as suddenly quelled.

"Then, sir," he said, "you have nothing but insolent caprice to allege, if you hesitate in addressing Donna Francisca. Yet what do I talk of! you dare not hesitate! Your month of consideration expires in three days, and I warn you to beware of the consequence if you refuse to form this noble connexion."

The Conde called for the gentlemen of his chamber to attend him to his oratory, leaving Theodore in a condition of mind for which it would be difficult to find a name. Determined as he was to decline the hand of Donna Francisca, he foresaw such domestic storms, such unquenchable flames, and so many studied endeavors to mortify and harass him, that his peaceful spirit shrunk from the prospect. It was impossible to guess how far the Conde had pledged him in the negociation; nor how much violence he would have to put upon his feelings while endeavoring to spare Donna Francisca's delicacy, yet be firm in his rejection of the alliance. He foresaw that having no prior engagement to plead, he must incur the odium of the whole court, since the lady herself was unexceptionable, and of a rank and fortune to confer honor upon any man.

But what was public opinion to bosom peace! and after what had passed at Princesse Ursins' in the morning, Theodore felt conscious that if ever he could so far soften the keenness of his first disappointment as to think of devoting his life to any woman, Donna Olivia ought to be the object of his choice. By trusting to the report of her prior inclination for another, and therefore

yielding incautiously to the pleasure with which he traced in her a faint resemblance to Ellesif, he had certainly given his cousin reason to believe that something more than the affection of a relative led him to lose no opportunity of addressing her in their accidental meetings. But to such a connexion for his grandson, the Conde would be more hostile than to a life of celibacy; and Theodore at length sunk to sleep after many restless hours, with that thought to excuse his repugnance and to appease his conscience.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE slumbers of Theodore were suddenly broken by the abrupt entrance of some one into his room; he started from his pillow to ask the cause of this intrusion, and saw one of the Conde's gentlemen. The countenance of the person prepared him for the information he came to tell: his master was in the severest paroxysm of a spasmodic seizure, and had called for Don Theodore.

Theodore merely covered himself with a wrapping gown, and hastened to the bedside of his grandfather. The family physician was already there, and two of the royal household had been summoned. Death was in the visage of the Conde, and his eyes, though fixed with a ghastly gaze, had evidently lost the power of sight. He continued but a short time to struggle with our last enemy: the applications of his various medical attendants produced no visible alteration; he spoke not, though he groaned without intermission; and Theodore, who held him on his breast, perceiving sudden stillness succeed to a momentary convulsion of frightful strength, cast his eyes on the face from which he had just averted them with a shudder, and saw that its features would never move again.

When convinced that the spirit was really gone, he resigned the breathless body, seeking a few moments of solitude to recover from the shock of the scene. Awe, rather than grief, thus powerfully affected him; for it was impossible to behold the solemn passage of such a soul as that of the Conde's, from this brief life to that which is eternal, without reflections of the most serious nature.

No thought of his own emancipation from a galling yoke, and consequent release from a discordant companion, mixed with the horror and compassion of Theodore's meditations; he neither looked to the future nor the past for himself, but solely engrossed

by concern for the salvation of the departed, returned to the chamber of death to join in the solemn service of their religion over the body.

While the remains of the Conde lay in state, the afflicting news of the deaths of the young Dauphin and Dauphiness of France, caused the Spanish court suddenly to break up, and every public and private amusement to cease. Theodore was therefore undisturbed in the settlement of the various concerns which now devolved upon him.

The Conde had left his affairs in great confusion; and though his heir was at first startled by the number of large and long-standing claims that were immediately brought in, his clear head and sincere desire to do justice enabled him to arrange measures for their speedy liquidation, without having recourse to injurious loans or ruinous mortgages. The principle of his system was a very simple one—economy in his own person. He knew exactly how much expenditure was necessary to appear with the dignity of his rank, and how much more might be lavished without adding any lustre to their appearance.

His first care was to enlarge the marriage portion of his sister, and to secure the pensions of the servants. After which, satisfied with the certainty of increasing his revenue by care and wise management, he cheerfully narrowed for awhile the circle of those different households which had all overgrown their usefulness during the last years of his ostentatious grandfather.

The first period of mourning was too sacred to be disturbed by any communication from the family of Altamira; but aware that when decorum would permit, he must of necessity enter upon the painful business, Theodore determined to seek the counsel of his aunt, and seize that opportunity of entirely clearing his conduct towards Donna Olivia.

As he proceeded towards the Marchioness' residence, he could not forbear moralizing upon the vanity of that anxiety for the future, to which he had yielded the very day of his grandfather's death. He had retired to rest, foreseeing a world of distress and importunity on the dreaded subject of an immediate marriage, and he had been roused to witness the death of him whose authority alone could make such importunity formidable. Thus, like many other threatening evils, this had passed away with the swiftness of an ideal phantom, leaving Theodore impressed with the conviction that calamity seldom allows its approach to be foreseen, but comes like an assassin, striking and destroying when we are least prepared for the blow.

The keenest sorrow that now assailed Theodore was the cruel consciousness of being a free agent, at the very moment in which the objects for which he principally desired that freedom of action

had voluntarily removed from the place he inhabited. Had the Conde's death, by happening sooner, left him ignorant of Ellesif's declaration to Madame Ursins, he would have used his power of instantly taking advantage of any favorable sentiment, and would have sought, through the medium of confidence in the Princesse, to learn what he might hope from the heart of Ellesif. But after so decided a declaration, (even in the event of her return to Madrid,) to seek her under any character would be to woo mortification.

Without a hope to enlighten the gloom of that part of his fate, Theodore then turned his saddened eyes towards the quarter whence he must hereafter look for enjoyment, friendship, and the power of doing good. In this prospect, the dearest objects he contemplated were the worthy old couple in Aragon; and recollecting his intention of surprizing them with a picture of himself, he turned into the lodgings of a painter lately arrived from Paris.

The artist required no warmer encomiast than his own works, for they are as full of genius as of taste; and Theodore soon settled the number of hours he could devote to the different sittings. It was his wish to be drawn as Dofrestom had been used to see him at Aardèl; and pointing out the picturesque parts of the dress, while he accurately described the whole, his judicious hints induced the artist to observe that "his lordship appeared strikingly alive to the powers of his powerful art."

"Your remarks on my performances, my lord," observed the painter, leading him into another apartment, "make me flatter myself that you will have some pleasure in looking at a collection of pictures in this room: they are copies from family portraits in different galleries; some of the heads are distinguished by exquisite beauty—some only by the picturesque—others by a rare union of the two. Here is one which certainly exhibits as much character and fine coloring as were ever combined in one subject. I copied it from a portrait at the Hotel de Nourmoutier."

At this instant the painter was summoned from the apartment to attend a lady; and receiving Theodore's permission to obey her summons, left him to approach the picture. Was it Ellesif herself that he beheld? he saw her, as he had indeed seen her when she sat for the original of this portrait in Copenhagen. The lovely roundness of the shape almost heaving into life, the breathing beauty of the countenance, the glow of youth and delight diffused over the whole figure, might have kindled only thoughts of joy, had not the touching expression of the eyes, (eyes, speaking a heart formed to feel deeply, therefore fated to suffer widely,) changed pleasure into apprehension. Those eyes fixed with melting tenderness upon Theodore, seemed softly to reproach him for ever believing that heartless vanity or weak caprice could

lurk under their expression: those eyes seemed again to repeat the many fond approvals with which they had so often beamed upon him at the villa of her father, and at the government house. He gazed till he could have fancied he saw them sink in sweet confusion to the ground, and that blushes colored even the lucid whiteness of the palpitating neck.

No longer master of the various emotions that struggled to have way, he pressed forwards to the picture: "Ellesif!" he exclaimed, in a voice broken by sighs, "my Ellesif, once I should have called thee—once fondly did I think thee, but never so indeed! yet still dear, dearer than life, dear as my soul!" As he spoke, he fastened his quivering lips to the lifeless resemblance with a passionate tenderness, which gushed forth in tears: it was the delirium and weakness of a moment. Ashamed of the act and fearing witnesses, he tore himself away; and, casting a last look at the picture, hurried from the house.

It was impossible for Theodore to pursue his intention of visiting his aunt; all disordered, every power lost, and each rational resolve dissolved in fond recollection, he could not contemplate a conference upon any other subject, however important, without loathing. He shuddered as he thought of Donna Olivia: his heart's wound again tore open, now bled afresh with resistless, unstanchable violence; and turning homewards, he buried himself in solitude for the remaining hours of the day.

This incident discovered to Theodore the real weakness of his heart; that heart still fondly clung to Ellesif; and, if the sight of her portrait could thus sweep away his best resolves, what might be the effect of seeing herself? to what domestic misery might it not lead, therefore, if at such a period he was the husband of another? The mental answer to these questions fortified him in the resolution of candidly explaining to his aunt all those unlucky circumstances which had evidently led her and his cousin to believe him powerfully attracted by the latter; and the second day after his visit to the painter, he went to the Marchioness Amezaga's.

This early testimony of regard for his mother's family, in some manner softened the displeased feelings with which the Marchioness was prepared to meet him; but, eager to show her noble disdain of suing for her daughter, she took care to let him know that Donna Olivia had been gone some time into Asturias with a paternal aunt, who was ordered the baths near Oviedo.

Theodore's delicacy forebore the slightest reference to their last interview at Princesse Ursins'; but appearing to consider his aunt as warmly and kindly interested in his welfare as she had ever professed herself, he proceeded to request her advice in the affair of the Altamira alliance. By distinctly relating why he

could not fulfil the wishes of his grandfather on this occasion, Theodore explained to the Marchioness all that perplexed her in his conduct to Donna Olivia. He spoke of his cousin's resemblance to the woman he loved, and the different emotions to which her appearance had consequently given birth, as if simply unburthening his heart of its whole secret; while in reality he did it in the hope of honorably acquitting himself from the suspicion of having practised upon her susceptibility. How much did it not cost Theodore to be thus unreserved! Yet, repugnant as unbounded confidence on such a subject was to a man of his character, he did not hesitate being completely so, from a thorough conviction of its necessity.

Accident had caused him to appear interested in Donna Olivia for her own sake; that appearance had either laid the foundation of her attachment, or had heightened it by hope; and he was consequently called upon by honor and humanity, to speak explicitly and truly—to employ no third person—to pass over no circumstance, but frankly to recapitulate and explain them all. By this means he would leave no room for self-deception on the part of Donna Olivia; and, though he might not succeed in terminating her attachment with her belief of its reciprocity, he would at least not leave her the bitterest of all human feelings—the thought of having bestowed affection unworthily.

Theodore gradually saw the effect of his ingenuousness upon his excellent aunt. She listened with profound attention and increasing interest; and, when he concluded, she put her handkerchief to her eyes and shed tears. They were tears of regret for her daughter, unmixed with any resentment against her nephew. She felt his honorable care of their delicacy; and she saw at once, that although neither of them had alluded to Donna Olivia's disappointment, it was equally the subject of their solicitude.

Perhaps the faint hope that Theodore might hereafter transfer his heart to the tender Olivia, tended to calm the maternal feelings of the Marchioness: she had herself remarked the resemblance between her daughter and Ellesif, and now remembered many little incidents during their intercourse with Ma'mselle St. Etienne, corroborative of Theodore's veracity. Upon this subject she could bestow only sympathy; but on that of Donna Francisca de Salazar, she had advice to offer.

From some hints dropped in consequence of suspecting Theodore meant to marry his cousin, the Marchioness was aware that the Altamira family were piqued at Theodore's quiescence since the Conde's death, and that they were inclined to terminate the affair themselves, before he could have time to insult their dignity by breaking off the negociation. The Marchioness, therefore, *advised* him to wait for this event, and rather to sacrifice his own

feelings, than to wound those of an inexperienced, but noble-minded girl.

"You will only appear as a refused man," she said, "one of a score whom the proud Altamiras have dismissed, and not a creature will remember the matter two days after it is first whispered. But were the refusal to proceed from you, there would be nothing for poor Donna Francisca but months of outward mortification, in addition to we know not how much of inward wretchedness."

"O do not tell me so, dearest aunt!" exclaimed Theodore, his eyes suffusing, even while he colored with shame, and remarked his own vanity with a smile. The Marchioness kindly embraced him. Some animated expression was on the point of bursting from her, but she checked it, and changing it into a blessing, bade him farewell.

His aunt's advice was followed, and her expectations fulfilled. The Altamiras waited a very short time beyond the period in which the young Conde might decorously have resumed the business his grandfather's death had interrupted; and, receiving no message or visit from him, the guardian of Donna Francisca wrote him a formal dismission.

Theodore accepted his conge in silence. Calmly did he allow them to whisper in society that the rupture of the alliance had originated in Donna Francisca's disinclination, thus resigning himself to some mortification in an affair that had threatened so much more serious mischief; and regretting only, (and indeed bitterly,) that if Ellesif were to hear of it, she would be justified in considering his affection for herself as the brief fever of a day. But this keen regret was among the fated trials of one who believed himself born to suffer and to submit.

It was Theodore's intention to quit Madrid, which the mourning for the Dauphin and Dauphiness of France had plunged into gloom, and to seek at the Torre de la Marbore, the consolations of useful occupation and of friendship. In the grateful task of adding to the comforts of his foster-father amongst the shades of retirement, he hoped to find more enjoyment than the pageants of an isolated, though elevated condition, could bestow on him in the world. He therefore requested an audience of the King, at which he delivered up the insignia of his grandfather's various orders, some of which were graciously returned to him, and departed for Aragon.

Theodore carried with him the portrait for which he had sat to the French painter; and, now that he was going from Madrid, he repined at his own stern resolution, which had steadily persevered in forbidding him ever to ask for a second sight of that resemblance, which had renewed so many fond regrets and given birth to so much reflection. But he had now a wide circle of duties to

fulfil; and, though he felt that there would always remain one dreary waste in his fate to which no future objects could give verdure and beauty, he acknowledged his obligation to avert his eyes as much as possible from this dismal prospect, and to look with gratitude upon the unobstructed path to usefulness and improvement.

Master of his time, and the free possessor of ample fortune and powerful rank, he could now forward many plans for general good, which might atone for the want of individual happiness in his own bosom; he could pursue his favorite habits of deep study, and at least be secure of peace in his lonely mansions, though obliged to abandon the dream of felicity. With so many causes for thankfulness to the Almighty dispenser of good and evil, Theodore ventured not to repine—still striving for resignation, even while convinced that the moment would never arrive in which he should look back to this disappointment of his first passion, with placid indifference.

It was now the beginning of May, and the approaches of the Torre were already gay with that lovely green which is peculiar to spring. The tender tints of the larches and acacias that sheltered Dofrestom's dwelling, refreshed the eye after it had rested on the dark firs and pines that thickened into woods on the steeps above. The air was perfumed with the flowers of the asphodel and heliotrope, the passing foot crushed out additional sweetness from every variety of blooming heaths, and a gentle breeze prevented the sense from being overpowered by their mingled scents.

Theodore heard the bleat of lambs mixed with the caressing accents of little Heinreich: what sound is more charming than the voice of a child? Theodore's heart expanded with pleasure, and stopping to see whence the sound proceeded, he beheld in an adjacent meadow, Dofrestom standing with his shepherds near a water-course that was scarcely heard to murmur, and the little boy sporting amongst the sheep. He then threw himself off his mule, and bidding his attendants proceed to the Torre, hastened into the meadow.

At the far-off sound of his voice, the venerable man bade his little grandson run forward, while he advanced as eagerly, though not so actively. Theodore was rejoiced to observe the steadiness of his walk, and the healthful russet of his complexion; his grey locks no longer waved over a thin and pallid cheek—it was firm and ruddy; and his eyes sparkling with pleasure, seemed almost to sparkle with youth. The pretty boy bounded into his arms with the elasticity of childish transport; he looked well and happy, and Roncevalles soon banished selfish regrets, in the contemplation of the blessings he was bestowing upon these interesting objects.

Already acquainted with the character of the late Conde, Do-

frestom offered no vain condolements on his loss; but proceeded at once to express his joy at the prospect they now had of seeing their beloved foster-son often and freely.

At the Lodge they were joined by Catherine, whose looks spoke as much health and enjoyment as those of her brother's; after giving a few moments to the products of her dairy and garden, Theodore yielded to her impatience of going over the house and the enclosures. Every step reminded him of Aardel. Catherine had added many a trifling memorial of his childish days to the embellishments of the rooms; and though these homely ornaments were perhaps rude in their workmanship, and of small utility, they were endeared to him by association. Dofrestom had trained a jessamine and a passion-flower to shade the windows, because he knew Theodore loved these beautiful draperies of nature; wherever he looked, in short, he saw that to delight him was the sole aim of his two friends' exertions.

Dofrestom then led him over his fields and farm, pointing with honest exultation to the improvements already begun, and detailing those for which he was waiting the proper season. He showed him his avocations and described his recreations. These consisted in teaching little Heinreich the rudiments of that practical knowledge in which he was hereafter to be perfected, and in exchanging visits with the brothers of a neighboring monastery, whose cheerful piety united to win him from the remembrance of past sorrow.

Catherine's bustling buoyant character sought more employment, and required less repose: she was therefore indifferent to any society beyond that of her brother and the little boy; and having one of her own countrywomen to converse with, in the person of a Norwegian girl that accompanied her from Aardal, took little trouble to learn the language of Spain. A love of distinction was amongst Catherine's few foibles; she was, of course, secretly pleased with the deference that was paid to herself and Dofrestom by the surrounding peasantry. Their lord's command had hitherto enforced this respect, and now his presence came to increase and to fix her consequence.

The first few days after Theodore's arrival were devoted by him to the business of going over his lands with Dofrestom, and setting the seal of his injunctions to the authority he vested in the hands of this venerable man; after this, he gave himself up to unrestrained enjoyment of leisure and liberty.

The library of his father, to which he meditated many additions, became the solace of his solitary hours, while his social ones were spent in scientific rambles with one of the monks, who buried great acquirements in a cloister, or in discourse with Dofrestom and Catherine under the shade of their flowering limes.

In these conversations, the various incidents of their past lives, and the various individuals who had contributed to these events, were insensibly reviewed. Sometimes Catherine wept over the details of Heinreich's last illness and edifying death-bed; sometimes she spoke of her hope that the little Heinreich would become the son-in-law of Eric and Magdalen, whenever he should be of an age to go and take possession of the patrimony they now held in trust for him; sometimes she reverted to the days of Theodore's residence with Count Lauvenheilm, speculating on the reasons for the Count's disappearance from Ager-huus, and occasionally bestowing bitter animadversions upon his conduct to her foster-son.

At such moments, Theodore's self-command was sorely tried; though he sought calmly to moderate her resentment and to turn the subject, Dofrestom's quicker feeling made him perceive that the impression Countess Ellesif had made was not effaced. Constancy never surprises the unsophisticated children of nature: it is only those to whom pleasure affords ample compensation for happiness—those who have learned in the world how easy it is to forget, that consider adherance to one fond remembrance with astonishment and contempt. Dofrestom wished it were otherwise with the child of his adoption, but he blamed not the weakness.

In this philosophic retirement, surrounded by the treasures of the vegetable and mineral world, elevated to the region of the stars, and undisturbed even by the murmurs of that vexed ocean of life which he had just quitted, Theodore passed two months of tranquil enjoyment. The various powers of his mind rose again into action, and the most sacred feelings of his heart were gratified by knowing himself the source of blessing to the protectors of his youth. There were moments, indeed, in which the distracting remembrance of Ellesif and her father poisoned pleasure at its source; when it seemed to him that henceforth he must endure life, not enjoy it; and that in the midst of an abundant felicity, bestowed by his cares or his benevolence upon others, his own heart would remain silent and desolate. But, ever as these repinings arose, he banished them by the very consciousness that he should henceforth be able to bless his fellow-creatures; and that, if condemned to a solitary existence, he was released from the insupportable yoke of uncongenial relatives. At five-and-twenty it is with difficulty we teach ourselves to be content with tranquillity: alas! does not every thing that falls short of happiness, at that age, appear like positive misery?

Under the exterior of serene pensiveness, Theodore buried many a bosom conflict and mental torture; he thought not of Ellesif only, whom he now believed returned into France. The recollection of his cousin Olivia troubled his peace, and agitated

his conscience with repeated debates upon his selfish repugnance to repair an involuntary, yet still a serious injury. The noble reliance on his truth which the Marchioness evinced on their last interview, and the delicacy with which she had forborne making the slightest appeal to his pity, powerfully affected him. Had her early kindness merited such a return as that of plunging her favorite daughter into sorrow? Was his conduct to complete the ingratitude of Donna Elvira? And did his aunt's generosity excite no emulation in his breast to equal it? Again Theodore shrunk from the inquiry; and again he calmed his disturbed mind by a solemn promise that if ever he forgot Ellesif, Donna Olivia should receive the offer of his hand.

During the lifetime of the Conde, several letters had passed between Theodore and his excellent friend Mr. Coperstad, and the gratitude of the former, for past kindness, had been evinced by liberal presents and an overpaying acquittal of pecuniary obligation in the affair of Professor Sergendal's MS. Theodore now hastened to give his learned friend a warm invitation into Spain, urging the indifferent account that gentleman had given of his present health, and tempting him with various inducements, all-powerful to a scientific mind. He touched lightly on the subject of Count Lavenheilm, since it was not in his power to say any thing from his own observation; but what he did venture to say was calculated to increase the pity and revive the respect of Mr. Coperstad for their former patron.

The return of Fredenheim into Denmark, through the interest of Prince Charles and that young man's confidence in his uncle, had enabled Mr. Coperstad to judge of Count Lauvenheilm's repentance, of his conduct under his exile, and his undiminished esteem of Theodore. He had naturally communicated these circumstances, with his own reflections upon them, in his letters to his young friend; and Theodore received this added proof of the Count's esteem just after Princesse Ursins had told him of Ellesif's determination to avoid him. Thus every thing barbed the arrow that cruel yet dear hand had fixed in his breast, and each succeeding rumination upon her conduct made him more sincerely earnest in his endeavors to banish her image from his memory.

After two months passed at the Torre, it became necessary for Theodore to visit the Mirador; accompanied, therefore, by Dofrestom, he took an affectionate farewell of Catherine, and began his journey to Navarre.

Theodore's object in taking his venerable friend along with him, was not merely to benefit by his perfect acquaintance with the capacities of different soils for agricultural improvements, but in the intention of giving him his choice of managing that estate

in preference to the one in Aragon, if upon viewing the situation, Dofrestom should prefer its gentler beauties to the wilder scenery around the Torre. Dofrestom divined these generous views; and though certain that neither he nor Catherine would desire to remove a second time, even to a palace, accompanied his foster-son merely to prolong the enjoyment of his society.

Theodore's first act was to restore the memorials of his father, long since banished by his unrelenting grandfather; such of the domestics who remembered Don Balthazar, and had spoken of him with honor, he advanced in favor or gratified with pensions. No longer leaving the grievances of the tenantry to be canvassed and redressed, and much oftener neglected, by an unfeeling agent, he appeared amongst them like a descended angel come on a ministry of benevolence.

Dofrestom had the continual gratification of hearing the young Conde Roncevalles contrasted with the memory of him who had last borne that title: the comparison was ever followed by blessings; and whenever it was made in the presence of Theodore himself, his gentle reproof for their disrespect of the dead, was coupled with the assurance that he owed to the early example of the good old man by whom they saw him attended, all those qualities which they now deemed worthy of esteem.

A warm lover of these domestic ties which gently bind man to virtue, Theodore promoted the marriages of his tenantry, assisting each young couple with presents or judicious loans, and holding out inducements to the married life, by showing particular favor to such as entered that state and fulfilled its duties with fidelity. He went himself to these rustic ceremonies, imposing decorum by his presence, and softening their boisterous joy by the sacred emotions of veneration and gratitude which his admonitions and bounty excited. At these times, a deeper shade of melancholy would appear upon his countenance; and the rustic bridegroom, catching the sound of his lord's ill-suppressed sigh, would often be led to suspect that he who sighed would gladly exchange solitary grandeur for the enviable destiny of prosperous though humble life.

Theodore remained at the Mirador till the commencement of August, at which time he was summoned to Madrid to be present at the nuptials of a sister of the Marquis Montanejos. Unwilling to be unjustly considered cold to the estimable members of his family, he accepted the invitation and separated from his venerable companion. After many a renewal of their parting embrace, and parting assurance that they would soon meet again, Dofrestom returned into Aragon, and Theodore once more bent his *steps to* Madrid, forcibly detaching his soul from its long rest.

CHAPTER XXVII.

During this period, so eventful to Roncevalles, Ellesif and her father had been slowly pursuing their tour through Spain. The beauty of the country itself, added to the interesting remains of Roman, Gothic, and Moorish antiquities, which enoble its fine prospects, assisted Ellesif in weaning her thoughts from the only object upon earth that had completely engrossed them.

While her accurate pencil was employed in seizing the fleeting and picturesque effects of varying light and shade on some romantic landscape, or in delineating the architectural beauties of some magnificent ruin, black with age and ivy, her father delighted to revive the faded remembrance of each historical event associated with the scenes before them.

His eloquent recollections alternately peopled the extensive plain or lofty edifice with the images of Pagan, Christain, and Mahomedan warriors: he analyzed the character of each era famous in the records of Spain, tracing the causes of its greatness and its weakness through many a secret labyrinth. He then led Ellesif's attention from events to characters; from the contemplation of individuals to the observation of the integral part of man; that which in all climates and under all governments is still the same, though differently modified by outward circumstances. Thus his own mind found refuge from the regret that perpetually assailed it whenever he thought of the fruitless experiment he had made, and the probable lot to which his offences had condemned his child.

Ellesif struggled against the same secret sorrow, but struggled only in her father's presence: she had once more lost the power of steady self-government; and the discovered letter of Theodore, by demolishing at one blow, and without preparation, even the most fantastic of her hopes, had crushed her spirit to the earth. That fatal letter, scrupulously preserved and often perused, was the fuel of her despair. The parting present it mentioned was not specified; and remembering that Anastasia had greatly admired a Turquois armlet found amongst Donna Aurelia's trinkets, she considered that remembrance as decisive.

Her few lonely hours were consequently spent in hopeless misery: her health at length yielded to its effects, and her father was obliged to stop many weeks at the baths of Buzot, while he endeavored to restore her drooping strength by the use of their chalybeate waters. This circumstance prolonged the time of their absence far beyond its original destination; so that it was the very middle of September, above seven months since the

departure from Corella, when they proceeded to fulfil their promise to Princesse Ursins, of visiting her in their road home.

In a casual encounter with a Spanish gentleman, whom they had known during their residence at the Hermitage, they heard of the Conde Roncevalles' death. "Now then," thought Ellesif, "if report have said truth, the hand of the happy Donna Olivia will be claimed by her cousin!" She turned from that distracting idea into busy occupation, but still, still it haunted her waking and her sleeping hours; and ere she reached Madrid, she silently endeavored to prepare herself for a confirmation of the fact.

The Count was at Aranjuez: the guests of Princesse Ursins were allotted an apartment of the palace that bears that name; but anxious to get far beyond the agitating mention of one now entirely divorced from them, both the Count and his daughter decidedly refused Princesse Ursins' invitation of extending their visits beyond a couple of days.

Ellesif found herself surrounded by a strange mixture of gloom and gaiety. The sprightly character and good sense of Princesse Ursins was still maintaining a struggle with the monotonous forms and absurd solemnity by which both the persons and minds of her young sovereigns were daily fatigued: she saw a fatal malady creeping upon the King, threatening reason itself, and hourly increased by the stupifying customs of Spanish etiquette. She saw that the sensibility of the Queen to the state of her husband, joined to her own illness, and the recent loss of her sister, would finally hurry her to the grave, unless some attempt were made to divert their thoughts into new and livelier channels. She therefore promoted every species of innocent amusement, introducing little dances and games in the royal circle itself; thus inducing the amiable King and Queen to assist in their own cure.

At the period in which Ellesif came to Aranjuez, the happy aspect of public affairs afforded Princesse Ursins an excuse for calling upon the court for testimonies of rejoicing; and a masque in honor of the arrival of an English ambassador was on the eve of being represented by a party of the Queen's meninas.

Ellesif dreaded to appear at it, lest she should encounter the young Conde Roncevalles: but on hearing from her gossipping cousin De la Tremouille, that he had met him four days before on the road to Navarre, she consented to devote her last evening to the sight of this exhibition.

A temporary theatre was decorated with as much taste as might be supposed to result from the discordant mixture of French lightness with Spanish heaviness; tapestries and gilded carvings loaded every part of the spacious hall. One half of the theatre, dedicated to the spectators, was filled with semi-circular *benches* richly covered, above which were elevated some en-

closed seats, railed in, hung round with curtains, and set apart for the royal party and the foreign ambassadors.

Into one of these, with the wife of the Marquis Bonnac, Ellesif entered when the audience were collected, and the performance on the point of beginning. Her father, too, little inclined for amusements that only vex the world-wearied spirit, had promised to join the party before the termination of the spectacle: and Ellesif, relieved from the necessity of exertion by the Marchioness's lucky passion for talking only to young men, sat quietly unmindful of the gallant glances that were occasionally levelled at her by the fatigued Cicisbeos of Madam Bonnac.

The front of their box was of course open to the view of the stage; but Ellesif left the curtain on her side still closed, thus shutting herself from the sight of the audience in that part of the theatre. As the curtain covered but the lower part of the vacancy, those who stood up in the box could see any object without; and during the performance of an overture, she heard the following dialogue pass between the Marquess de Bonnac and a knight of Malta.

"Is not that the Conde Roncevalles?" asked the former.

"Yes. I think he looks the discarded lover very well," was the sarcastic reply.

"How do you mean?"

"Surely," returned the knight, "your Excellency must have heard that the alliance with the heiress of Altamira is at an end?"

"I did hear so without giving credit to the report. I should think no guardian in his senses would refuse such a match for his ward."

"Both Donna Francisca and her guardian thought otherwise," replied the knight. "I was present when the Duke wrote the letter of dismission. He is my authority."

"Of course an unanswerable one," returned the Marquess, carelessly. "I suppose now our young Conde will marry his cousin after all."

"He must make haste then," resumed his ill-natured respondent; "or she will have broken her heart, ere he can get to Rivera de Abayo to prevent her. I suspect he used her very ill; for one morning I saw her faint in a public room, after he had been flirting with somebody else. He certainly behaved very ill; his attentions to her at one time, and his slights at another, were notorious. To tell you my honest opinion of him, I believe he is at bottom as silly a coquet as a woman."

The last remark catching the ear of Madam Bonnac, brought on a smart attack and defence on the subject of the male and female character; which left Ellesif's alternate flushed and pale cheek, her heaving breast, and agitated movements, to pass

noticed. How fervently did she wish that she had never again approached a place where it was possible to see or hear of Theodore! Not an hour before, she would have deemed it impossible for any thing, except his actual marriage, to have increased the desolation of her soul; but what she had just heard brought new anguish to that under which she already suffered.

Shame, mortification, regret, despair, each ruled her mind by turns. It was not enough that she must quit Spain without a hope of ever being more to Theodore than if she were not;—it was not enough that she must discover he had culpably assumed the air of a preference for herself, perhaps not actually to win her, but to veil his passion for her sister;—it was not enough, even after this, that she should hear he was attached to another, and on the point of honorably sealing that attachment at the altar, —but she must find him refused by a girl of sixteen, while one as fond, and perhaps as constant as Ellesif herself, was perishing the victim of his insincerity.

In the distraction of the moment, Ellesif had forcibly to restrain herself from uttering some frantic exclamation: she could have wrung her hands, and lamented with tears and cries the fatal delusion by which she had been so long spell-bound. But the empire of society is inexplicably powerful over our wildest feelings; and, smothering her tears, she drew back in the box to escape observation.

Where she now sat, the curtain was not drawn close, and through that small aperture, her eye unconsciously wandered over the benches that ran along the left side of the theatre. Some of the audience had not yet seated themselves; amongst the few who had not yet done so, she saw a young Spaniard, standing in a pensive attitude, with his eyes fixed on vacancy, as if unconscious of the scene he was in:

> ——— "Upon his youthful mein,
> A mild, but sad intelligence was seen;
> Courage was on his open brow, yet care
> Seemed with a wandering shade to linger there,
> And though his eye shone as the eagle's bright,
> It beamed with humid melancholy light."

It was Theodore! thinking, sadly thinking of a similar scene in which he had first beheld her, who was now looking at him unobserved.

For a moment, the wild gaze of Ellesif devoured the noble lineaments of his face and figure. Her heart beat with increasing violence; and every faculty of her soul seemed suspended in the sudden transport of beholding him again: but at the approach of some ladies, for whom he made way, and to whom he spoke

with a suavity which relaxed the expression of his face into courteous sweetness, back rushed the cruel conviction of his unmanly thirst for admiration; and pulling the curtain with a convulsive motion, she shut him out from her sight. Meanwhile unconscious of being so near Ellesif, Theodore was looking round for his friend Gaston de Roye, who had promised to join him.

The Chevalier had arrived the day before in the suite of Lord Lexington, from England: being attached to the British embassy, since the necessity of his private mission had terminated. An express from the Chevalier had overtaken Theodore on the road to the Mirador, and brought him back, only a few hours previous to the present representation. As neither of them had yet seen the Princesse Ursins, they were ignorant of the return of Count St. Etienne, and De Roye now joined his friend in all the exuberance of his former spirits.

The formal decorations of the theatre, the quaint devices over the different stradas, and the solemn looks of the company, who, by their gravity, certainly seemed rather invited to an execution than a play, entertained the gay Frenchman beyond measure: and rallying his friend upon the true national cast of his physiognomy, he frequently displaced its melancholy by smiles of partial indulgence.

"By the way!" added the Chevalier, "a face something like your own, doleful as it is, robbed me last night of my usual rest. In the Prado at Madrid, I trod on the mantilla of a young lady, who turned on me such a pair of fine eyes! (not your favorite color of Tyrian blue,) which she cast down again under such eyelashes! with such a blush! On the word of an honest man, I do believe that my hour is come; and that, if ever I lose this *couleur de rose* heart of mine, it must be to that charming creature. Even so quickly may one catch the plague!"

"Shakspeare still!" observed Theodore.

"Well then, I forswear him for to-night!" cried De Roye; "but you must allow me to give you a few words out of your Spanish Shakspeare. Don *something*, *something* Mendoza—I forget his name!—here we are, in the very place he thus describeth: 'This scene contains, amongst many other miracles of amenity, a garden which Tagus embraceth with two currents, sometimes in suspense, sometimes hasty; shaping it an isle, and serving it for a wall, over which the trees are one way delightful battlements, another they are flowery margents. Amidst the intricacy of the matted herbs, of the galleries of flowers, of the meandering wildernesses, of the diversified plots, of the crystal fountains, there is reserved a most beautiful space, which hath the openness of a market-place, and wants not the pleasure of a *forest*——'"

"For mercy's sake, not the whole description!" interrupted Theodore.

"What will you bet then," asked his volatile companion, "that the drama we are about to witness is not the very masque Mendoza's witty pen has so facetiously described in his Fiestas de Aranjuez?"

As he spoke the curtain drew up, the piece began, and the gay Chevalier in convulsions of laughter found his random guess was right; for that the master of the revels had actually chosen an uncouth ballet, which had been played before Philip the Fourth in the year 1623. At every ridiculous passage of the grotesque performance, his audibly-whispered quotations from the remarks of the sententious describer, pleased some, and offended more, of the persons near him.

"Mark you now!" he exclaimed, when a young lady, dressed as a cavalier, began a feeble attack upon a rock that concealed a monster; "hear how this suits! 'The Lady Isabella so understandingly affected with her part that she even thought herself the person she acted; and whipping out her blade withal, clasping herself close to the shield, invaded the rock with so generous a smartness, that it was all which it was possible for a lady to do without discomposing herself.'"

"And here again, Roncevalles!" he continued, seeing a groupe of remarkably plain damsels, attired like giants, issue forth: "'Four giants showed themselves, represented by four beauteous ladies; without observing the property of giants in being ugly and troublesome, for all thought them handsome and good company.'"

Theodore, though unable to repress a smile at the fantastic sports of his friend's uncommon memory, besought him to keep silence if he desired to quit the place alive.

"Admirable still!" exclaimed the incorrigible jester, marking a love-scene that followed the encounter of the giants. "'Anastarax returned to his complaints, cursing the knight of the burning sword with so hearty a good will, with so melting a voice, with so doleful groans, that it adorned pain! The forlorn youth, more proud to be a true lover than a successful one, thanked Niquea for her scorn. Meanwhile Tagus listens from his sphere of crystal, who, despising to be a river, hath the ambition to become a sea.'"

The lifeless performance of the present Meninas, giving a flat contradiction to the vivacity Mendoza's conceits had attributed to the original actresses, gave piquancy to De Roye's adroit quotations; and Theodore was obliged to stop the infection of his mischievous gaiety, by descanting on the ingratitude of *thus repaying* by ridicule every well-meant effort to amuse.

"Why, what are we to do, my dear fellow?" cried his lively opponent; "after the first season or so, every entertainment we go to is like a twenty-times told tale: and turning every thing into ridicule, is a happy invention to diversify the monotonous return of dancing fools, and fiddling fools, and acting fools, and preaching fools!"

"Meaning me, of course." Theodore laughed as he spoke, and De Roye, thus encouraged, began his numerous sarcasms again with fresh vigour.

Amidst a torrent of other extracts, which neither Theodore's rebukes nor forced gravity could silence, the masque drew to a conclusion; and taking up his hat to be gone, De Roye repeated with comic solemnity: "in this drama the author hath showed the decorum with which verses should be writ for ladies: those which they hear, discreet; those which they speak, severe; where whatsoever is not despair, is presumption: all should be veneration, and nothing love. It is excellent! and if it be possible, the acting of it exceeds the penning."

"Blessed be heaven, however," added the lively Chevalier, careless of all that heard him, "that my black-eyed unknown was not one of the performers!"

At that moment, in turning to go away, he saw behind him, evidently much amused by his oddity, the very beauty he was speaking of. Theodore turned also at his whispered exclamation, and recognizing his cousin Isabella, hastened to introduce his friend.

The vermillioned cheeks and modest confusion of Donna Isabella's beautiful eyes, convinced him that she had observed De Roye's admiration the evening before: he therefore recommended her party to stay for an exhibition of fire-works, by which the spectacle was to be followed; and, promising to rejoin them, went to offer the support of his arm to the aged and memorable Mançera, whom he saw at a distance preparing to depart.

Ignorant of what had thus been passing so near the box in which she sat, Ellesif continued silently sitting in a state of breathless impatience for the end of the performance, of which she neither heard nor saw any thing; and when the curtain finally dropt, previous to the exhibition of fire-works, and her father advanced from the royal box, where he had been paying his respects, she gave him her hand to lead her out, with an insane kind of joy.

They had only to cross one or two courts before they should reach their apartment in the palace; but in getting to these, through a passage lined with persons waiting for their pages and *torch-bearers, Ellesif* caught a glimpse of Theodore at the farther

end, as respectfully uncovered, and accommodating his steps to the feeble old Marquis, he was leading him to his sedan.

In expectation of meeting him if he returned into the theatre, Ellesif tried to fortify herself against any semblance of emotion. She thought of what she had just heard; she thought of his letter to Anastasia; she thought of his insincere conduct to herself; and wound up to temporary indignation, advanced along the gallery with a raised color and proud step. At that moment how little did she resemble her former self! and how different was the forced expression of her countenance from that of her portrait!

Theodore re-entered the passage alone: at sight of her and her father, proceeding in a direction to meet him, he started, changed color, and stopped with perturbed haste to let them pass. Every thing in his heart was surprise, tumult, perhaps hope. His eyes were rivetted on the face of Ellesif with a gaze that passed at once from anxiety to despair, as bowing coldly, without even looking at him, she replied to his agitated salute.

Her father's late melancholy habit of inattention to outward objects, prevented him from noticing the approach of Theodore; but the involuntary grasp of Ellesif's hand, which rested on his arm, made him look up time enough to see and to return Theodore's respectful bow. Ellesif's impulse hurried him a few steps onward; though scarcely less agitated than Theodore himself, the Count's heart overflowed with joy, grief, revived affection, and a yearning to be forgiven.

Should he or should he not turn and seek the reconciliation for which he longed? Why should he deny himself this consolation, this balmy recollection for the bed of death, since he was quitting Spain, and though reconciled to Theodore, would be far removed from the fatal effect of his society upon Ellesif's peace!

Count St. Etienne looked back, but he looked too late; an instant sooner, and he would have met the eyes of Theodore fixed on his departing figure with such an expression of piercing tenderness and sincere sorrow, that every doubt must have given way to perfect conviction. Alas! a crowd of indifferent persons had filled up the space between them, and Roncevalles was no longer distinguishable through the cloud of hats and mantles. With an audible sigh, Count St. Etienne turned again towards the outer courts; and as Ellesif, now in her turn yielding to the impulse of his arm, felt her brief resolution vanish with the figure of Theodore, the color forsook her cheek, and her tottering limbs nearly refused to sustain her.

"Do you still wish that we should leave Spain to-morrow, my child?" were the first words her father spoke when they reached the landing place of their apartments.

"Yes, to-morrow, and for ever!" she gasped out: then break-

ing from him, shut herself into her room, where she spent the night in tears and in condemnation of her own weakness.

On Theodore's return to the theatre, he found Gaston de Roye too much occupied in watching every look and word of Donna Isabella, to observe the pale and altered countenance with which he entered; he therefore assiduously strove to master the intolerable anguish of his mind, by amiable endeavors to display his modest cousin in her fairest light to the Chevalier. As his frank explanations to his aunt had restored him the esteem of her daughters, he found Donna Isabella more than usually inclined to conversation.

At another time, Theodore must have smiled at the strange metamorphosis that had taken place in the careless Gaston: he was now all embarrassment, hesitation, and silence; or if he attempted to utter an entertaining folly, he said it with a timid air that destroyed its effect. In short, for the first time in his life, he was seriously anxious to please, and that anxiety completely ruined him. Be that as it may, Donna Isabella secretly thought him agreeable, whether careless or embarrassed, and found her heart beat not unpleasantly, as she felt his hand tremble a little in leading her from the theatre.

Theodore walked home with his friend to the latter's residence at the English ambassador's; during which walk, the Chevalier found his ancient volubility again, pouring forth a torrent of joy, admiration, and inquiries. Theodore perceived that his modest cousin had indeed made that sort of impression upon De Roye, which wanted only further acquaintance and longer time to become a true passion; he therefore promised him an introduction to her mother, assuring him that he believed Donna Isabella calculated to make a man of his temper completely happy. They parted at the entrance of the house, though De Roye seemed more inclined to walk and talk all night. But Theodore was impatient to have the liberty of reviewing his own feelings, and afraid of giving them the reins in a place so public as the streets of Aranjuez, he forebore mentioning what had occurred; and exchanging cordial adieus, hurried back to the place where he slept.

The proud and cold look of Ellesif was still present to Theodore's imagination: that look, so unlike the undisguised sensibility and soft apprehensiveness which formerly characterized her countenance! She was indeed thinner, and had the appearance of one that had suffered; but what a color had burned upon her cheek! He could have fancied it the fixed flush of resentful resolution; yet how had he deserved such resentment! Perhaps, then, it was a sense of humiliation, mixed with haughty disdain

of his altered circumstances; if so, how had he been deceived in Ellesif's character!

In the distraction of the moment, Theodore had scarcely seen the countenance of the Count, but he thought it expressed all that might have hurried him into his embrace, with an acknowledgment of past obligation and present affection, had not the icy air of Ellesif fixed him where he stood. It was madness, therefore, to cherish one lingering hope that she had hitherto stifled her own inclinations to gratify her father.

"It is time to vanquish this unmanly weakness!" he said to himself. "One painful sacrifice, perhaps, is all that is wanting. I will hasten from this scene, and try to make up my mind to offer my hand to my cousin." Theodore then called for his servants, and having given orders for his departure the next morning by daybreak, sat down to give De Roye an account of the motives for this sudden resolution.

After detailing the particulars of his rencontre with Ellesif and her father, and confessing the struggles it had cost him, he added: "As I know not how long they may remain at Aranjuez, I think it wisest to leave it; I shall therefore be on my road to the Mirador, when you get this. I enclose you a letter of introduction to my aunt; after you have established yourself an interest there, or found out that your fancy for Isabella is but a fancy, perhaps you will join me in Navarre. Yet should you dislike to quit the gaieties of Aranjuez, I will return there the moment you can tell me that the Count St. Etienne and his daughter have left it; for never, my dear Gaston, never has your animating society been so necessary to your RONCEVALLES."

On the receipt of this letter, De Roye, flaming with anger at the conduct of Ellesif, and rejoiced that he should now have an opportunity of probing her heart, resolved to pay her and the Count a visit; intending mildly to tax them both with ingratitude or caprice, in thus repulsing a man who had preserved for them the same ardent friendship through a long course of absence and neglect.

Unluckily, the temptation of first presenting his letter of introduction to the Marchioness Amezaga, seduced him into giving that visit the preference; and having spent the whole morning with her and the conscious Isabella, in discussing the merits of the Conde Roncevalles and those of Don Julian Casilio, on both which themes the Chevalier was eloquent, he departed for the Count St. Etienne's apartments.

The Count had been gone four hours: De Roye cursed his fate, blamed his selfishness, and returned home to write a penitential letter to Theodore.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Ellesif was now on the road to France, vainly, yet sincerely endeavoring to assist in dissipating the mournful cloud that hung on the brow of her father. She talked to him of the varied landscapes through which they passed, of the retirement to which they were returning, of the pleasures she meant to make for herself and him in a variety of little improvements round Chateau-Gris; she talked of all this with a smile that strove to contradict her watery eyes: the Count would not pain her by showing that he remarked the disagreement of her looks and words. In truth, Ellesif, yet sadder than before, was reflecting upon what had passed in the royal anti-chamber, while she had been waiting there for a farewell audience of the Queen.

Some young ladies were rallying Donna Francisca de Salazar upon her cruelty to the Conde Roncevalles: the charming girl, with the noble indiscretion of generous youth, assured them that she should contradict the report of her having refused his hand; for that although his grandfather and her guardian had begun the negociation of an alliance, she had frequently assured the latter that Don Theodore carefully avoided giving her any reason to expect his concurrence in the scheme. She therefore must confess that, although her guardian thought he had executed a master-stroke in forestalling the young Roncevalles' intentions, by informing him that the old Conde's death terminated their matrimonial negociation, she considered Don Theodore very unfairly used in the business, and felt piqued to match his delicate acquiescence under a false report, by avowing the truth. The only man present at this novel declaration, was the Marquess Montanejos: he could not forbear giving Donna Francisca a look of animated admiration, which she appeared not to remark, but which was destined afterwards to procure for him the possession of her generous heart.

It was impossible for Ellesif not to admire, warmly admire this trait in Donna Francisca, and is impossible for her not to acknowledge that Theodore's great qualities far outweighed his faults: indeed, had he any, except that of making himself too amiable! Perhaps all the blame ought to fall upon herself and Donna Olivia, for translating common gallantries into particular attentions: if so, he was still faultless, and herself unjust. Occupied with these reflections, Ellesif gradually lost the power of exertion; the conversation between her and her father flagged by degrees, till at length it died completely away. They slept on the road, and the next day proceeded on their cheerless journey.

The morning had been hot and breathless, and towards sunset, the dark-red clouds thickened into portentous gloom; frequent blasts shook the autumnal woods through which they passed, and dismal sounds from the distant mountain-hollows threatened an approaching storm. Count St. Etienne's temples throbbed with that oppressive pain to which many persons are liable when the atmosphere is loaded with sulphurous vapor. Ellesif wished to find a shelter for him during the tempest, and she now looked round in search of one.

They were in a dismal pass overhung with trees, nearly choaked up by the accumulation of fallen leaves, and so dark, that had not the quick flashes of lightning which began to issue from the clouds, lighted up the scene, she could not have known where to direct the driver. On emerging from the pass, a momentary blaze showed her the towers of some large building, rising above a dark beech wood that clothed an opposite height; she directed the driver to make towards it, for now the whole heavens were a blaze of livid light, and incessant peals of thunder formed one continuous roar. The postilion meanwhile urged on the startled horses, that alternately stopping, rearing, and plunging, might have created other apprehensions in the mind of Ellesif, had she been less occupied with her father's evident state of unusual suffering.

The Count was kindly chiding her for making so much of a sick headach, when the carriage, jolting over the trunk of a shattered tree, (which the thickness of the fallen leaves had concealed,) was thrown on one side. No other damage was done to it than the loss of a wheel; the Count was a little stunned from having struck his head against the window-frame, but Ellesif had not sustained any injury: she therefore accepted with thankfulness the assistance of a peasant whose dwelling now appeared in a gleam of lightning, and having extricated her father, she led him into the cottage.

The peasant was a widower, and living only with his son, had very little accommodation and no female assistance to offer; but he produced some good wine and better bread, assuring the travellers that as he, and his boy, and the postilion, could sleep in a barn close by, they might have his kitchen and bed-room for the night to themselves.

As the storm was now evidently going off, Ellesif thought that if the damaged wheel could be repaired, they might pursue their journey to the Hermitage, where they were to take up part of their baggage which had been left behind when they began their tour, and to collect which Minette had been sent forward some days before; she therefore persuaded her father to seek his usual relief after one of those intense headachs—a powerful opiate, and

e down for an hour or two, while the countryman and his
ould assist their driver in mending the chaise. Having
d the Count to follow her advice, and sat by him in the inner
till she saw him buried in profound sleep, Ellesif stept gen-
o the outer apartment, and closing the door, sat down to
her own agitated nerves.

e cottage was buried amongst trees, but through the yellow
s of such as shaded the only casement of its little kitchen,
rge mansion she had first observed above the beech woods,
aintly discernible. The storm had suddenly ceased, and
gh the scattering clouds, the pale star of evening twinkled
itary melancholy brightness. A low murmur of shivering
s was the only sound that disturbed the mournful silence.
f fixed her tearful eyes on the lonely star, and could have
d that it held mysterious communion with her desolate soul.
hen looked wistfully on the distant building, and her heart
vith sudden violence when she discovered it to be the Mi-

od God! she was then near the abode of Theodore—per-
on his domains! But he was far distant; he was at that
nt in some scene of brilliant festivity at Aranjuez, while
vith death in her heart, was going to bury herself for ever
the world!

h, if I indeed might do so!" she murmured to herself, tears
ing fast from her eyes; "might I seek the blessed shelter
blivion of a cloister! But no, I still possess my father, and
ppiness is yet dearer to me than the indulgence of vain re-

me one now entered by the outer door, at the opposite end
room; Ellesif turned round to see who it was, and saw, or
d she saw Theodore himself, first approaching, and then
in the middle of the apartment. A faint sound escaped her,
she dropped upon a bench near the window. Theodore
irresolute; but he had closed the door, and after a few mo-
's pause he drew towards her.

believe me, this intrusion was not intended," he said in a
dous voice, without venturing to raise his eyes; "I knew
whom I was hastening to offer my services, when, in a
l encounter with the son of the man that lives here, I
that I might be useful to some travellers. If my presence
agreeable ———"

paused; but Ellesif, whom her surprise and before soften-
lings wholly overcame, now contending against rising emo-
was unable to reply. Chilled by her silence, Theodore
back, and resumed in a tone of despondency: "If Ma'm-
St. Etienne and her father will do me the honor of accept-

ing whatever accommodation or assistance they may require from my people or can find under my roof, they need not apprehend, I mean they need not fear any intrusion from one who has long lost the hope ———" He broke off, and hastily added, "I propose returning to Aranjuez this night."

There was something in the voice of Theodore—something still more in his pale and agitated countenance, as Ellesif glanced her eyes over it, that confusing all her foregone convictions, mastered the utmost power of self-command; and covering her face with her hands, she burst into a passion of tears.

Theodore eagerly approached: "Ah, Heaven, you weep!" he said in a tone of piercing tenderness and sudden hope. "What, what am I to understand from this emotion?"

"Nothing! nothing!" exclaimed Ellesif wildly, ashamed of her weakness, terrified lest he should guess its true cause; and, recollecting all at once his letter to Anastasia, she rose to pass him as she spoke, but her trembling limbs would not support her, and again she sunk upon a seat. In rising she had removed her hands from her face, and the mingled emotions that were painted there bewildered Theodore.

He gazed at her intently; approached—receded—hesitated—approached again; then, all at once yielding to impetuous sensibility, he snatched her hand, and holding it fast in both his, with a desperation that bade defiance to its faint struggles, he exclaimed, in broken accents, "Ellesif! in this our last interview, perhaps, I cannot forbear reproaching you with the misery of my life. Rank, fortune, friends, what are they now but wretched mockeries! Your looks, your actions once taught me to believe that the worship of my fond heart was not unprized by you; and, at that period, I looked forward to the day in which I might obtain these distant goods, as the day in which I should obtain you also;—but I reached the point of fortune I aimed at—I saw you again—and saw you, O, how unlike what I see you now!"

He paused, unable to proceed, for the thronging sighs and increasing tears of Ellesif, joined to the trembling passiveness with which she suffered him repeatedly to press the hand he still held, awakened a variety of hopes, fears, conjectures, and imaginations, nearly rising into delirium.

"Speak, speak!" he cried, casting himself at her feet; "have I indeed any thing to hope? If my constancy has gained that which was so cruelly denied to my first declaration, O, Ellesif, dangerous, resistless creature! say but that you will be mine, and I will forget that I have thought you vain, unfeeling, unworthy of regret; and henceforth, giving up my whole soul to you, I will believe you what you seem, all tenderness, all truth."

Theodore rivetted his lips to the hand of Ellesif, with a vehe-

mence which recalled her fleeting senses. She strove to rise, and averting her face while feebly motioning him to leave her, she faltered out, "Go, my lord, you alarm, you perplex me; how can I listen to such discourse from the man who once ———" Her voice died away; but Theodore's eyes hung on hers, and urged her to proceed. Prompted perhaps by some latent hope of discovering a mistake, or at least of ending the present agonizing scene, Ellesif drew forth a paper, and resumed:—"The man who in this letter declared a passion for another."

A glance at the paper he hastily took from her hand solved in part the mystery to Theodore; and a very short explanation on his side at once banished every doubt from the mind of Ellesif. With a shower of joyful tears she then gave him the transporting assurance he eagerly sought; and, no longer struggling to leave him, suffered him to retain the hand he had taken under such a different impression, while their hearts mingled in full and endearing confidence.

How the letter intended for Ellesif had got into the possession of Anastasia, or why she had taken upon her to act for her sister, and to bury the matter in silence, was yet a mystery; one of those mysteries which could never be explained till that day in which all secrets shall be revealed. But in the security of present unexpected happiness, neither Theodore nor Ellesif would allow themselves to look back to the past with any alloying feeling; renewing again and again the story of their mutual sufferings, only to prove their mutual constancy.

On one subject Theodore was not explicit, nor Ellesif desirous to be informed: it was the reason of his strange departure from Christiana. He hurried over that part of his history, abhorring the recollection of Count Lauvenheilm's conduct in their secret interview, yet, too certain, from Ellesif's averted eyes and sudden paleness, that later events had sadly enlightened her on the truth.

The Count still slept, for the effects of the opiate he had taken were not yet gone off, and the conversation of Ellesif and Theodore had passed in low murmurs. But Theodore was impatient for his awakening, yearning to receive, not only his sanction to their present happiness, but the renewal of former confidence. Lest the surprise should overcome her father's weakened nerves, Ellesif proposed making the communication to him of what had passed, while Theodore hastened to the Mirador to give orders for their reception.

"Never to quit it again I hope, my Ellesif!" he exclaimed, gazing fondly on her blushing face; "at least never again to go where your happy Theodore goes not also."

When Ellesif heard the door close after him, and no longer be-

held that countenance whose glowing expression made her happiness visible, she stood fixed to the spot where he had left her, unconscious whether it had not been all a dream. But no; certainty, blessed certainty was in her heart; and clasping her hands in a transport of joy and gratitude, she sunk upon her knees, and in that attitude poured out her thanks to the Almighty Disposer of human events. He that suffereth not a sparrow to fall to the ground unnoticed, had surely conducted her to her present happiness by a chain of slight circumstances which the unthinking so often call accidents.

Had not her father left many things at the Hermitage, which had thus rendered it necessary for them to enter France through Navarre, she would never perhaps have seen Theodore again, consequently never had an opportunity of being undeceived; and, had this explanation happened sooner, happened during the lifetime of the Conde, its happiness would have been troubled by opposition on his part, and consequent struggles between love and duty on the part of him she loved. Thus, then, happiness had been delayed only to make it complete; and their mutual attachment had been tried only to prove its imperishable nature.

Lost in a transport of pious effusion, Ellesif was still kneeling when the voice of her father called her into the inner chamber. She found him refreshed and free from pain: in silence she led him forth, and, sitting down by him near the casement, which the risen moon now brightly illuminated, prepared with a beating heart to give him a share in her present feelings.

But it was the first time she meditated speaking of her attachment to Theodore; she had much of the past to confess and to explain, and her thoughts, all in a tumult of delight, refused to fix upon any thing beyond the blissful present. Twice she attempted to speak, and twice she stopped. Then, imprinting a fervent kiss on her father's hand, she raised her eyes, bright with joy and joyful tears, in expressive silence to his. The moonlight falling direct on her face, showed its animated expression. St. Etienne had not met such a look from his daughter since they quitted Norway.

"My Ellesif!" he exclaimed in surprise, "what has happened! Your countenance ——"

He was interrupted by her precipitate joy; with looks striving between smiles and tears, she fell upon his neck, and there, forgetting her purposed caution, imperfectly murmured out the blissful cause of her emotion.

The relation was too much for a man who had long since surrendered up the expectation of any earthly felicity, and who hoped for blessedness in the next world, solely through repentance and suffering in this. St. Etienne turned as pale as death;

and closing his eyes, while his head sunk back, he faintly said, "it overcomes me, my Ellesif!—stop—stop. Such a transition! O God, too good, too bounteous to a wretch like me!"

The affecting silence that followed this address was broken only by the gasping respiration of the Count, who was some time before he could recover from the humiliating sense of his own unworthiness: but when he did so, Ellesif saw that Theodore was indeed the angel of her father's life as much as of her own; and that restored to his esteem, and linked to his fate by the dear tie she was about to knit with him, St. Etienne would again find peace and self-respect. After a few moments given to bless this cherished daughter, and to express the fullness of his own satisfaction, the Count prayed her to allow him a short interval of solitude, and, while he spoke, he shut himself into the inner chamber.

When he returned, he found Theodore again by her side, bright with happiness, and impatient to remove them to his own residence. The scene which followed had pain mixed with its pleasure; for St. Etienne would not bury the memory of his faults in the embrace of the man whose integrity he had tempted, and had suffered to remain suspected. In vain that generous friend besought him to forget the past, nor afflict Ellesif by useless details. The inflexible penitent persisted in telling her how much he had sinned, and how nobly her Theodore had repelled the seduction of evil.

From that hour these three persons vowed to have but one heart: the past of each other's lives was now all revealed, and the future never presented a single temptation to break the compact of mutual confidence.

St. Etienne returned not into France: he established himself at the Torre de la Marbore, where he received a few chosen friends, occasionally visiting his happy children at the Mirador, and passing his time in the alternate exercise of elegant accomplishments, rural relaxations, and philosophic pursuits.

Receding from that world which he now regarded not with the sullen gloom of a misanthrope, but the serene indifference of a disembodied spirit, he never reappeared in its crowded haunts; yet he shunned not the cheerful circle of his son's domestic parties; and by degrees his own circle enlarging, the Torre de la Marbore became the welcome rendezvous of each enlightened traveller. Cheerfulness and bosom peace at length banished the corroding reflections of former days; and the Count St. Etienne's name became at last as familiar on the lips of the man of letters, and those of the grateful peasant, as had formerly been the loftier titles of Lauvenheilm and Usthamar.

Gaston de Roye not only participated with the liveliest joy in

the re-union of his former friends, but, owing to his situation with the British embassy, long heightened the zest of their pleasures by his delightful spirits. The probation of a few months gave him both the heart and hand of Donna Isabella, whose modest mental graces expanded into more than common beauty in the sunshine of love and happiness. Nor was it long before the disappointed affection of her sister ceased to poison the felicity of Theodore and Ellesif.

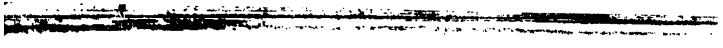
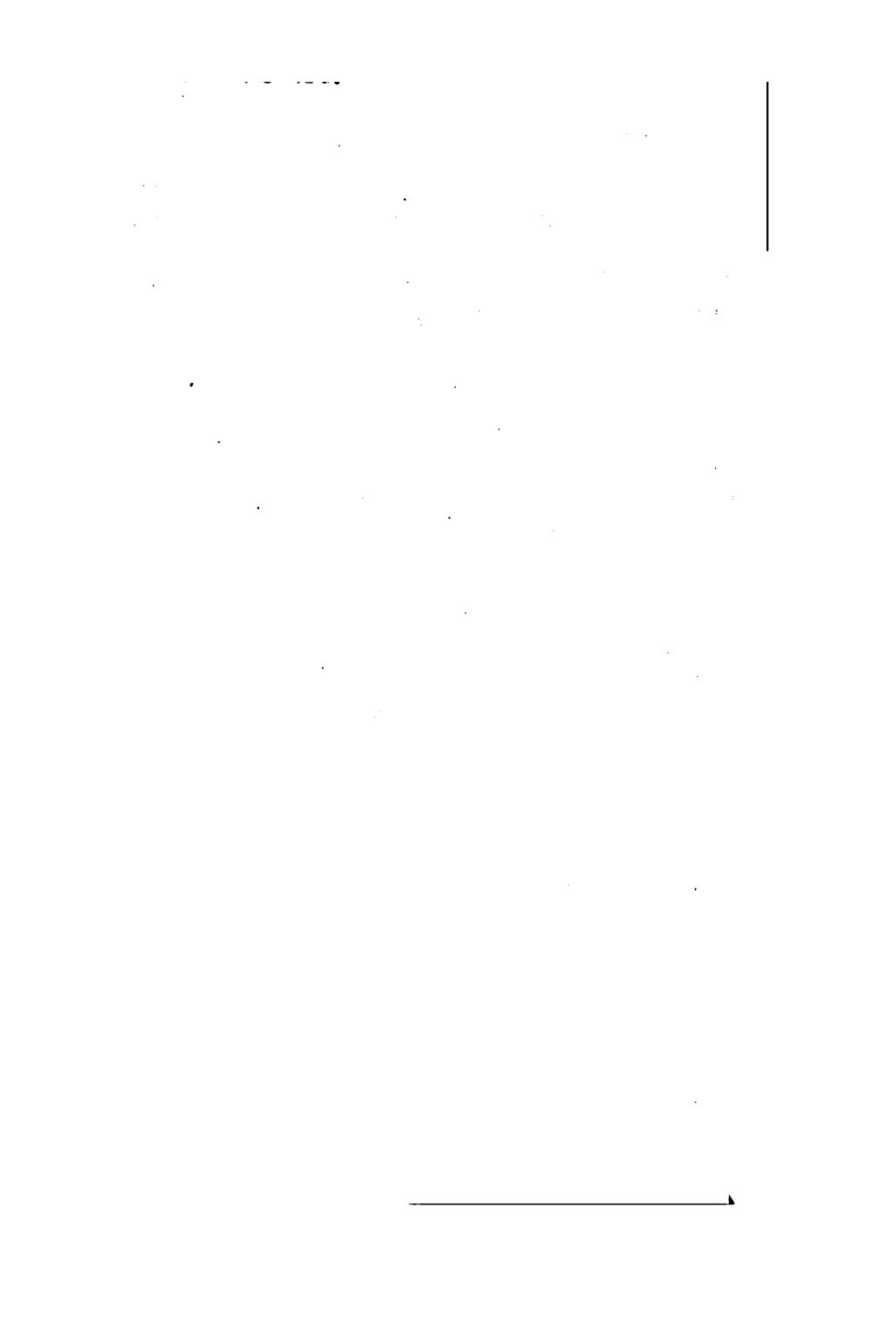
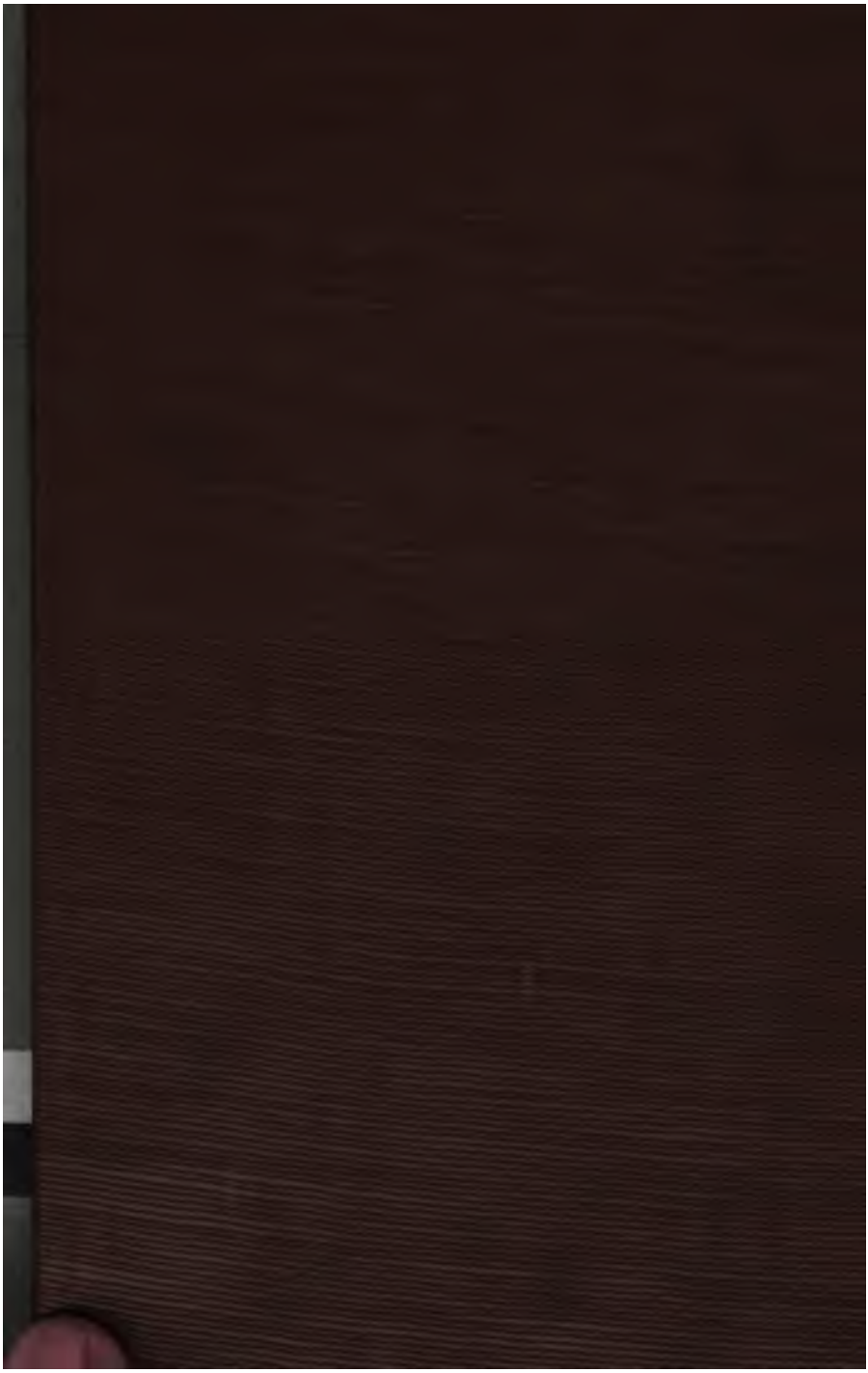
With many amiable and excellent qualities, Donna Olivia's heart was weakly susceptible of tender impressions, and as happily prone to have such impressions effaced. In truth, that heart might be compared to a pure reflecting stream, the constancy of whose reflections depends solely on the fixedness of the objects reflected.

After the first shock of disappointment, her attachment for Theodore, like that inspired by De Harcourt, expired with its hopes; and at the baths of Rivera de Abajo, (which Don Julian Casilio luckily found necessary for his own excellent health, at the very same moment in which Donna Olivia went there,) she gradually awoke to a new and more prosperous interest. Their subsequent union, and that of the Marquis Montanejos with Donna Francisca de Salazar, at once removed every uneasy feeling from Theodore, while it added four charming members to his social circle.

That life which had so lately appeared to him a barren deformed wilderness became suddenly fertile in bliss and excellence. Happy love gave its own brightness to each surrounding object, and Theodore soon discovered that, when the mental and moral graces dwell in our home, we see, or fancy that we see them in every other place.

Ellesif's character recovered its original elasticity, when the pressure of that affliction was removed which had bowed it to the earth; once more her eyes beamed with delight, her form with beauty, and her complexion with health; her heart wanted only the domestic affections for its happiness, and Providence had bounteously added the power of blessing others. The friends of Theodore became her own; and frequently, in lavishing the most endearing tenderness upon the venerable Dofrestom and the excellent Catherine, she almost forgot that they were not indeed the real parents of her Roncevalles.

Thus blessed and blessing, surrounded by a charming offspring, and with characters improved by suffering, Theodore and Ellesif continued to adorn the lot in which they were placed, and to adore that gracious Providence which had thus led them to virtue, honor, and happiness, through a few brief years of painful trial.

THE END.

SOCIETY LIBRARY